

Still green to the eye

by [Kathleen Wakefield](#) in the [August 12, 2020](#) issue

August and already  
the birch's rustling  
is autumnal, transposed  
to a lower key.

All my life I've wanted  
to be the high soprano,  
summer's voice warbling  
in the tree's crown,

not the mezzo's darker singing  
in the air just below.  
Some things can't be helped.  
That snow comes early.

That difficulties arrive  
in any weather, time passes.  
Bach, knowing this, tuned  
his keyboard to make

pleasure from leaning into  
dissonance, then leaning away,  
the shape of sorrow  
relived, sorrow relieved.