

Category 8, Cenie H.Moon Prize: 1st prize

In the Space of Time

The woods, newly abandoned by glaciers,
hold hollows filled with marshes.
Red-winged blackbirds crack the air with calls,
silver-backed turtles bask on striated rocks,
water lilies fold like books,
and if you're lucky, at dusk, a soft-treading moose,
glossy in summer coat, dips his mouth
into angled reflections.

Here she ran from morning to night,
echoed the running river with her laughter.
In winter, we walked between lacy hemlocks,
smelled resin sap after snowfall, and slid
to the very center of ice-bright lakes
under a swarm of stars.

Now, her wedding dress, scuffed from the dance,
lies crumpled on my closet floor,
the mask she wore of make-up and teased hair
all washed away.

She has gone even as you turn, like a heron
beating the long bones of its wings
into skimming flight.

Irene Wellman