**All She Never Said**

Sarah Dickenson Snyder

When I first realized

that humans die,

she never said, *In the darkness*

*you will find* *yourself—*

*be open to every small fire* *in you*

to calm my dread.

When I didn’t know the arc of my life,

*Grow something loved and tender*.

Nor the uncovering

of what she saw in me:

*You are weather-shaped,*

*listen to the wind.*