

Sonnet Scroll

Dwelling

By Rachel Weintraub

When you and I first moved here,
My mother sat in our garden
In the yellow light of our acacia.

A stalwart redwood stood guard.
She whispered to me in the late summer breeze,
Now, you are safe.

She looked up in shock, then glee
As a flock of geese flew
Into the blue, forming a perfect V.

They broke through the invisible
Wall that separates day from night,
Earth from Heaven, as if by magic.

Their honking, a clarion call, for her
Who followed, just three months later.