

JENNIFER ATKINSON

Canticle of the Blossoming Almond Tree

Is this, this gray-green net and in it a captured wingbeat, it,
Come now at last to wrest the almonds from their stupor?

Doubt is not irreversible, Love. Take care

Without first the cold, the rehearsal of snow on the wet branches
There are no blossoms or fruit—fruit kept for its hard pit, the flesh
is cut away

But lilies are just as much lilies at root as they are in blossom

Will the feral cat, kinked tail twitching, a bird in her mouth
Set it down to lap a dish of warm milk?