

Like an Old Woman Rising

Contributed by Tara L. Masih

A day when silence sings out,
interrupted by the rhythmic drips of snow melt
from the broken roof gutter.

A honeysuckle bush begins its emergence
from the burden and accumulated weight of
one long night's worth of snowfall.

An early spring sun works at the swollen mound:
a dark, wizened berry; a wispy twig finger;
a gnarled branch.

It is like an old woman rising from her bed,
one part at a time,
slowly, cautiously.

It is a younger woman emerging from her old married self,
cold wet skin glistening, shivering at the feat of becoming,
of reaching out once again.