

## “Sadness in Spring”

Today I thought about how everyone I know  
is sad, how amazing that the forests and deserts  
and plains can hold us as we get up and walk  
from one season to the next.

In spring all sadness is  
wet and branching, sucking at shoes,  
and the anniversaries of deaths  
are like tiny tombstones on the trails.  
Summer is still so far away, not like our dead who stand  
in the woods all night, a few feet from the house.