

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.