

The tree

by [Dora Dueck](#) in the [February 2025](#) issue

Published on February 5, 2025

*The tree remains a figure for grief.*

—Louise Glück

February, your death, then April,  
the tree a dazzling pool of pink  
where I fish for remembrance—  
just last year, and the year before,  
we two saying, again and again,  
Look! wonder rendering us  
inelegant, nearly dumb. (But what  
did it matter, the blossoms spoke  
in our place.) We shared the view,  
the praise, all belonged to us both,  
and now, no less marvelous, it's  
mine alone. By May, the tree is  
wholly green, still radiant, still  
fine, green the color God must  
love, breezes astir within it as  
breath, but shade forming deep  
in summer foliage, the seasonal  
relentlessness, anticipation of  
orange and gold in fall—and,  
skulking behind, the bitter cold,  
with a skeleton tree, emptied.