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Echo

Jennifer Dempsey

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Echo

Mowing the weeds around an apple tree,
I step on a nest of naked mice— small, shivering
in mid-April's breeze, crowded together

like all young when facing the blueness
of sight. Fresh grass, slick— pillows of dew
& crumpled Honey Crisps, still rotting, still juicing

in soil even after this blustery season.
Fermentation releasing & rising.
Past the split-rail fence, the neighbors' dog

digs for a leftover ham bone, just behind the brown twigs
of a rose bush. The ground has softened & leaks its waters
to the underground currents, the river of our well.

Soon a haze will blanket the air, dust that cannot settle
with speeding trucks & pot holes. Blossoms already
pod at this tree's tips— it will burst into whiteness

before the month's end. But now, the crunch of mice
under my boot, the gray I did not see beneath the crowding green—.

