

First Sunday in March: Isaac Evans Park

for Emilie, age 10

It must have been like this along the Seine,
Monet watching his family, capturing each moment
in the jeweled paint box of his eye.

Here, on a footpath beside the Green River,
a red two-wheeler throws the shadow of its spokes
against pounded sand,

sparkling current, the rain-wet roofs of houses
on the other shore. Wild plum trees are in bloom,
their petals snowing everywhere,

& geese scatter their white down in air
clear as water, yet my hand is dumb. Only my mouth
is moved to shape the names of these bright beings.

I would sing this moment, shout it glorious,
exactly as it is, across the canvas of my memory
forever, if it were allowed,

—but it is not allowed;
the thing itself is sacred.

Alone on the bank, I watch my youngest
daughter. Oblivious, she stands staring,
the tip of her pink tongue tasting

what she sees. She bends to roll up
her pant legs, sheds jacket, cap, shoes,
& sprints toward the water,

her hair a flock of silver brush strokes
flying upward.

(The Imperfect Gravity of Pears, Poets at the Kent Canterbury Faire)