## Leda's Grace at the Dawn April, West Texas

The only movement is porcelain beads—once dangling from the rearview mirror, now rolling beneath her feet— & diluted coffee in a paper cup she clinches so tight it brims—threatening her thighs. She reads between notes that Ella & Louis duet, that static lullaby, & remembers how overnight, all became still life: apricot buds frozen in bloom, dust-ravaged iron & time. She looks through the window of frost-laced filth to the sun rising & suddenly below a stagger—a shudder—movement in the red truck's door. Here, a swan mute & dying, dressed in verglas. The cello, the water—that once generating ripples two pianos & Pavlova strongis now silent from a

broken wing.

A pillage of feathers—bare as the cold branches of the cherry tree—pivots back, pointing to sky. Her own shadow-finger traces the break of bones—listening as the bird's strange beating heart

slows.

She wonders what there is left to believe in—hears the hymn of her mother

& sings.