

Poetry Porch: Poetry

To Winter

By Dzvina Orłowsky

Love passes from prayer
To a light rainfall, each drop anchorless

And nameless. Where are the saints
Of wild grass, the ones I believed I could

Find if I brushed my hand through
Their green? I walk across the taut spaces

That thread my rosary,
Bead after hard bead,

The repeated lavender lifted to my lips,
Grateful for such moments

When blood blossoms under the sun,
And sorrow finds its shade.

Language of cold air, blank canvas of distance,
Who's keeping count?