

Counting

by [Susan Delaney Spear](#) in the [July 15, 2020](#) issue

This morning as the white fog clears
I count the budding, lime-green fruit.
This July will mark five years.

Your sister's well. She's changed careers.
Your younger sister's thriving too.
This morning as the white fog clears,

Do you know? Can you hear?
I launched a book to good reviews.
This July will mark five years.

I keep a strand of your blonde hair,
your Warwick bass, your book of Yeats.
This morning as the white fog clears,

I count the nascent, lime-green pears.
Your father will retire soon.
This July will mark five years.

I touch the tiny, nascent pears,
And I hear laughter. It is you?
This morning as the white fog clears
I count, this summer marks five years.