

# ANDREW SAGE

## Lilac Tree

Everyone has a yellow swing  
In a lilac tree. Mine they cut down.  
A new tree is there, budding,  
A calm of melting

In the blue sun. I go  
To the hollow to be with rabbits.  
They are small and brown.  
Then I don't see any for a long time.

The grass is cool and wet, the wetness  
Rides under my skin. It is a perfect  
Blue-gray sky I cannot paint.  
Out of nowhere a rabbit

Then for a long time nothing.  
When one comes again it's not the same.  
Some deer go by. They want  
To be astonished.

## The Progress of Spring

I love to see trees planted  
A frieze of runners  
Stripped white branches of an elm  
A foreigner asking directions

The sun is too hot for you  
Grass, I'll cover you with my body  
Like a nest in bare arms  
Cover me with leaves already

Everything conduces  
To the forsythia leaping, rain  
Darkening, puppy straining  
Its leash. There is no other spring

Robins make room for each other  
Worms enlarge the earth  
Beneath the earth  
Where I can barely see it

## Black Sea

Mom looks up in the too-green branches  
For the last cherry blossoms.  
Each time, it's too much. There they are:  
Pale, deflated. We stand in petals  
The pink of greeting cards.

This is the voice it takes a wind to tune  
That hasn't come. Perfect in weather,  
Mom watches her channel  
Like the robin watches us. When shall I  
Lug my large umbrella to the sea

Where Ovid languished? Never.  
Mom's spirit catches in a tossed branch  
I will not bend to earth. A girl has left  
This on my voicemail:  
*I miss you. I am building a house.*