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## Grace

Up from night's tomb I climb  
sleep's rags on reluctant bones

eastward of my window  
beyond night's worn fogs  
stirrings momentous

waken bedded hills  
breasts which rise  
to their lover's reaching hand

sluggish breath quickens  
perception's tinder flares  
to the matchstick of desire  
    sun's first rays  
    arrow-straight

kindle this cavernous heart

—Darrell Petska

Darrell Petska's writing has appeared in *Muddy River Poetry Review*, *Bird's Thumb*, *Chiron Review*, *Star 82 Review*, *Tule Review*, *Verse-Virtual* and widely elsewhere (see [conservancies.wordpress.com](http://conservancies.wordpress.com)). Darrell has tallied a third of a century as communications editor for the University of Wisconsin-Madison, 40 years as a father (six years as a grandfather), and almost a half century as a husband. He lives outside Madison, Wisconsin.

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