

KIM ROBERTS

Medicine

for Martha Tabor

Fog lay atop the single field
 like a balm,
 perfectly contained,

hovering just above
 the long grass.
 Perhaps descending

from the sky,
 or rising perhaps
 from the earth, in the field

fog connected the two,
 the ground and the air,
 sewed them together

in loose white stitches.
 It looked medicinal,
 the fog healing the field.

To your doctors
 who live
 by the body's obliquity,

who make their living
 by your swerving,
 I raise these wisps of vapor,

indeterminate fog fixed and bounded
 by a slim rail fence,
 like the tenuous knots

of abraded bandage, like a prayer,
 shapely
 in its shapelessness.

It was nighttime,
 just, the sun gone
 and the last shreds of luster

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leaching from the trees,
the pale pantheon
gathering in a field before dispersing.