

# *Catharine Lucas*

## NOTES FROM HOLLAND

*i*

*Februar*

The furred branches of a tangled shrub  
scratch around cold space where green should be,  
festooned with month-old streamers  
    burned-out bits of wrapped excitement  
    snatched from fastidious Dutch winds  
    busy tidying lawns, cleansweeping  
    grassy banks of lately glassy canals  
this feathery trash trapped here  
in memoriam

*ii*

*Schoenmaken\**

A park keeper follows the wind  
picking at missed bits, meticulous but for  
one hedge decked in tattered Nieuwe Jaar remnants  
    too tedious to strip each branch and twig,  
    Spring will make repairs  
    when frail green thickens

He stoops to prod  
half-hidden litter from between the  
lowest branches and the ground—and stops  
just short of murder:  
no clutter of torn tissue here  
but

...crocuses.

*\*schoenmaken, Dutch, to tidy up; literally, to make beautiful.*