

Grass Whistles

Anita Tanner

Children's fingers folded in,
thumbs aligned,
hands heart-shaped,
knuckled boxes.
Fluted grass
pulled taut
across the length
of the thumb's flesh,
reeds between joints,
phalanges compressing.

And then breath
blown into small ovals
between minute bones,
pipes of an organ
emitting clear sounds
from chimes of a clerestory—
vigils, lauds and vespers
emitting from
portable monasteries.