

The Mercy of Circumstances

by Rhonda Pettit

—after reading *Simone Weil*

On my second-story deck,
while reading of love and affliction,
I rise and look down through a maze
of limb and leaf
cedar
maple
ash
and glimpse the moving
brown of a doe,
its white tail a silent clapper
startling flies.

Seconds
behind, its fawn appears
in the same slow stroll of feeding.

How quiet this moment,
its lack of expectation

as poems wander
the woods without me.