

## 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*

©Robin Chapman  
*Alaska Quarterly Review*  
Volume 32, No. 3 & 4  
Fall & Winter 2015