

We are all the summer leaves

by [Marci Rae Johnson](#) in the [June 5, 2019](#) issue

though this winter may never end,  
the snow with its patches of stiff, brown grass

7 starlings at the feeder they are just  
passing through like you, always

3 exits away from the place  
where your heart will stop & stay—

you think maybe under  
the ground the sound of ash, the heft the way  
your father left & his before all that unfinished

business you're determined not to have.

The book in my hand says

I only need to look around to see—

stay in this small space, though

my window remains a frame

for end the cold, my heart for loss.

The single cloud in all its lonely blue.