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The Dove

Lance Larsen

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The Dove

Drops skitter across glass
and bead like dew
on a morning web.
I connect the points
with lines of air
and watch vapor
rise from furrows
where just a month ago
We knelt to plant.
Already tulip shoots
push through loam.

The house is still
except for the kitchen clock
the shivering aspens in front
and strains of the Canon
that still echo
from two weeks past
when your fingers caressed
dusty keys into ecstasy.
I still feel each note
in my brain.

A cooing from outside
brings me into the rain
where I watch a dove
snuggle close to the house
where your flannel nightgown
tattered to softness
covers fingerling tomatoes.
The dove wriggles into place,
closes its eyes
to the rain.

Lance Larsen