

Kirsten Dierking

**BETWEEN CRADLE AND SNOW**

Lying below the last open window  
of late fall. Leaves drifting against  
the screen like papery moths. The dog

with a long, groaning exhale, releases  
herself from vigilance. Patrick turns over,  
laughs out loud again in his dream.

How much will I miss, closing my eyes?  
In the dark, my body, laid out for sleeping,  
looks insubstantial as chimney smoke.

Now, no alarm, just a sudden waking  
in colder weather, the future already underway.  
My back cradled, my dark hair dusted with snow.