

Reconciling

by Stephen Holt

Long after the breath preceding
death has ceased, I know you still
can hear the rattle. Although
the jangle of the bracelets
she slipped you from her wrists
helps allay that sound in, say,
the way a rippling current calms
streamside pines moaning. Love,
below the eaves this morning
you water every hanging basket
of verbena, except one. There
a mother dove keeps vigil, eyes
her nest of hatchlings, throats
her quiet acceptance. Small
wind ruffles a feathery sky.