

# A Year's Turning

Ruth Harper

*O may my heart's truth  
Still be sung  
On this high hill in a year's turning.  
—Dylan Thomas*

There is no high hill on this prairie,  
yet there is the heart's truth,  
overheard in deepest silence,  
observed in the ever-flowing river of stars  
across a darkening December sky.

My grandson is six, and I walk with him,  
point out visible planets and familiar constellations;  
the lamp of a half-moon illuminates our snowy path.

I whisper, *look up, Max, look up!*  
wanting him to notice every sunrise, sunset,  
and especially a star  
that someday may be me sending him love.

The truths my heart sings are of these things:  
the awakening of each season in its turn,  
the stories constellations sketch,  
white chalk on blackboard sky,  
the love I will carry for this boy  
until Orion, warrior of winter, remains the lone  
witness to our wonder.