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LOUISE GLÜCK

FOR JANE MYERS

Sap rises from the sodden ditch
and glues two green ears to the dead
birch twig. Perilous beauty—
and already Jane is digging out
her colored tennis shoes,
one mauve, one yellow, like large crocuses.
And by the laundromat
the Bartletts in their tidy yard—
as though it were not
wearying, wearying
to hear in the bushes
the mild harping of the breeze,
the daffodils flocking and honking—
Look how the bluet falls apart, mud
pockets the seed.
Months, years, then the dull blade of the wind.
It is spring! We are going to die!
And now April raises up her plaque of flowers
and the heart
expands to admit its adversary.