

Orisons

Marie Brian

Raw-tipped branches
freeze and unflutter.
Chafed knuckles wince
to bud wadeable leaves,
homesick mulch.

The wind scalped
so the slough
crumbles.

Clutched in trochal
consumption,
the orant, Grief,
spent her worth seasons
ago and stopped
waiting
to rest, her arms
down.