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.