

ERINIA

You could always count on Erinia's eyes.
She listened to you with them, heard it all,
even what you didn't say. Her eyes
were country cures, not old wives' tales
like Aunt Vi's--squinty, darting, doubtful.

She was wise-warm in the eyes, though blue
is a cool color. I can still see her cobalt
and crackling embers, still remember summer
irises on apple crunch mornings. The north
forgot to blow and bite when Erinia smiled.

Her thicket of sable lashes defied
the age stored beneath, age that comes
from hearing of the heart. But if you looked,
you could see those indigo shadows were old
as change or sorrow, holding where we were,
holding steady to where we were going.
Erinia patterned her life after His
and left us all the best when she was gone.