

## Cradlesong

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The weight of last night's rain  
hangs deep upon the leaves of Red Maple.  
Bending leaves browning  
as if singed by fiery embers  
in thought of autumn.  
Branches loaded with weight of leaves,  
of rain.  
Wren and junco relocate to Sumac.  
Red Maple cradles the drowning  
of silence as human rustling noises  
heap a constructed morning upon earth  
because they fear silence.  
Rock-a-bye baby  
becomes more than just a  
cradlesong.