

## Sorrow

Sometimes it's so large  
we begin to be pulled under,

So large we believe we will drown  
unless the plug is pulled

and it begins to drain away  
through unseen pipes that usher it

out of the sad house  
and below the neglected lawn

beneath the wide street and traffic,  
beyond the traffic light

and the elementary school on the other side.  
Underground it slowly, steadily dissipates

into the neighborhood beyond the playground  
with its innocents at recess.

For so many years I was one of them.  
From the top of the slide

I could spot our beige split-level  
and even its flagstone walkway.

I could sometimes make out the silhouette  
of my mother retrieving letters

from our mailbox  
or out on the front lawn positioning

the oscillating sprinkler.  
How good her timing was then,

not leaving it in one place too long  
or letting the water wet the sidewalk,

never allowing it to drown  
the things she planted.

~ Andrea Hollander Budy