MISSING

April has lost herself, torn the bark
off elbows and knots, dropped her blossoms
like pinned skirt hems. She isn’t about to learn
from the snow-tossed crocus—a single bright mitten—
not from the ivy that clings too tight to climb
cunningly over the dormer
or the drenched knit cap
snagged on the bramble’s bite.
Every dog sent out comes back one day too hungry,
but the sun has stopped on the mud-bruised face
of a girl who can prop herself up
almost long enough to beckon the wind
to brush her hair.