

states of grace

the cold riverbank
 hazel and silver after rain
cattails dripping the almost stillness

 liquid streaks
down trunks of bare trees
 faint trickle of the familiar

where we walk two
 together and each
apart

distant houses shrink and darken
 in the orchid twilight
overripe in the west
 clouds bruise
into night edges tinging
 an afterlife

thirty years and no words
 as faithful
as an ordinary solitude

 our breath geysering
before us brown grasses
 sheened by the rains

—Dixie Partridge