Two Attempts at Hope Present

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Two Attempts at Hope Present

i.
When I find out,  
the robins fly in slow-motion  
silence. White rooms and phone  
calls begin to bead together  
the hours. Sun forces skin  
to sweat and stomach to storm.  
Husband is getting the full dose  
and bouncing back like a cat,  
they say. I hoard these words.  

When I find out, I paint  
concentric circles on the patio  
and hurl them into an epic  
rock opera.

ii.
Each time I look at the backyard spruce  
decapitated by a storm  
long before we moved into this house  
I break—we don’t know what  
that tree looked like or could.  
On days twisted by doubt  
I don’t look at that tree.  
My husband is getting the full dose—  
a cat leaping out of a snowstorm.  
Future rests in this minute.