

# the wrap

*by* Kitty Boots

a brittle bundle of thoughts  
colliding with satellite dreams  
spins, crashes

branches, stark, crowded with crows  
scratch at the sky, tremble

a whisper of wind, scented with woodsmoke  
teases the nostrils

sparrows peck and back-hop, rustle curled leaves

slapped by frost, morning glories hang limp

inside I light a candle, sit before the hearth  
stare at fire, fragrant with cedar

I bite into a mountain apple, sweet, firm  
it assuages the bitterness

