

Divorce Landscaping

Katherine Cozzens

I took down the birdhouse -
domesticity, even feathered,
makes me queasy now.
I kicked the pompous old toad
that squats in the verbena
but the crusty pedant is cement
and my foot is not.
I yanked up the hydrangea -
on my knees, surrounded by savaged
purple puffs, I am horrified,
but awe at my own stupidity
keeps my heart in the right place -
ready to chainsaw a few trees.
I've never done it before but
they say you can't hear yourself think -
I'll slice away at the graceful elms
that line the gravel drive,
the fragrant pear tree in the back,
And every blowsy azalea
until I forget myself
and why I'm surrounded by stumps.