

## 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.