

Morning, Barely Light

Louisa Howerow

On the radio, a mother tells anyone
who'll listen how her daughter left home
without warning, the date's a blur.
Her story is the beating of a moth's wings
caught between panes of glass. I've seen
the messages painted on boxcars,
the please-call posters tacked to utility poles.
I press my hands into the windowsill,
hold steady. Just beyond the property line,
Crystal Beach where trout float belly up
on a summer sheen. There is no beach.

Louisa Howerow's latest poems appeared in *Red Earth Review*, *The Dalhousie Review* and *CV2/Contemporary Verse 2*, *The Canadian Journal of Poetry and Critical Writing*. Her work has also been included in anthologies, most recently, *I Found It at the Movies: An Anthology of Film Poems* (Guernica Editions) and *Imaginarium 3: The Best Canadian Speculative Writing, 2014* (ChiZine Publications)