

# An Indirection

*by Gary Hardaway*

The bones are chilled now, past  
invigorations of the coming spring

and its entanglements  
of roots and tendrils, leaves,

and the fragrances  
of petals and pollen.

Deformations of the frost  
have left the hard tubes scarred

beyond recoveries of warm rain  
and fragrant air.

Too numerous now, the fine fissures  
of the freeze and thaw of decades.

The filigree of stress leaves  
the framework too fragile to move.

