

## Kim Addonizio

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“Thus in winter stands the lonely tree...”

--Millay

and there's another woman from a Hopper painting  
dejected on a single bed, or gazing at a shrub  
where birds strung out on firethorn berries grub  
for worms that rise despondent in the rain.  
The rain is sickened by its endless fall;  
the clouds, exhausted, struggle to recall  
brief forms they took beneath the friendless stars  
that vanish toward the bleak edge of the cosmos.

...Thus in the interstellar dust

ponders the lonely god, wondering who blew up  
Olympus.

You do not have to be lonely, wrote a poet, who lied,  
but consoled a lot of doleful people. It's lonely at the top  
but better than the bottom of the pileup.

Kiss me now, my tragic anodyne.

**Kim Addonizio's** latest books are *Mortal Trash: Poems* (W.W. Norton) and *Bukowski in a Sundress: Confessions from a Writing Life* (Penguin). She is also the author of two novels, two books of short stories, and two books on writing poetry. She teaches poetry workshops online and in her home in Oakland, California. Visit her at [www.kimaddonizio.com](http://www.kimaddonizio.com).