

**Classic Poetry Series**

**Karen Chase**  
**- poems -**

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Karen Chase()

# Before She Died

When I look at the sky now, I look at it for you.  
As if with enough attention, I could take it in for you.

With all the leaves gone almost from  
the trees, I did not walk briskly through the field.

Late today with my dog Wool, I lay down in the upper field,  
he panting and aged, me looking at the blue. Leaning

on him, I wondered how finite these lustered days seem  
to you, A stand of hemlock across the lake catches

my eye. It will take a long time to know how it is  
for you. Like a dog's lifetime -- long -- multiplied by sevens.

Karen Chase