JACARANDAS IN ALBANY

ALAN WILLIAMSON

One must take it lightly, with light heart and light hands... Those who are not like that are punished by life and God.
— Der Rosenkavalier

Stay away a few weeks and you’ll miss them —
The thin, lighter-than-sky blue it takes a moment to see is really emerging between the arid stucco, between the pebble-shaped leaves . . .

When I walked these streets,
I thought only someone else could give my life back solidity.
Was my impatience guilt at how much I’d ruthlessly left behind?
Evanescent blossoms — and then the anger at her for not being the one I could stay with, at myself, the rest of the time, for being alone.

How it all returns, with the maddening thin blue . . .

Grateful only, now,
if these little emptinesses helped me find the large emptiness, and anchor there.