

A String of Islands

A persistent fog sits on the future
I can hear its breathing
can feel its murky gloom
just inches away
behind its expressionless mask

yet this morning
sunlight floods
my eyes while I sit
sipping Earl Grey
in the courtyard

two cardinals whistle
in tandem
trading phrases

I trim dead leaves
from last year's oregano
fingers coated
in brown dust nudge
the new growth
to claim its space

dirt softened by rain
exhales its earthy scent
as I kneel to rescue all
the daffodils
before tonight's frost

each moment clears
a tiny space
in the fog

each moment
an island of now

***Melissa Huff** feeds her poetry from many sources—by appreciating the power and mystery of the natural world, through travel that demonstrates how humans everywhere connect, and through a recognition of the importance of spirit. Recent and upcoming publishing credits include Snapdragon: a Journal of Art and Healing, Frogpond, Origami Poems and BlackBerry Peach Prizes 2020.*

~ *♦*❁*♦* ~

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