“This Life”

The morning is evergreen, white to pale blue, a sheen between the branches, on buds, in treetops on the horizon. In my neighbor's yard forsythia, each long yellow finger a shock of color. Traffic and the small sounds from the kitchen: a drawer closing, one spoon against another, the chink of a plate. I imagine what you are doing and despite all our mornings together I could be wrong. I could be wrong . . . —to begin a sentence with that phrase is different than to end it so, the lucidity of morning different from evening's dark insight. I want to talk about things too old to describe: forsythia, marriage. Not about the raw blossomings in the world: my cousin, eighty-nine now, dying; her son's guilt, sadness; my brother's “bad winter,” drinking. The drone of a plane's engine meets the dull beginning of a siren's whine. Morning sounds like night. This will change, it has changed and will again. It's cold fickle spring, a season on which bloom is wasted. Spring is always cold and our surprise at it forgetfulness, a fall over and over into the same trap. What we expect we learned to expect from something other than experience. It is like thinking about this life while living it. I write this life as if there were another; if there were, lived, it would be this one.