

Note on the poem: "Aubade" creeps me out. Years ago, a tree did fall on our house, but I hadn't moved in yet with my wife. I believe a little anachronism is inevitable and necessary when you're pursuing truth through poetry—when you're trying to dramatize a very real experience. The fallen tree caused structural damage to the house, hence the cracks, and it prevented the window from shutting all the way. Since the literal definition of an aubade is a lover saying goodbye, usually through an open window, I decided that the literal nature of real life was too good to pass up. My work often explores how class manifests itself in the daily life of the speaker, and I don't think this poem departs from that exploration. It is a lens into that theme. But here is where it gets creepy, and where I feel like I must advise you to be careful what you write. During the Midwest Derecho Storm of 2020, another tree fell on our house and blew out the ceiling in one bedroom, a bathroom, and our kitchen. Luckily, no one was hurt and we were able to repair the house. But not until after a harsh winter with Covid and another window that refused to shut all the way. I feel like by writing "Aubade" I forced time to correct that earlier anachronism for better or for worse.