

## Vermont Without Delilah

*Ann Cefola*

*For one of my two pit bull companions (1999-2009).*

Pine needles twirl end to end from pointed heights  
like punctuation—em-dashes tumbling  
without words.

*I didn't know evergreens shed, my spouse says.*  
Recalling soft beds, pliant rattan beneath ancient fir,  
I say, *They do. Or some.*

Ascutney blue-gray, beyond breeze-raised green, where  
early on we brought both dogs—to the uncaged  
horizon, the unleashed sky.

*You going to leave us here?* Brown eyes scanned us,  
noses twitching with coyote, bobcat, fox—  
scents we could not guess or know

ten years ago. Today, a glider—pulled by slim  
string, is released. White cross blends into blue.  
Someone exultant

behind a cloud: Pilot, you think you steer but it is the wind  
that spirals you upward—the wind that  
hides you from view.

Ann Cefola is author of *Face Painting in the Dark* (Dos Madres Press, 2014), *St. Agnes, Pink-Slipped* (Kattywompus Press, 2011), *Sugaring* (Dancing Girl Press, 2007), and the translation *Hence this cradle* (Seismicity Editions, 2007). A Witter Bynner Poetry Translation Residency recipient, she also received the Robert Penn Warren Award judged by John Ashbery. Her work appears in journals such as *Feminist Studies* and *Natural Bridge*, and translations in *Eleven-Eleven*, *Exchanges*, and *Inventory* among others. For more about Ann, see [www.anncefol.com](http://www.anncefol.com) and [www.annogram.blospot.com](http://www.annogram.blospot.com).