

Marlena Chertock

Wind chimes

The birch tree outside is covered
in wind chimes, all sizes,
colors — wood and metal.

She spends months on one,
gluing polished colored glass,
threading ribbon through the wooden tops.

She thought she was late this month,
but then there was a forest
of falling crimson leaves.

She leaned on the tub,
raked the bathroom floor.

Wind.
Outside, the wind chimes clang and din
like the shrill shouts of children.