

## Hourglass

The curve of the pond . . .  
is it needled already with ice

does milk fern frost windows  
frame the river turned  
a rind of gray metal

did the grape clusters shatter  
this year, under shelter of silver-  
palmed leaves

the bulbs—  
are they saved

have the wings of white birds  
already blossomed, the sounds  
strophic and deeper than waves,

overhead blue distanced once more  
from migration

didn't you just call to me  
is it weeks since you left

is the light gone cold  
filling the moon?

—Dixie Partridge

*This poem won first place in the  
BYU Studies 2011 poetry contest.*