

Lessening Days

A little lift of gray in the sky beyond,
window open in my room,

tell me, how to see
my lessening days right,

get enough backbone
to stand up to fear.

I knock hard on life without gloves
but never warm by its fire, quite.

A stirring comes to heart chambers,
and like a guest, it departs.

I still my hand
on my heart's beating, just for a while.

ABOUT THE POEM

Jessica Lee McMillan made a blackout of a page from *A Daughter of the Morning* by Zona Gale (1917). That blackout became the basis for “Lessening Days.”

This 12-line poem reflects *Heron Tree*’s invitation to poets, on the occasion of our twelfth volume, to use 12 in some way in their composition process.



HERON TREE

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