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The long fingers of sky
hold the red-raw edges
of this canyon
to its earth.

Madagascar palm,
once bitten by frost,
bestows

one spot of shade
upon an otherwise
warm heart.

The clouds hold their tears.

This fear has no walls.

How can I discern
the call of the chime?
what will blow in the wind—
what will live in the sun—

I answer only with my hand.

CATHY CAPOZZOLI

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