**Grief Uninvented**

Katherine Riegel

sister we walk a forest path

snow falls like a lullaby

ancient trees draw breath into themselves

an owl blinks from a dark

opening warm in his mottled cloak

we know how far we still have to go

it is nothing we are together

pines drop spent needles to cushion our steps

this is not a dream this is something else

something like a dawn ancestral bone memory

sister it is quiet as living fur under fingertips

you wear a blue scarf knitted with stars

when we arrive the horses will lean down

and blow softly into our faces

at last we will be born at last