

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.