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Aubade

Marianne Boruch

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poplar, maple
stained the sidewalk. Their fate
is to become
something else. One foot and one foot
and one foot. The way
is deeper now and the leaves
are under all of it.
I would like to say
I could hear them, that the leaves
love to sing and have
many songs under the snow.
I would like to say
all kinds of nonsense.

AUBADE

Rain. And the birds—one
sings as an acrobat might
fake a fall
downstairs—every seasick turn
graceful unto
the darkest landing. But rain
carries its weight
straight down, like sadness does,
falling through a thought
to flood a room.

Listen to the yard. One song
builds and one unravels. Because I
dare not move, because you're
sleeping now as you never do.
I know that lantern light
in you, and dawn is bird
by bird. Rain
loves it dark and makes
a sea.