

*Eric Trethewey*

## Journal in Estrangement

i

Snow in April, a thick, swirling mass  
blocking out the morning sun  
for an hour or so,  
and I,  
who have seen more snow this winter  
— drifted up like trouble —  
than I can see over,  
feel again a cold clutch in my chest  
as I watch blooming forsythia  
whited out.

I am no longer at home  
in this season of sap and sproutings.

ii

Along the roadside, in the woods  
I notice dogwood blossoms glowing white  
against mostly bare boles and branches  
and grow heartsick with the pathos  
of their promise.

iii

Wholly bereft

of the buoyancy of what  
this season signifies,

I can't see past  
the scum and slime of algae  
on the pond in evening light.

Only time  
can put healing's scar  
on the raw wound of your going.