

Threnody

From osprey's nest, the young  
shriek. The mother

has stopped feeding them  
for their own good

(we infer), or she has returned  
to her own hunger.

The light—suddenly autumnal—  
wants me

to remain present, so I practice  
looking strangers

in the eye, but focus just above  
their brow

when it's too much. The world  
is burning,

I know. Touch (or its lack)  
gathers urgency.

Sliced tomatoes demand  
to be eaten

with fingers, dipped in olive oil,  
salt; jellied seeds

slipped under my tongue  
as remedy.

## ABOUT THE AUTHOR

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M. A. Scott's work has appeared in *Pretty Owl Poetry*, *The Adirondack Review*, *Barrelhouse Online*, *Crab Fat Magazine*, *Mid-American Review*, and elsewhere. She lives in Hudson Valley, New York, and facilitates a monthly publication coaching roundtable at the Hudson Valley Writers Center.

