Cradlesong
Kathryn Anderson

The weight of last night’s rain
hangs deep upon the leaves of Red Maple.
Bending leaves browning
as if singed by fiery embers
in thought of autumn.
Branches loaded with weight of leaves,
of rain.
Wren and junco relocate to Sumac.
Red Maple cradles the drowning
of silence as human rustling noises
heap a constructed morning upon earth
because they fear silence.
Rock-a-by baby
becomes more than just a
cradlesong.