

ELIZABETH HARPER
THE JURY

As if a story could be
scooped, sides glistening, out of
the tributary of itself. As if

it could be stilled with a blow,
the beautiful shadows of bones
pulled, the story

portioned perfectly in twelve.
As though as one, twelve fell to,
pressing from each portion

that transparency that walks the flowing
lawns of spring, snow gone, the clutter
of summer incarcerated still

As if that distillate, dropped on law,
seeded the crystal:
'Have you ...?' 'We have,' and

twelve tapped home through
twilight's approbation, listened for
their beds, and slept.