

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.

