

**THIS KIND OF MORNING**

in Vermont, it would  
have come for a month or  
two more. The kind of  
morning the latest maples  
are in bloom. Play school  
would begin in weeks, that  
lining up under still  
dripping lilacs, sweaters  
around waists, on line to  
march over slate down past  
hollyhocks and rosemary  
into the world of oil  
point on water, jungle  
gyms. A sand castle  
fortress. In spite of all that  
had worked out as she  
dreamed, had her daughter  
and the sun was out  
and swirled and danced  
to the milk man's racket  
on Main Street, black  
curls bouncing, kicking her  
feet up and singing along  
to an old Russian tune,  
she'd be happy at the  
rhinestoned grass, the  
sun thru the front  
windows if only  
her daughter was

**Lyn Lifshin**