

Mindy Watson

TERZA RIMA IN IAMBIC HEXAMETER

Ablation

Within the balmy grove, the beaming trees surround
Her—stilted smiles and kindling laughter, upstretched arms
Sublime in supplication’s blissful hush, profound

In rumination’s lack. No temptress Mother charms
Them, touting apple’s erudition. Christened blooms
Awash in absolution’s dew adorn their arms.

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The climbing sun confirms that light eternal looms,
That He’ll soon come and, flaying off their heat-scorched bark,
Atone for any wayward will that still presumes

To stir. Amidst the smiling throng, she rues the dark
That bends her inwards, tends her toward reflection’s panes.
So when the copse, proliferating, bids her hark

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The Father’s saw-toothed blade, she dutifully deigns
To bow, full knowing nothing—no one—will remain.