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Mourning Broach with Braided Hair

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Mourning Brooch with Braided Hair

It was like being approached by something fragile
from a long way off. Not the first match
that failed on the candle, the second
that brought it alive with a touch. Less
the rooster known from over the valley,
more the gap in the dawn after one's own dies,
the third breeze that has to bend the fire
down the wick, the value of a thought
of iridescent feathers banding the throat
and the head held back, a feather of hair
in one hand, scissors in another, not the heart
beating, but what might return over the heart.