“Sadness in Spring”

Today I thought about how everyone I know is sad, how amazing that the forests and deserts and plains can hold us as we get up and walk from one season to the next. In spring all sadness is wet and branching, sucking at shoes, and the anniversaries of deaths are like tiny tombstones on the trails. Summer is still so far away, not like our dead who stand in the woods all night, a few feet from the house.

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