

Too Much

It was one of those grey mornings after light rains which become delicious about twelve o'clock, when the clouds part a little and the scent of the earth is sweet along the lanes and by the hedgerows."

– George Eliot

Too much. The sun just now giving
giving three tall trees their shadows
of three tall trees on white slats
white slats of a house across the street and how
those shadows are different across little roof over back
steps.

And how clouds were pink the afternoon you lay
on your back in yellowed grass two years ago
that was in south Windsor all of a sudden thinking of
yellow-haired Sophie who never laughed;
how the snow was blue on the asylum's access road
the night you strolled there with Janet;
the way your brother-in-law laughs on the phone from
Washington
about his sprained ankle and the way a two-year-old
yesterday
saw you as one curio in a world of acceptable surprises

yesterday that
and the joy you felt in ninth grade when you first sensed
how to use semicolons!
Miss Hastings was charmed.

You were alive; and me,
one day on 56th Street my sneakers were white and tight
and of a magic swiftness like wings.

Lou Reed in strange cool dawn light
George Eliot on a damp day
Frost at midnight in mid-July
Buddy Holly any day of the week
and others – and it is
too much – because why?
Because we can't live up to our knowledge of death.