

I'll Catch You Up

I'm in the upper field again
where rock fell
and the sky opens.
No trees grow here.
Deerberry hangs its pitch
black fruit like lanterns
carrying bits of night
into daylight.
It's always the opposite
that illuminates: your being
dead, me alive; my presence
in this field, your absence; the sun
in September, the coming dark
of December. Don't worry.
I'll catch you up. After I sit
a while with the dark pith
of berry bittersweet
on the tongue, I'll continue
down the old logging road
that leads toward the spring
that runs along the bottom
of the ridge.

—Todd Davis



BROADSIDE

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