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# Aubade

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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.