Where Pine Needles Fall in a Green Snow

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The yard, green in its cloak. Shadows
cloak the house. In the yard,
one shadow lurks. My father, green
in the wind, his face solemn, shadowy.
The wind smells of pollen and stupor,
and I rush into it, stupid, believing
light would crush around his body,
but the wind is as light as bees
floating, as if without wind.
As if he was never here. Vapor, water
trapped deep in the aqueduct, as if.
I look for proof of his life, trapped.
Instead, silence. Only proof
of my own life in a silent landscape.