

Lament From a Window on Caldwell Drive

I cannot see the trees anymore.
They are but stretching tines of brittle
Bone, grasping for clouds over landlords' purses,
Debased by brick and mortar,
Wasted on the eyes of busy roads.

The snow is wasted too.
White tears gently lying
Over hill and nook and gulley,
Scuffed to murk on sidewalks,
Gray slush on busy streets, as unchained
Mini-vans follow snow plows to school.

Forgotten meadows of glistening white, once
Football fields and battlegrounds,
Are department stores, as the man on
TV, pounding his desk, harps about
Video-games and violence.

My yard was lush once, when
Shouldering springtime gardens,
And shadowed by oaks and Sassafras,
Swifts and robins swooping
Through the glen.

There's only one slumping evergreen now,
Drably dusted with winter flakes.
Its long, gray shadow reaching across the neighboring houses,
And a blood-red X gleaming above
The pure snow.