

# Returning

*Kathy Evans*

Mouth over the reed,  
you empty your feelings  
into the hollow heart.  
These are the pieces left:  
a snowflake we'll hang in the window,  
a pressed arrangement of saved love,  
a crocheted foot for every baby born,  
boxes.

Just when you feel separate,  
night opens and shows you the morning.  
Believe its blue.  
Suddenly, you are more attentive.  
Breath comes out of you undisguised,  
and you ask to touch everything —  
hair, Russia, roses. . . .

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