

Last April in Syracuse

after Hayden Carruth

Spring-like weather, though it's still
April, early, it seems, too soon for this.
Where we live, it could be snowing.
And yet, the sugar maple, the other day only
an awkward brown skeleton, brushes its green
leaves against our third-story window,
and the pear trees bordering the streets
have popcorned into bloom. You say
this year's pollen count is higher than ever,
and maybe that's enough to account
for the sweat in my eyes as we box
the few belongings that can't be replaced:
books, mostly, but also your brother's
army jacket, my father's waffle iron,
the broken things we can't yet give up.

Sometime in October, overnight
the sugar maple outside
this window will redden, a shock
to the new tenants, perhaps new
to each other too, who will here learn
five different types of snow,
the names of their trees,
and one night will wake in bed,
face to face, amazed. And gently,
it will begin to rain.