

The Meadowlark

She is not a mockingbird. Her song is
her own. In a fold of her wing

she gathers atoms, stars, arranges
them in her throat to tell

a story about her inward eye, how
her elemental nature sees

you, her unfeathered children,
plant gardens, conduct matters of birth,

death, matters of water and air, sunlight
into a miracle color, veil thrown off

as seedlings persevere against impossible
odds of clay soil.

Why do you sing? They ask in their seedling
way. For you, she says. Sprouts need a little

encouragement. I have a voice, she warbles,
I have a story. When I've told it all,

when you've grown, I have one thing more:
I have silence—a kind of music for mothers.

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