

MORNING PASTORAL

The forsythia is jaundicing around the house,
the barberry hones its thorns against the wind,
the daffodils, hope-sick, bend their necks
grotesquely east. The tulips are huddled
in a cluster wearing faded orange sweaters,
the dandelions crouch tight in the grass
collecting bitterness, their long pale roots
threading down, blind moles sucking
at the center, roots like mouths
siphoning gas, while the wood-
pecker, red-headed, jackhammers
at the top of the oak. Aside
from these things,
let me be clear,
everything
is fine.

