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## REVERDIE

April rain re-spirals the ox-bow, refilling the river  
that flows below a red-winged blackbird flying

back to Hudson Hill, its oakwoods, its mounds crested  
by St. Vincent headstones. Today, Geoffrey of the

Grounds Crew labors to rake up matted October leaves  
clotting the sunken graves, and to seize any red

plastic roses tattered by winds littering faded wreaths  
around the granite shrines of apostles and angels.

And Vicky the new clerk appointed by the Parish  
Burial Committee

from her work station daydreams  
of a first secret spin at dusk

with Geoff on his mower, coursing the narrow  
dirt lane to a mausoleum's back gate, its key hung

from his belt: the hour when stained glass burns  
off the sun. Through windows she watches the greens

mate and fade: meadow grass weakening to leaden-gray  
blades that will bend to lovers' wheeling sleeves.