

ANTHONY PURDY

NOVEMBER

It's November and the honeysuckle on the fence
is bearing new flowers. If I were into signs,
I might dare to hope, but the year has brought
enough wrong things, so I do as I'm told and wait without.

Five cancers in a house in the space of one year,
but only one of us will die. The purple asters have bloomed
all through the fall, the Queen Anne's lace, too.
And not just in the hedgerows; there's a whole field
that's still white with it. But only one will die.

In the beds, alyssum, lobelia—all the children's flowers—
died back at their appointed time. Now even the pansies
are once again in bloom. Time is out of joint, you say.
The wrong thing, granted. And so we wait.
Il n'y a plus de saisons.