

Our Quiet Spring

For Judith

Through a thick winter window
I stare at a locust tree—
willing it to bud, to perform
exactly as it did last year
and the twenty before that, transforming
that pale, shaky spring
into broad spectrum summer.

How could I have known
that this season
would want only
simple acts? a knock
at the neighbor's door
with a pot of soup, a handful
of still damp daffodils.

Next year, we'll recall
how the sky, empty of airplanes,
revealed to us the birds,
the two-throated
note we'd forgotten.