

Verse

in cold rain

in the cold dawn rain,
in the black night which surrounds me,
even as violet watering down slopes, and a kind of crust
is built up over wounds, open and filled in flower and
seed, dry where rain ceases to flow off skin
and the kind of wild primroses are seeded
early in morning, when sun shrinks the dew and all water
flows off night
purple and night healing
time into cloud and the very sun
stirs out soil
loosens the black fingers
and crude, wavering
pulse.

—*Andrea Moorhead*