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# After Sorrow

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## After Sorrow

I used to think *something good*  
*must be coming* when a day came  
like this one The light strong again  
after rain after the slow gathering-in  
of the days the nights getting darker and colder  
I am older now A day comes  
The poplars not torches but lit  
with their own leaves dying A mist  
breathes out from the shining fields  
And this is good The light the mist  
the color of the leaves A broken quorum  
of brown wrens flutter and settle  
their paths of flight binding up the branches  
of a shattered apple tree Abandoned  
fruit gleams wet and round and red  
against the cracked black trunk  
Something good The present voices  
of the birds The sun rising in November

—MaryJan Munger

*This poem won first place in the 2007 BYU Studies  
poetry contest.*