

Deposition: What Was Lost

TODD DAVIS

I follow light across pine

needles

where a fox pads over

the first hours

of my mother's dying.

At the table

a glass of juice,

a glass of water,

a cup

of coffee gone cold.

Each a shadow

that crawls the sweating surface

of my skin.

I think

of the clothesline

DAVIS

in the yard,

thin

rope

of smoke

in the air.

I think

of the fox's tail,

how it waves a warning

or curls in fear.

When I find the burrow

and hear kits mewling,

I think of my sister

at the bee boxes.

A photo

where she holds the lid

with a grin,

cuts the comb,

DAVIS

the way I was cut
from our mother's womb,
honey
with melted butter on bread
still warm from the oven.

