

**MARGARET YOCOM**

**First Wash**

Wires hum with snow melt.  
Crows and a west breeze  
call from spruce and fir.  
One patch of soil pulls  
down sudden March sun  
to the near garden.

Our house has become  
small, his words too wide.

Outside—apricot,  
turquoise, lavender,  
lemon. Steam rises  
from towels. With clothespins  
I craft northern lights.

No one asks a thing.

If I open my coat  
I am the shape of wind.