

WENDY NOONAN

Snare of snares, my sisters

Touched by the snow we creature.
Like houses wear their peculiar fur, bones
their blush. We're etched enough
without luxury
to love—

—a luxury.
The way sorrows begin to
censor themselves.

A face without lines doesn't tell,
a kind of splendor we've left behind.

Now, the woman who lost her baby—

He'd fallen out in the shower, and grief;
echolocation; stew burned on the stove,

her mouth broken she prayed
promises to no one I would know.

Give him back, she told me.

To creature is to appear also
hungry.

I held her for so long.