

from the laurel

Linda Sillitoe

we come playing flute
and violin the notes
lift limber as the green
aspen see how we sway
as the music unwinds
and yet keep our form
see how we fill empty jars
with arpeggios we bear
pots of crescendos in our hands

you recognize our clothing
the way you know the wallpaper
above your own bed
yet we are unfamiliar now
we are like spirits stepping out
from the sealing bark of trees
we come clothed in our own light
weaving sonatas we have
composed ourselves

call us wife mother daughter
in your own language
but our music is the wind
that draws us into light
we are out now
and never shall that fear
in our legs shield us
our hands no longer
wave another's leaves

LINDA SILLITOE is a writer and journalist living in Salt Lake City. She has published short fiction, poems, literary criticism and book reviews, as well as news features and investigative articles.