PRESERVING GRACE

POETRY

Chandlee Bryan

As friends in warmer climes complain of pollen,
the cruelest month runs hot and cold

sleet sun rain, snow wind

Into the not Just- spring, we sink,
ankle-deep in muck
conditions ever-shifting

Semi-frozen, slush hard-pack

striking back against our shovel

What remains of Grace Eventually, our beloved, stands upright.

The cat is in the bag,

wedged between green beans, chicken cutlets, fudgsicles,

underneath the basement freezer lid she waits

outside hark! Green beneath the brown leaves of fall

a flash of purple blossoms,

Iris, could you, would you, bring the spring?

As snow plow bills pile up, we take solace in the promise

of tundra to return to dirt

of shovel to break space

Oh winter, damn you— leave at once!

Rush forth my spring

Come in, make room

a resting place for Grace
As friends in warmer climes complain of heat, for greater peace among mice and freezer space
Grace eventually, realized.