

IMPRESSIONS OF APRIL

Yes, that was when. Your unforgiveable visit.
Like a film set, my fifth-floor apartment.
A skylight, a sketch, a square of dull sun.
You sent tulips. They stood tall in a jar.
A call to somewhere far away, very far:
Australia. Apologies in the dogwood
and the days arranged like other flowers,
white starbursts bent on stalks.
It's futile to make much more
of mothers on the Hudson's bank,
overwrought fire escapes, the Dominicans
folding in that shabby laundromat.
I unpacked. Scarlatti was the only news.
Waterlillies swam blue at the Met. I went
but only for the Pacific canoes.