



POEM TOWN BRADFORD

what we know in our bones
(8 april 2024)

(even though we felt the drought coming)

(even though we may have been afraid)

at the moment of totality

as sun's *glittering corona*
danced *diamond drops*
& snow *crystals*

around a new moon

we shed our darkened glasses for three long minutes
and remembered:

even when the day seems lost
it is the way of all light & all water to return



anne bergeron, west corinth

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