

The Beginning of February

Now spring in its flannels
starts its delicate tremble.

Here a tree full of catkins.
There a cherry's risked

bursting its snug buds to bloom.
This everything? You'd asked

on this day, half my life ago
now, toward my pile of things

poised by the door like caddis flies
in an eddy fence, caught between the river's

pool and swirl— the life I'd planned
and the one I hadn't planned.

No longer separate, my things
not yet joined—

and my *yes* was a kind of dying—
the way cells, consenting to split

surrender to mystery the soul's
containment.

Outside snow held its ground.
Starry dark hovered over.

And more or less with you I stepped
through the door into it—

Donna Henderson
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