

# Poetry Porch: Poetry

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## The Current

By Barbara Siegel Carlson

*There are spirits that come back to us.*  
—W.S. Merwin

Your breath went to the cries  
of geese, mourning dove, nuthatch,  
and the wind riffling the pond.

I remember your eyes  
that seemed to radiate  
something immutable in the moments  
*just as they leave us.*

How many stars I cannot see,  
voices I cannot hear  
that surround and penetrate  
what falls through the branches

and rises through the roots  
to the birdsong and breeze  
by the pond edge at daybreak.