

## Linda Pastan

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### *Zephyr*

The three slender poplar trees  
outside my window, almost joined  
at the root, reminded me  
of the three Graces in Botticelli's  
"Allegory of Spring," even their fragile leaves  
looking somehow like Renaissance hair.  
So today when a stiff wind snapped  
one of them in half, I wondered  
if the other two would feel bereft,  
as I did, debris of leaf and twig  
burying their delicate feet.

Ridiculous of course. And anyway  
it's the design I'll miss,  
the way the three of them together  
balanced the composition.  
How could I know that Botticelli's Cupid  
pointing his mischievous arrows  
wasn't as dangerous as Zephyr—  
fat cheeks blown out in windy fury?  
That wind has reached across the canvas  
in squalls and hurricanes, all the way  
here to these Maryland hills.