A Mother’s Lament for
Children Unable to Move

Amy Blakely

Father-Sun sinks behind Elder-Mountain. Dresses her copper
dusted valleys in a clean halo. Makes her glow.

Along the riverbed, Summer’s last pale children cling
unbroken to Mother-Willow’s gnarled fingers:
resist the cutting wind who wishes to remove them with force.
Drag them far from this parent material. Replant them.

Foreign lands follow new tributaries.
A familiar riverbed, not all ground rich
to raise the same strong limbs, strong base. Mother-Willow
reaches barren fingers toward sky laced with fire.

Yellow burns orange bleeds red. At the edges smoky purple invades.

Night follows fast. Winter chasing those heels blows cold,
calculated. Strangles the babes too stubborn to leap into new life.