

So Small

So small, especially mornings
children ring outside. Light
split from time, from from air:

useless lock and drapes
swelling against the glass
like a tick balloon. Coffee.

It wasn't only in autumn
he hiked to the far woodrow
where she met him small

as he in the length and breadth
and depth and silence, her hand
so small it went away in his.

All those leaves. Alternatives
to washing the cat, the dishes,
the windows, to spring, summer

and cleaning last night out
of the fireplace before dark.
The kids next door are tunneling

the afternoon they found raked
to their curb. If they knew
how huge that tree is. Loud

as trash can siren squeal of jets
tall as television strong as soap
the kids next door surround my lot

loop their age in the branches
and burn the intersection, burn
the street, fence, burn the lawn

the lawn, dancing joking nudging
elbows into each other My god
will she never be back?

