

## **Ann Fisher-Wirth**

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### **In Crescent**

The bloodwall thickens  
and everyone I have loved  
begins to ripen within my body.  
A quiet time: the house  
curls in upon itself, enfolds  
the sleeping children; the daisy  
shuts its petals, and their lashes are wet  
with the mercy of sleep.

Summer's grasses  
are long, so long  
that we seem to move through water.  
Children again, we clamor, Mother  
may I, mother may I? And she  
by the elm in shadow, whose belly  
catches moonlight: Come  
as you will, I will hold you,  
I am warm, all steps  
lead where I am hidden.

And so inch forward toward that  
teeming bed  
where we all lie down together.



*Detail from "The Endless Bench," by Lea Vivot, 1984.  
Hospital for Sick Children, Toronto. Photo: Joe Paczuski*