

THE CONJURER

Her seasons shift with questions, what is there?
Her arms weave signs and then she holds a tree;
Her fingertips pull answers from the air.

In fall she folds the earth in her long snare;
In spring a sparrow crawls out from her sleeve.
Her seasons shift with questions, what is there?

Her spirit's both the turtle and the bear.
She hoards the time of birth then sets it free -
Her fingertips throw answers to the air.

Her daughter lives six months in every year;
The other six she waits, makes nature sleep.
Her season's shift is questioned, what is there?

In barren time we curse her lack of care
Then shudder when we know how expertly
Her fingertips pull answers from the air.

When asked about the future, how we'll fare,
Her answer is the pomegranate seed.
Her seasons shift with questions, what is there?
Her fingertips pull answers from the air.

— *Sherry Rind*