

Sequestered

Especially in hard times
you feel snug here--
nook below the stair
thin rug on the floor
small room like a hug.
To reach your favorite books
you only spin your chair.

You've hung art up on hooks
over white-painted walls—
bright crayoned fish
a child's handprint in stone.
sunflower in a dish.

In day-old snow outside
crows make a raucous din.
You pin your heart to words,
let them ascend in air.

Beth Paulson