

The Nest

For Jessica Crossman

Above the earth I prune the apple,
discover a nest woven from the field's bounty
which you might easily dismiss as weeds.
I call to my daughter, yards along the orchard's curve,
gleaning small wonders in those same sedges,
Come see. There is a home in heaven.

She is skeptical, does not abide my hyperbole,
but trusting some further adventure,
skips toward me, as much as raspberry canes allow.
She climbs the ladder to see a strand of faded calico
shuttled among the browns and grays,
that makes that house more than humble.

Where did it come from? she asks
not looking down, but with life having many versions,
I can only lie to her, assuming it is a badge
of all caring mothers whose homey gown is rent
in frightening sorrow and offered in glad sacrifice.
She will know this ribbon as her own
in the stitching years beyond our modest orchard.

Fredrick Wilbur

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