

Draft of a Landscape

by Juliet Patterson

after Paul Celan

The hare's
dust pelt

against the juniper's sky
now

in the eye uncovered
a question clear

in the wing
of the day and the predator

that writes
the animal's luck, too.

Where is tomorrow?
Will tomorrow be beautiful?

Someone will answer.
Someone will remember

that dustcolored
tragedy, incidental, belonging

to no one, arriving before
as a flock of cranes

protracted in a long descent
winging blind

to field—the days
are beautiful.