

After the rain

by [Hannah Dierdorff](#) in the [April 24, 2019](#) issue

Even the wrists and necks  
of the no longer  
young whose spring has  
drifted with the gold

and green, even the ever  
odd-angled bodies,  
all coarse, brown,  
stick-spined, whose knobs

and joints jut in cancerous  
fashion; even these cherry  
trees weeping for the summer  
of fruit and flowers—

the clouds have clothed  
all, clasped baubles round  
rough wrists, crowned every  
branch with clean, clear

pearls. I walk beside  
the hunchback trunks—  
in a month they will grow  
white wings, will fling

blossoms from bones  
and sprinkle petals, flushed  
and frail on the sidewalks  
now black with water  
after the rain.