

Again

by [Sofia M. Starnes](#) in the [November 20, 2019](#) issue

After each daily death come flurries of
resurrections. One night, a swallowtail
saved a lackluster dream; later, on rough
terrain, absent all sprig, what tipped the scale
was a willful warbler. Today, assail-
ing winds and mushroom-fog conquer the hour
between skid and roadkill. God knows, under
the muffler's breath, where lies a beast's defeat,
knows how a field condones the wilted flower—
Ice on the fur soaks in, through waning heat.