

RELEASE: A Moment

Dixie Partridge

I did not plan survival or otherwise
 craving absence for so long
so when awakened that snowless night

the sky a slush of stars
 as when I was a child
the twisted tightness gone
 from inside me

I could not quite recall the end
 of the dream dropping from me
like petals—grief falling away
 seasonless

to stand me next to the birch tree
 long glass between . . .
its darkness paler
 than my own

empty and open, pliantly rooted
 my fingertips yearning
the first bud of leaf
 allowing the knowledge

that if I do not speak
 even my voice
will stay beautiful