ANNIE WOODFORD

Wild Strawberries

—for your grandmama, after Alice Walker

The first heat is a calling. Wash the blue laundry. Thread a melody

through a penny whistle a song of swallows, of wash tubs, of a girl

learning how to sweep, snipped buttons kept in a Hav-a-Tampa box,

her favorite story the one about the North Wind blowing the bowl of grain away.

Harvest, hard times, crowder peas & cracked crocks held together with copper wire—

interrupt this poem with grief. Here's a garden draping foothills' sway,

pole beans snapped & translated in pressure cooker steam. Here is a repetition of scissors,

cutting thick fabric to cover wingback chairs, the pattern knotting the hands,

tacks held in teeth, varnish breathed in, white bread sandwiches bleeding

Better Boys & German Pinks. Chatterbox on the break room radio. Shift work, short shrift—murmurations

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in the midst of clamor. The soul's a throng of swallows, shape shifting against factory ceilings.

Meat was stretched with milk gravy, beans seasoned with bone. A white bird—

transient as the soap bubbles beat to peaks, rinsed from a child's brow,

churned in a mop bucket before laying to worn linoleum calls from out a bare bush.

cleaving cold with a song, its breast a cloud weighted with snow & our grandmothers would say

birds bring messages. Don't let one in the house or take a baby from the nest—

the warble in your palm certain to be abandoned by its mother once you touch it.

A bedspread made for a marriage bed, hand-tatted by big-knuckled hands,

sweeps over all of this. Wings of white eyelets seine the landscape,

gather up birds & starlight, gather up mountain ranges still raw from the last ice age,

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gather up a name hidden in the stem of a wild strawberry twining the edge

as well as the eiderdown grass your grandmother foraged as a child.

She is holding out a handful now, a spill of small berries, misshapen & tasting of rain.