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LOUISE GLÜCK

LATE SNOW

Seven years I watched the next-door
Lady stroll her empty mate. One May he turned his head to see
A chrysalis give forth its kleenex creature:
He’d forgotten what they were. But pleasant days she
Walked him up and down. And crooned to him.
He gurgled from his wheelchair, finally
Dying last Fall. I think the birds came
Back too soon this year. The slugs
Have been extinguished by a snow. Still, all the same,
She wasn’t young herself. It must have hurt her legs
To push his weight that way. A late snow hugs
The robins’ tree. I saw it come. The mama withers on her eggs.