
HANNAH DOW

April in Mississippi

This time of year the light bends like I do
hungering for a more infinite
dazzling life I am trying to tell you
about the way things are how like any-
thing the magnolia blossoms into its
own abbreviated life that the same
rain that makes it grow also drenches it
to death I am trying to tell you that
somehow the rain always finds the most
vulnerable parts that the act of clearing
is a kind of violence that to love
is to believe in the adequacy
of lamplight and its brightness on your palms
or hold a word beneath your tongue