

The image features a torn piece of white paper with a dark blue background. The paper is torn along its bottom edge, creating a jagged, irregular shape. The text is centered on the white paper.

sting medicine

Poems | Cherie Hunter Day

sting medicine
Cherie Hunter Day

sting medicine

First published in Denmark 2016 by *Bones: journal for contemporary haiku*. <http://www.bonesjournal.com>

Graphics and poems copyright © Cherie Hunter Day 2016
Cover photograph copyright © Stefanie Lamb 2016

For Carl J. Wheeler



Much of the work in this collection was previously published in *ant*⁵, *big data*, *Bones*, *Frogpond*, *Haiku 2014*, *Haiku 2015*, *is/let*, *Modern Haiku*, *moongarlic*, *NOON*, *Notes from the Gean*, *Otoliths*, *Rr*, *The Heron's Nest*, *tinywords*, and *Take-out Window*. Grateful acknowledgement is made to the editors and publishers of these journals and anthologies.

*Remain serene and call to mind
that everything arises from conditions.*
—Shantideva

redwood grove
the light that reaches us
upon waking

woodland shade lily spoken here

claw marks the lost knack of wonder

stripped from the bough an upsurge of examples



a decoy swept into categories

raw umber the hill's shorthand for want

junco splinter of a sizable hunger

wet the ratio & wake the threshold spring mud

sting medicine the lake's blue diction

hold your glass against the syllable rain



spots on his bone scan
the crows' part
in all of this

obsidian dark sigh and pick proof

nighthawks diving
this dark not the same
as that dark

the pallor of this candle pending

breathing out the abyss of an open flame

sutures of light
residue in the chamber
after naming

stone paths the making of a pilgrim

granular forest nearest the bone wind

cloud shadow
where no mountain road
can take you

howling etched in the lung of an exit



double muscle—
think humble weed
bulk wind

leverage & dosage a punch easy with vermillion

CT scan the see through seen through

flesh afterimage of an unreadable page

an ashen language in the drive-by of our bones

unfamiliar alphabet cleaning the talons of winter

winter sky the stop code of a crow



grief tucks too simply lakeside

wind kenneling cool & wide as the lake

this winter intentionally left blank

