

Verse

Spring Rewalk

Brother (a blood address of equal weight),
I walk back to the ridge edge of the pasture
where we rested our elbows in fall grass
and turned toward each other in talk
of earth's just measure of our step and sound.

And there are the depressed parentheses
of our bodies curved toward love
and between a tuft of wild alfalfa
(our conversation) stands renewed.
Brother, our talk shook seeds to earth.

—*Greg Cook*