

## Poem

# Doctor

When the phone rings in the night to tell him someone's died  
not unexpectedly, and without giving trouble,  
he thinks as he lies down of the hurt red setter  
he had to shoot, what, forty years ago? His heart flinches again.

His house flowering quietly around him  
in this contented suburb, he lies awake until  
the trees step out of the shadows. Fifty.

He wonders what he did for the rest of that day  
and why he's never seen, these forty years,  
those trees with the ripped and shaggy bark  
and under it, the silky heifer skin. That sky  
so clean and glittering  
it makes you want to weep.

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