**Indelible the Way You Stood**

B.J. Buckley

Indelible the way you stood

on the threshold between disturbances and seasons,

you, a ragged shirt, a sparrow's stillness.

Shy ferns sprouted among the stones of your singing.

Entwined with me, as a small stream

braids gravel into its liquid body, we

were so silent, a church of quietness

with flaming altars, my soul burning in your gift of sleep.

Fragrant trout lily, the fins of your petals

are spotted with the blood of summer – winter is a dream

we haven't dreamed yet. Shirt full of holes,

quick weasel hunting in the needle duff,

little sharp teeth of your wanting.

Early mist hung above the cold river,

I cannot forget you, your bones made of burnt apple trees.

Beyond your voice frogs spill their jelly into muddy pools.