

Tasha's Disappearance

She did not die
(How I wish she had),
But vanished instead like woodsmoke
From an early morning campfire.

It was Easter—Christ's resurrection—
And she never came back home.

I searched valley, woods, ravines,
Checked in old, damp root cellars.

Nothing.

Now I plait sticks and grasses
Into a nest of love and ashes,
And pray she will reappear.

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