

Leaving

by [Nola Garrett](#) in the [November 7, 2018](#) issue

A 12 foot square of crime scene tape
stretches below my seventh floor window,
where the tree trimmer plunged
to his death, after the oak branch,
carrying the squirrel nest
I've been admiring all fall—
a nursery confection built
of twigs and leaves, lined with moss
and feathers for warmth, meant to ride
the winds. The trimmer's father saw
his son die. That's the way it may have felt
for the nest makers. I should not equate
both griefs, but I am not God,
only a human, a pattern maker
seeking to make sense of the senseless.