

After Sorrow

I used to think *something good must be coming* when a day came like this one The light strong again after rain after the slow gathering-in of the days the nights getting darker and colder I am older now A day comes The poplars not torches but lit with their own leaves dying A mist breathes out from the shining fields And this is good The light the mist the color of the leaves A broken quorum of brown wrens flutter and settle their paths of flight binding up the branches of a shattered apple tree Abandoned fruit gleams wet and round and red against the cracked black trunk Something good The present voices of the birds The sun rising in November

—MaryJan Munger

This poem won first place in the 2007 BYU Studies poetry contest.