

Every morning

JEAN MIRIAM LARSON

I tell blue spruce outside
my window that she
is so very real
and perfect
despite
needles falling into snow
on one side. I tell her
it is not despair
that makes me look
her way
with longing.

Depletion,

I say,

momentary absence.

In the gap
I fill myself with her
thoughts—

her billowing
asymmetry.

