

JANE SOMERVILLE

After the Death of a Friend

This woman is determined to be
happy. She is out early
while her garden is still cool
and damp. She dreams
deliberately, seeks a world
inside this one, full
of signs. She dreams
of the fields spread out across Ohio,
marked by rivers like tunnels
to another time, water full
of bending trees, full of light.

She finds the vine
that has curled all through the mnt,
that has gripped the fragrant stems
so intimately.

The garden will have its way,
she thinks. Just so much pushing,
you can do. Yes,
I've learned a few things.
But so late. Too late.

No no no, happy happy. Satisfied.
The birds jumping into the sky,
the book on the table,
the high wood fence, everything.
I wonder what it would be like,
she had asked her son,
to know you're going to die?
Like knowing you're going to live,
he said, only worse.