

After the Divorce

*If it must be winter,
let it be absolutely winter.*

—Linda Gregg

I think of a burned car in a field
and how the goats graze on
as the body rusts away.
At market you cross the aisle
to finger the leeks, pretend to weigh
a melon in your hands.
At first, the quiet is grievous,
which is to say, wounded
by a memory of loss,
then it is not so hard.
Months go by and it is enough—
the hours alone in the afternoon,
reading, slicing a pear.
It is August, then it is not.
Silence builds in the cicadas' absence.
Gold or a blood red burdens the leaves
until they fall, opening a vastness
in the wood lot. Winter soon.
A winter that is more and more
my home.

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