

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.

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