

Poetry Porch: Poetry

Some Unearthly Grace

By Barbara Siegel Carlson

We are all here together without knowing it.

—W.S. Merwin

The way leaves fly
and then play along the ground
before settling into earth,
the way their light
never stops circulating,
the way Wind
dressed in a white gown,
dark-haired with such
wide-open eyes, asked
were you me
or was I you?

I lost you somewhere
or you lost me,
Wind, the way toward evening
one leaf falls
through the winter air
so lightly
to the ground.