

LINDA PARSONS

Pasture

When thoughts arise on well-worn paths
let passing breath bend fountain grass,

stretch out near gate's hinged swing.
Your way, good or dire, choose where

attention lands: goldfinch stitch on
locust fence, Three Sisters' stubble field—

or merely mirrored pond. The senses graze,
rain or shine, this pasture of the mind.

Your give or take of peace dropped slow,
this room of heart's require, uncloud

your thoughts, unending storm, your
troubled yesteryear. Let dead be dead—

be upturned stone, be foxfire glow,
earth melting latent snow. When thoughts

arise, sing high the body's tune. Return,
return, to cress beneath your feet,

return to real and true.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Linda Parsons is the author of five poetry collections, the most recent being *This Shaky Earth* (Texas Review Press 2016) and *Candescent* (forthcoming from Iris Press). Her work has appeared in *The Georgia Review*, *The Iowa Review*, *Prairie Schooner*, *Southern Poetry Review*, and *The Chattahoochee Review*. She is the reviews editor for *Pine Mountain Sand & Gravel*, and with Stellasue Lee she coordinates WordStream, a weekly reading series on WDVX-FM. She is also playwright-in-residence for The Hammer Ensemble, the social justice wing of the Flying Anvil Theatre in Knoxville, Tennessee.

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