

## March comes in on cleft hooves

I stand in my bedroom at blue dawn.  
Superimposed on the pines, the supple wrists  
of the dogwood with long buds swollen,  
are my red Cretan wall hanging, my velvet  
patchwork spread, my Victorian milk glass  
bedside lamp at which the fawn appears  
to sniff as she extends her swan neck.

We are in the same room of pale dreams,  
the mother whose ears never stop snapping  
back and forth, whose white tail twitches  
at her flanks in its separate anxiety  
while she grazes on wintergreen and bishop's  
hat, has a little nibble on the peach tree.  
Her daughter's eye gleams, caramel amber.

They come like a blessing into my bedroom,  
only one pane of glass between them and us.  
Woody and I hold hands, talking by touch  
only, as she and her children bring March  
in on velvet brows. Through the casement  
cranked a crack, I hear the plaintive horns  
of geese as they lift off beating north.

Marge Piercy

*What Are Big Girls Made Of?*

Alfred A. Knopf, New York, 2007