

DAVID JAMES

Camus Re-Invented in Linden, Michigan

*If I were a tree among trees, a cat among animals, this life
would have a meaning . . . for I should belong to this world.*

Albert Camus

The apple tree blossoms fall like snowflakes,

a soft, white carpet on the patio cement.

Wind or no wind, they drift down

like tiny birds, eyeing bread crumbs below,

praising the sun and blue sky

pulled over a spring day in this quiet town.

I sit under the tree and petals land on me,

on my paper, on my shoulders and head.

In two or three days,

I'd be covered completely.

Maybe then I'd belong here, not misled

by fear, not worrying about the money

to retire or whether I can fix the pool light.

I wouldn't care about the need for oil changes or new brakes,

the mild ache in my back, my right knee

grinding bone on bone. The sun would set, night

would crawl in on its dark belly.

I would know what to do, the way

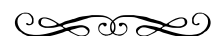
the apple tree sits alone and lets the wind and birds

do their jobs in a warm heaven full of bees.

HERON TREE

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ABOUT DAVID JAMES



David James is the author of *She Dances Like Mussolini* (March Street Press 2009) and *No Way to Stop the Bleeding* (Finishing Line Press 2014). His work has previously appeared in *Cottonwood*, *The Kitchen Poet*, *Bamboo Ridge*, *Lalitamba*, and *POEM*. He earned a doctorate at Wayne State University and teaches at Oakland Community College. He lives in Linden, Michigan.

A bibliographical note:

The epigraph is drawn from *The Myth of Sisyphus* by Albert Camus, translated by Justin O'Brien. New York: Vintage Press, 1991, p. 51.

