

Denise Provost

Poems of Our Moment

That which is elegiac
resonates. In every garden
a folly, a ruin; broken stones
crusted with pale green lichen, never
to be reassembled.

Animals may be present,
especially if extinct, although
a threatened species also has
cachet, as do the drab feral cats
prowling our fallen walls.

Peer into the deep footsteps
of empire. Shelter? Abyss?
Beyond the margins of this
page, armies gather. Destruction
may yet fall from a blue sky.

The light is new, but uncertain,
even when visibility is
clear. Who can say what
we are looking at, whether images, or
the violet shadows of twilight

Denise Provost has published in on-line and print journals, including Bagel Bards anthologies, *Ibbetson Street*, *Muddy River Poetry Review*, *qarrtsiluni*, *Quadrille*, *Poetry Porch's Sonnet Scroll*, *Sanctuary* and *Light Quarterly*. Provost lives in Somerville, Massachusetts, and currently studies with poet Susan Donnelly.