

# April, Vernon Marsh

*For Wendell Berry*

by Travis Du Priest

These tall stalks of dry grass  
refuse to yield, but stalwart,  
in expected rigidity, salute  
the wind, a corps of brown  
cockades, prostrate  
on a prayer rug by the Fox.

Snow banks the frozen river,  
mounds stately oaks, red  
ochre clusters, unwilling to  
release. Distant hills encircle  
this vale of stillness, in defense  
of coming spring.

Who knows how nature  
resuscitates herself? Or,  
how life itself does not  
begin or end, but moves  
like water beneath the ice,  
a hidden mystery never to  
sway, or stop, or bend.