

Look Again

In these relentless days of mourning,
no hope, everything the same,
I walk the dogs on this spring morning,
the same path we take twice a day,
pasture, edge of woods, meadow, pond.

Today, a chorus of frogs, blossoming wild cherries,
morel mushrooms under silver maples,
meadowlarks nesting in tall grass,
iris ready to bloom on Snicker's grave,
baby cows run to their mothers, dogs raise their ears.

Summer

An egret and a small blue heron on the drying pond,
roiling grass carp at the edge,
meadow of sunflowers, cottonwood snow,
a new orchid, spiranthes,
black snake swallows a frog.

Fall

A barred owl flies from white pines,
the dogs chase turkeys in the pasture,
silver maples turn bright oranges and reds,
coyote fur catches on barbed wire,
fewer monarchs hear cottonwood leaves whisper.

Winter

From under ice comes the sound of whales,
there are bobcat tracks in the snow, coyote, fox.

The old willow cracked open in the wind,
we look for our holiday tree,
water in the spillway has frozen where it falls.
Today, a kingfisher sits on a branch over the pond,
water, fast from the whistle, floods pasture meadow,
the dogs devour a full grown rabbit,
six deer leap the barbed wire fence,
air is filled with the divine scent of wild roses.
I come back into the same house,
into the same grief,
or is it?
Look again.
Look again.

~ Sandy Hazlett

Sandy Hazlett's poetry has been published in the Coal City Review, I-70 Review, and in the Welsh journal, Quattrocento. Her book, *The Prom Dress Room*, was first published in its entirety within Coal City Review, Issue 36, 2015. It was released in book form by Anamcara Press in August, 2015. Sandy lives and works on her farm in rural Lawrence, Kansas.