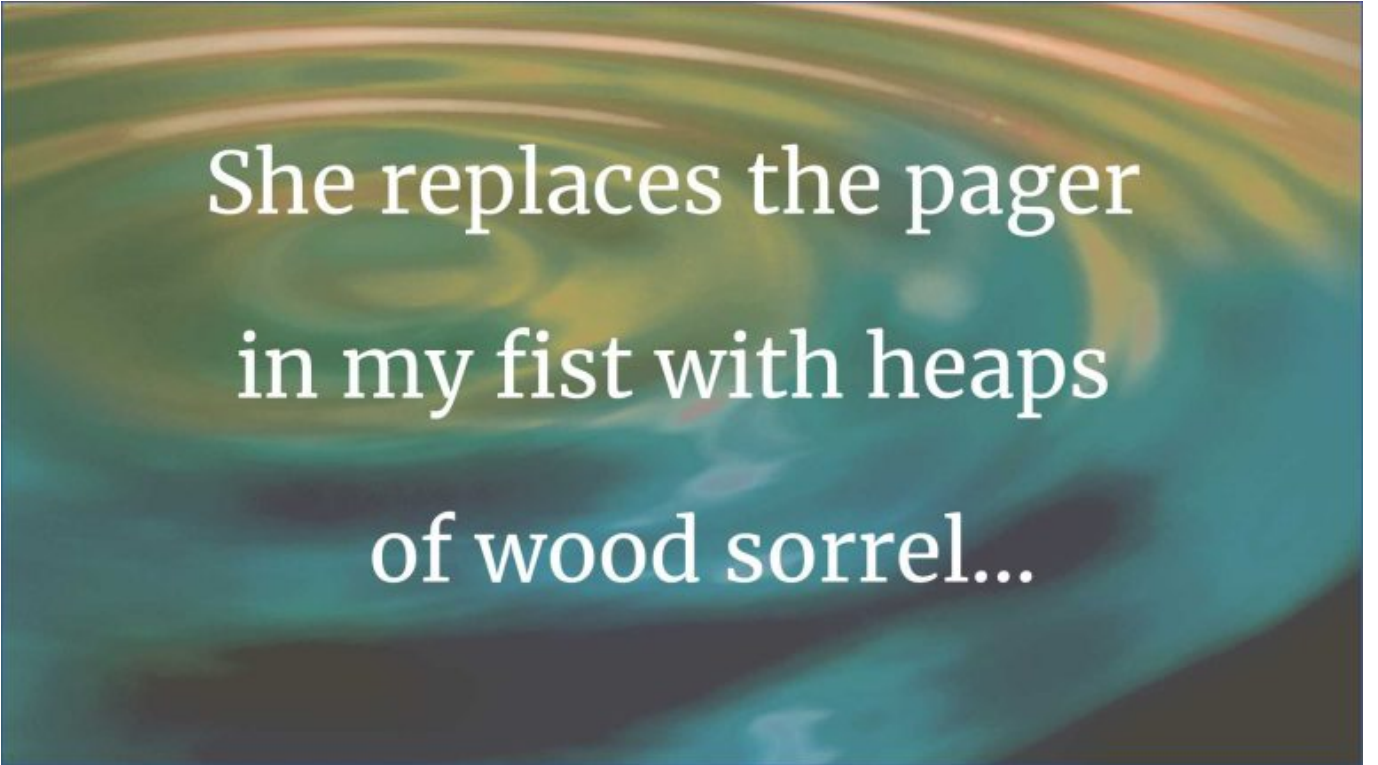


# The Healer

Category: Poems

written by Lori-Anne Noyahr | August 8, 2025



She replaces the pager  
in my fist with heaps  
of wood sorrel...

Just beyond the parking lot,  
my husband chases  
our daughter through  
the trails of the Rouge Valley,  
as they await a break between  
my cases—to visit the “hopstipal”  
where she was born, where  
I still work on weekends.

And when, after countless  
false starts, I am able  
to receive them in the lobby,  
she anoints my cheeks  
with petrichor kisses,  
carrying a healing garden  
in her hair; curls ensnared  
with golden mullein flowers,  
bursts of jewelweed, beads  
of purple clover and  
a lacy veil of yarrow.

She replaces the pager  
in my fist with heaps  
of wood sorrel from her  
pockets, until my palms—  
now open—overflow with

heart-shaped leaves.