Death Comes to the Dancer and Gardener

-for Norma Briggs

She fell in her garden, or tripped.
It was night, or maybe late afternoon,
with its slant light through the young
turkeyfoot grasses unsheathing
their height, and the prairie smoke
streaming in a light wind, the way
the white pines on the hill might have
loosed their pollen grains, a soft
yellow rain, and, later that night,
a red fox might have stepped out
under the moon and, curious,
watched over her. It was morning
when they found her, cold
among the many blooms intermixed,
native species and cultivars
that had gladdened so many hours.
I like to think that the fox,
if it was a fox, was as neat-footed
as all her Scottish dancers.

- Robin Chapman

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