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Easter Day, Returning

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Easter Day, Returning

Day of lilies,
day burial clothes lay empty.

On the drive home from Lexington
on road cut through mountain
we talk a little easier,
side to side, looking
at what we're moving toward.

I've become a valley of dry bones,
the dust in the dust;
I've become a fig tree, withered.

A matter of geography,
of leaving something
in one place and moving
toward another.

Once our future was held like a bird
in the hand.

Wings and a flutter
against the palms

Cut rock, roots exposed.
Sky like the inside of a bowl,
wiped clean.

RENEE EMERSON