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Coming to the Name

Laura Stott

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Coming to the Name

Laura Stott

second prize poetry

It is not the rain.

In the fields we claim to know because we see them once a year
and we remember color each time we see
that color turning with a wet sky,
not like the color of the sky.

It is not the sound of storm behind the ridge and a moon
on the snake like a stream,
or the stream made to shed
its white skin in the light of it.

It is not the sound
of the rise

on the surface of things I hold still for.
The time of the sound, the strike and the middle
of the end of it,
it is not my hands and the tight

line. Not what is caught, this heart or one
of many of the snakes
in the grass.
Sometimes we only know an aspen to exist.