

Poem – Failed Argument against Sorrow

*Everything flows toward structure,
last ache in the ache for God.*

—Charles Wright

A year of bad news: nephew diagnosed
as schizophrenic; cousin's son dead
from a drug overdose; a friend hiking in Montana
sits down to rest only to have his heart stop.
This side of the mountain recovers its own.
Where the logging road curls, tulip poplar
and moosewood take over. Just below the center
of my chest is a hollow place. Brook trout are surfacing
in the stream-fed pond. One jumps clean out
to eat a yellow sally. It seems the aching never ends.
A kingfisher circles the water, lands on a snag
and scolds me. A red-eyed vireo plays a tune
on the piccolo stuck in its throat. So much
is hidden by green leaves, and grief
smells like creek water on skin.

Todd Davis, *Native Species* (USA: Michigan State University Press, 2019), 23.
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