

The Quiet Splendor of Falling Out of Love

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The perfect day dollies past
the windshield and windows
like I am watching it in cinemascope.
Articles of decay hang from trees and one,
in quiet splendor, falls.
Close up of her hand
reaching to change the station
on the radio. There is a moment
in which it happens. The separation
of the petiole from the branch.
No crack, just surrender
to the pressure of the wind. Freeze
frame the instant when
she realizes the song
has been too often heard
and knows she desires
a new favorite. For the tree,
the cycle will begin again.
For the leaf, a longer journey
awaits. It must quit being a leaf
far before it is part of life
again. I know how it longs
to be part of the tree once more,
how the song aches to be heard again.