

**gaze out the open window**

enter green worlds of early summer—  
over the swaying grasses, swallowtail  
rises, dances to the scent of lilacs  
graceful wings proclaim freedom  
embrace each precious cell of life

fireflies at dusk blink soft  
light of landscape and place  
overwhelm a simple heart  
yes—yet, mourn deeply at this window—nature can't erase  
death-press, knee to Black neck, whose voice cries,

“I can't breathe. I can't breathe. Mama. Mama.”

*Lucy Tyrrell*

2020, published on Wilda Morris's Poetry Blogspot

This is an acrostic poem, i.e., the first letter of each line spells out a name