

## A Place for Roses

The spring moon sheds  
its bloodless gray tonight,  
and the pruned thorns spread  
their dead stick shadows  
like a hand of blessing

across the prints  
from your canvas shoes.  
All day you spent digging  
about the roots, loosening  
the soil, turning in

bone meal and nutrients.  
Tonight, something in me  
stirs at the memory  
of the ruddy leaf shoots,  
furled and tender skinned,

that now are horned  
and liverspotted and stiff.  
After your day of labor  
I can almost believe  
these lopped, ill limbs

will rise up  
and bear life.