

BRIAN CALVERT

*To a Backyard Apple Tree*

Luna, my cat, wanted to live outside,  
Would dash outdoors—like that!—when I came home  
And learned nothing of cars until she died.  
I buried her in dark apple-tree loam.  
That fall, no real reason, the tree fell down;  
My neighbor sighed and scoffed when I came home.  
On Luna's green grave, felled apples turned brown.  
All winter, I recalled where she would roam,  
Eyed my axe, but left things where they fell,  
Too heart-heavy to lift or swing the thing,  
Stayed inside with the dog, who missed her too.  
And now comes rain, a grey and empty spring;  
The days grow long. I know what I must do:  
Drag the axe, blade sharp, through the dark mud,  
To Luna's apple tree—what's that?—a bud!