

Day of Diagnosis

by Diane Hughes

Late light catches the rock outcropping
in a blaze of copper and bronze.
I am annoyed by its audacity,
angered by its arrogance,
on this the Day of Diagnosis.

I choose the northern path,
a muddy meander through ancient boulders
left behind by glacier's slow death.
At the far end of the lake, I climb up on a room-sized stone
and wait for sunset colors to sooth.

A bird cries out in anguish and rage
at the theft of her offspring for some other's meal.
The tears come easily now, safe in this place
where death is known and mourning a sudden crisp pain
felt before going on to live whatever remains.