

BACKYARD



This scooped-out hole was once a Bradford pear, the one a friend and I sat under last May when she lifted her shirt to let me feel the life inside. The tree's roots still stretch through dark soil like lines that decorate a cracked egg.

She became a mother. I didn't. She secures the stroller's strap, follows her son to the park. She sits with other mothers in the shade. The older children pile acorns in their mothers' laps until they spill to the ground.

At home, my husband and I read, opposite ends of the couch, my feet tucked under his side. Our tea steeps in the kitchen. I'm not holding on to nothing anymore. In the neighbors' yard, branches quilt patterns into the sky.