

Easter week

by [Jeanne Murray Walker](#) in the [April 7, 2009](#) issue

Speaking of Houdini and escape,
of Spring, *this* Spring, there being
no General or Eternal Spring,

yesterday I saw a blue pickup
pull out from a stoplight with eight trees
swaying and gesturing, sentenced to a life

they never chose. We know the cruelty
of mathematics, the bottom line,
how it can cancel the exactitude of longing.

How bereavement can sound like
the plunking of a piano tuner through an open window,
notes trying to break free

but staked to the tonic scale like greyhounds
tethered to a doghouse
in the killing heat of summer.

As the truck accelerates, the wind
ruffles the trees' feathers. They could be five year olds
in an Easter pageant, trying to slough off wings

and other baggage. They are that filled with
the Holy Ghost. Oh, the odd beauty of green!
Oh the rumor of another life!