

SARAH ANN WINN

Cranesbill

Tonight I am supposed to take in everything,
even the geraniums, ignore their label—*hardy*—
in favor of waiting for a season with full sun.

My guide says *see also* cranesbill, *grown in window boxes*.
I note the white and think whooping, know those cranes
can be taught new migration routes, can be transplanted, can thrive.

If I introduce the red geraniums to winter, will they click
their ruby heels and find they could make a home anywhere
all along, or wither into soft oil paint smears by morning?

If I promise not to watch, will the white one become the crane wife,
weave petal by petal a kind of spring, plucked from her own breast?
Will she surprise me with brightness, startle me with snow?



ABOUT SARAH ANN WINN

Sarah Ann Winn recently completed an MFA at George Mason University, and her chapbook *Portage* is forthcoming from Sundress Publications. Her poems have been published in *december*, *The Massachusetts Review*, *Lunch Ticket*, *Rappahannock Review*, and *Lines + Stars*; her reviews have appeared in *The Collagist*, *School Library Journal*, and *So to Speak*. She lives in Fairfax, Virginia, and organizes a reading series in the western side of the Beltway. Her website is *Bluebird Words* (bluebirdwords.com).

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