

Kestrel

Maureen Clark

Red Plums

it is sound I want to hear as I die
after I've given away the parts of me
that can be given books jewelry a yellowed wedding dress
perhaps the cats will stretch in the sun or a bee

thump into glass wing striking window disguised
as sky the ticking of the clock or the whir
of the fridge you will be knee deep in sighs
by then missing me but before I go won't

you remember picking red plums
with me the snap before the fruit leaves
the branch and my grandson's playroom
with the sticky sound of crayons as he writes letters

at the thought of not being here I want a sound
to send me on my way something bent forward sent