

## Winter Water

Tragedy  
always  
comes overnight.

Upsets the whole applecart  
(says my grandame  
old peasant woman.)

Sick,  
I see death,  
a bundle on its back of the child's cherished things

trashed & gleaming.  
Fishing rod.  
Head held high,

I see a window  
which time burns into the robin's nest.  
I see our family, feuding

peasants taking a broom to a fire,  
or the Black Death,  
hating

on opposite sides of a dust road  
or black macadam.  
Fully medieval.

But drawn together, they  
achieve a point of silence:  
For him.

They hold still two seconds,  
to throw salt on the fire destroying  
the rose-knot clotting of his bone.