2nd April Poem

my old neighbor
used to plant too early

tomatoes in April
under milk jugs
cut open at the bottom

little glassless greenhouses
lined beside the garage

every year
frost took some

every year
he said

well
that’s what extra plants
are for

then he’d kneel
in the mud

with hands
that had buried dogs
a wife
one son
and nearly everything
he meant to keep

pressing roots
into cold ground

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2nd April Poem

as if grief
were not the opposite
of hope

but the tool
hope used

to learn
how deep to go

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