

Karl Plank

ECHOING IMPRESSIONS

In memory of Alene Clayton Holderby

The prayer cloths, you said, were for
whispering thoughts at night
that, when I no longer see wisps of scarf
in the sky, I might remember the earthy
petrichor that scents air before hard rain,
air that heavies ahead of downpour
and the soddening of wizened bones
only to lighten again as clouds
enfolding the knob of Black Balsam;
that in darkness I might say with the hush,
lift me, like mist rising on the mountain's peak,
before I vanish and am gone.

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