

JILL OSIER

Aubade

My neighbor stands on a ladder
high enough to serve tea
on her roof. It's seven a.m.

and she's seventy-three. She rakes
down ice and snow, wrangling
potential disasters before

I'm even awake. Months
from now, when my front steps
have lost all definition,

I'll end up sliding
over to her house for salt.
I'll knock late for a casserole dish.

One night I'll make seven trips
back and forth to thaw out my back door,
her teapot steaming.