

CHRISTINE SWINT

Letter to My Father at the Winter Solstice

My scroll of grief spits and crackles
in the sun's bonfire—

Do you hear it? That girl,
her voice in me?

Or the river, mourning
over the shoals? A blue heron,

head and throat a question, unfolds
its wings, screeches across twilight

eddies, another shade
in darkened woods. Where has it gone

now that I can't see it?
I want to believe you live

not in my cells or in my thoughts
but in *this*, now—

where cormorants preen their blackness.



ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Christine Swint is the author of *Swimming This* (FutureCycle Press 2015), and her work has also appeared in *Ekphrasis*, *CALYX*, *Birmingham Poetry Review*, *Tampa Review*, and *SLANT*. She is an adjunct professor of English and writing circle leader, and was one of the founding co-editors of *Ouroboros Review*. She lives in the metro area of Atlanta, Georgia, and can be found online at *Balanced on the Edge* (christineswint.com).

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