

Amanda Jernigan

Delivery

The *News* has been delivered: worse and worse.
I leave it open for you on the table and go out.
A pair of migrant geese, swerved from its course,
now graces with its temporary rest
our man-made pond, on which the last
light of the likewise migrant sun
has fallen.

follow him out of grace

Beyond the gate,
the yard slopes gently to the garden:
turnips, kale, one ancient tree
still bearing fruit.
Among the unmown grasses
at its root, I can just see
the windfall apples, green and golden.

Out of grace, we bring forth children.