

Mourning

by [Sarah Rossiter](#) in the [September 14, 2016](#) issue

In early March
the doves mourn
as each new dawn
I sit, looking over
the barren field
where for ten days
nothing stirs until
six weeks from
the day she died,
an owl flies from
dark woods to perch
on a bare branch
above the Buddha
where, motionless,
his round unblinking
eyes stare into mine
though who knows
what he sees, or what,
if anything, it means,
but life is like that,
isn't it, the way it
sometimes when least
expected breaks wide
open, and what appeared
as lost is found.