

## “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.