

Matthew Robb Brown

Because this season turns  
like a key  
in the lock of the year  
all the guards  
fall as if dead in me.

Winter, despair, cement  
crack over expanding tree roots.

A mourning dove cries  
above the leaves;

my mourning turns  
like a key  
in the oiled lock  
of rejoicing.

Shell of the vigil  
breaks for the living creature;  
small, new songs  
fill the ears of these trees.

**Matthew Robb Brown** has been writing and publishing poetry since 1969. He earned his master's of fine arts in poetry at Ashland University (2016) and has had work in numerous magazines and anthologies, including in *Image 102* and *The Merton Journal Advent 2021* issue. His first full-length poetry collection, *Again With the Light*, was published in 2020 by Resource Publications, an imprint of Wipf and Stock. Forthcoming from Wipf and Stock is a collection of writings by his late friend Carter Aldridge, *Remember the Brotherhood*.