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A Letter

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A LETTER

I have tried a dozen ways
to say these things,
and have failed: how the moon
with its bruises
climbs branch upon branch
through the empty tree;
how the cool November dusk,
like a wind, has blown
these old gray houses up
against the darkness;
and what these things
have come to mean to me
without you. I raked the yard
this morning, and it rained
this afternoon. Tonight,
along the shiny street,
the bags of leaves,
wet-shouldered
but warm in their skins,
are huddled together, close,
so close to life.