

# Haven

Susan Chandel

For Mofle

« the ones whose homes were destroyed  
who were stranded under the sky.”

Fresh spring snow  
Cream of wheat  
Warm coffee,  
Hot chocolate  
White dollops of fluff on top  
Brown speckles seeping through.

I did not see  
the ones whose homes were destroyed  
who were stranded under the sky.  
I did not want to see it.  
I did not want anyone to see it.

The maple syrup pools  
in the crevices,  
The sweet stream  
sweeter than plaster dust.

The refugees have come here again  
from the south.  
They say even with the cold  
it is warmer and safer here  
though the same stars  
pierce the heavens each night.  
The wood fire softens our home.  
The chickadees dance.  
I can not grieve.  
These were not my losses

The birch beacon  
at the edge of our field  
sings always.



Drawing: Cecile Wadlow