**Skeleton Leaf**

Jennifer Avignon

walking home from a haircut,

i did a double take, and went back

to see what was sparkling

in the grass next to the sidewalk.

a skeleton leaf: tissues gone,

only dry veins remained,

like pale brown lace.

raindrops had collected

along the ribs, bigger

than any raindrop falling

from the sky that day,

glinting for anyone looking down

to see what there was to see.

i want to write a poem like that:

delicate and pale, you could miss it

even if you're looking for it,

full of incandescent goodness

that would nourish and refresh you,

if only you could get enough of it.