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## 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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# 314 East 25th Street, on January 1st

by Matthew Brennan

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.