

EXCURSION

LIZZY STAR

It was already the second week of November,
which meant that we'd missed the colors
and with them, most of New England's charm.
But the landscape made up for its shortcomings—
driving, you pointed out how the naked trees
cast barcode shadows on the road.

The closer we got to winter, the more we seemed to indulge.
All those dinners were turning us into strange, skinny kids with potbellies.
In Vermont, we did it again with the cheddar—overindulged—
bought packages of shapeless trim because that way
we got more for our dollar. After dinner, and again for a few hours
in the morning, we needed those rocking chairs out on the porch.
Heavy, tired, pleased with ourselves—and the trees
already bare. How nice the shadows, when the body
has had its fill.