



**POEM  
TOWN  
BRADFORD**

**Beluga**

*(For Lucille)*

On the ochre March lawn  
a length of blue plastic baling twine  
beside it a black two-inch  
piece of flexible garden hose.

They were the mouth and eye  
of the beluga whale we summoned  
from that last heavy gift of snow  
a month ago. Blue line

as mouth dark plastic eye  
brought the snow to life,  
as though the spirit of a whale  
might pay a two-week visit. It was

a hurried sculpture improbably  
short tail raised unbelievably  
high and yet our yard assumed  
the welcome of an arctic bay.

I watch the chickadee beside  
the redpoll at our feeder—one  
with a map for staying, the other  
leaves tomorrow for the tundra.

And my favorite aunt slipped  
off with ease and gratitude  
as her husband gently said,  
*to some other jurisdiction.*

**Scudder H. Parker  
Middlesex, VT**

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