

# Easter week

by [Jeanne Murray Walker](#) in the [April 7, 2009](#) issue

Speaking of Houdini and escape,  
of Spring, *this* Spring, there being  
no General or Eternal Spring,

yesterday I saw a blue pickup  
pull out from a stoplight with eight trees  
swaying and gesturing, sentenced to a life

they never chose. We know the cruelty  
of mathematics, the bottom line,  
how it can cancel the exactitude of longing.

How bereavement can sound like  
the plunking of a piano tuner through an open window,  
notes trying to break free

but staked to the tonic scale like greyhounds  
tethered to a doghouse  
in the killing heat of summer.

As the truck accelerates, the wind  
ruffles the trees' feathers. They could be five year olds  
in an Easter pageant, trying to slough off wings

and other baggage. They are that filled with  
the Holy Ghost. Oh, the odd beauty of green!  
Oh the rumor of another life!