

Lovelight

by April Michelle Bratten

The sky and the river
are a winsome pink color
while the deer in the field
forgive each other again and again.
I ask myself what it truly means
to love, as I watch them stand easy
and with purpose. If I could turn
animal, would I still have a name?
Would the sky still arrive earnest,
and would morning take its time?
I carry these thoughts to the field,
name the smaller deer Poutine.
The fog rolls in, having too much to say,
its voice louder and more complex
than mine. I will listen this time,
but with seashell ears. The larger deer
circles the grass, content in ceremony.
Poutine watches, her tail invisible
in the low cloud, but I can see her eyes
shining.