

Yes, You All Have Lied

Edna St. Vincent Millay has a poem that begins,
“Time does not bring relief; you all have lied,”
and I think of that often.

I think, *Time does not fly; you all have lied.*

My baby does not grow up overnight;
the toddler is not suddenly a child.

No moments pass too quickly;
every second has its day.

Where does the time go, you all ask,
smiling,
as if I am not frantically asking the same thing.
Where has he gone; where is he?

When at last I find him,
he does not march
inexorably; he straggles,
as I tug his hand,
counting every step together.

One.

Two.

Three.

Four.

Five.

Six.

Seven.

Eight.

Nine.

Ten.

Then we start over.

We start over.

We go back to one.

One. Two. One. *No, three.*

You all have lied; time out for everyone.

Autumn

I am here in Cambridge, not
for the first time without you.

I came only to sign some papers,
not expecting to hear
the crunch of old memories
under my feet.

Everything is crisp this time;
golden, in a loud array of autumn
colors frosted with sunshine.
much like summer,
except colder; there are leaves
everywhere falling faithfully.

Why do they acquiesce
to letting go and dying?
Who gave them such steady confidence
in spring?

To My Roommate

I spent the morning
slaying spiders.

(I'm sorry, Anne;
they had to die.)

A Year Ago Today

One year ago today (ten thousand nights and days),
my baby boy was born.

He was not then/
is not now
perfect, and

I love him
I love him
so much;
I love him
to pieces (almost every single one);
and not just the pieces but the whole
marvelous precious hard endless
-ly fascinating frustrating
miraculous whole
baby boy that was born
a year ago today.

Sometimes—
oh sorry i can't finish this right now i have to go my son is [present participle] this is how it goes.