

A Long Marriage

You brought me to this house,
its sweep of vinca gleaming jade
in mist falling through seventeen white pines.

You placed our bed here. Inches away, a dove
coos from her nest. Ivy clings to the chimney,
odd animals crawl in.

They seek shelter when what will not kill them is freedom.
I get up early, return them to sky and burrow.
I cart stones to the "beehive," labyrinth for chipmunks.

You brought me into the eye of this house,
its cycle of cones, pine needles darkening
from blonde to red.

Suddenly from the grove, a call, welcoming.
There is but one Japanese maple,
crimson, ancient.