

Between Us There Are More and More Things

BECKY KENNEDY

Frying bacon in the morning
every morning washing dishes in a place
where I see trees
between us there are more and more things

now it is winter dying again
on a tree tight with spring
is a crackling leaf left from fall
to dangle and leap

and drop
branches pushed apart by sky
every day since you died
there is another thing between us

the sliding of light
on the pond with its shifting face
and hem of rocks
and the black water shaking

since you've been gone
there has been no resistance of things
or of the wind
in its long halls