

Where Grass is Pressed

When you've heard a door
creaking shut
and the wind is dying down
and the road is longer
than it should be, longer
than you thought it would be
and no one can tell you
how much farther on
the window in the welcome place
will be,
look for a circle
where grass is pressed
into the ground, where it hasn't
sprung back up yet—look
for the places where the animals
have slept.
Rest is recent,
rest is possible again.
Close your eyes
and settle
 into sleep,
 into love.

—Helen Frost



BROADSIDE

Goshen College
Goshen, IN 46526
042915 V38N10