314 East 25th Street, on January 1st

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Abstract
It’s moving day—the sun glimmers as dimly as Venus in the morning sky.

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It’s moving day—the sun glimmers as dimly as Venus in the morning sky. Brown ivy clings to the courtyard’s bricks. The sundial there pokes up through crusty snow, while your old man maneuvers the rear tires of his pick-up in and out of drifts. It’s two below, but something more than weather’s cold: the dead of winter, yet your heart’s content.

Upstairs, I watch the overloaded truck with you and what you took turn left and wobble away, another botched new year beginning. I start to make a resolution, then think how, the brilliant fall that we moved in, we saw a Dutch Elm, almost dead, become a stump.