

Sisters, Visiting

Her kitchen doorway opens out upon Kentucky:
Distant green hills, with one close-shouldering
Slope against her back stoop, a steep ascent
From her rock garden up into woods. Rain
Brings the woods down nearer; the hillside
Leans upon the house, fattening with the rain.
In the kitchen, where the coffee perks
With memories distilled from common grounds,
Laughter confronts the sombre rain; Kentucky warms
The green gloom like familial embraces; losses
of old beloved faces lessen; from the woods
The lost and loving re-emerge as mists who visit
At the doorway, lift their hands to bless
The laughter of those left, and promise on some
Green hill far away, reunion yet again
Like Kentucky's: sun, after rain-absolved regret.

NANCY WESTERFIELD