

THE

BLUE MOUNTAIN

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REVIEW

NIGHT AFTER NIGHT

BY KARI GUNTER-SEYMOUR

an open field,
a slow-winged red-tailed
wheeling a headwind

the far-off bleat
of piteous calves,
clicks of mystified crickets

ice crackling a glass,
sweet tea
and a cross-back apron

sister in her kitchen,
asking what more light
can a person shine

into the brilliance
of an over-lit sky,
why even try

skin
around her knuckles
taut

my tattered bouquets
of language
limp, cloying

she is gone, her body tendering
back to the soil
mine, a lone burdock starved for
groundwater