

## Temperament

No dear, not good  
(though you once said I had  
the biggest heart)  
and not sweet if tantrums are  
any measure.

We have come to a place of birch  
on granite  
where mottled white of snow-melt  
teaches nothing about spring,  
a great river carves the valley  
and gray herons nest  
in sedges.

Your hands linger  
embracing  
the ache of leaves,  
their slicing edges.