

### April Pruning

Hopelessly wound  
about one another  
like this clematis,  
browned by winter,  
tangled by Time.

You cut thru  
clumps of memory  
while I stand guard,  
your absurd sentinel,  
bagman to the dead.

The war drags on,  
the shrub lashing back  
at your glasses, my goggles,  
as slowly a forgotten  
wall reappears.

There are no limits  
to the ornery,  
but soon tendrils  
and flowers will  
re-climb our house.

April pruning:  
just a ritual of love,  
both end and renewal,  
like the vines that still  
bind us, together as one.