

FORSYTHIA

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We once approached Rome
by an ordinary street
named the way of the butterflies.
In Tuscany at that villa,
we parked in an asphalt lot
and took a cracked sidewalk to meet Jacobo.
And how many weathered boardwalks
have we walked before
facing the wild Atlantic?
Even these children of ours we arrived at
by the most unassuming route,
some furtive kisses.
I want you to understand
that I'm approaching our own epic
when I remember the dappled afternoon
you turned your head,
sweaty from a day of yardwork,
to look at the back fence
and tell me
we should plant the grass
when the forsythia blooms.