On a winter day of despondency and nonstop snowfall, today’s poet, Linda Aldrich of Portland, receives a package in the mail that changes everything.

After Another Difficult Week
by Linda Aldrich

In French, *pendant* means hanging, like pomegranates, like persimmons, like ideas you keep afloat for poems that finally find their way to you. Like friends waning to slivers of moon, then rounding like the world again, dropping gifts in your lap. This morning, a pair of bees in my mailbox—a gold bee pendant from Crete—where she found it in an alley shop. Two bees holding a drop of honey between them, an amber bead kept from falling. Outside my window, the second foot of snow is coming down. I watched rhododendrons become mounds of white sadness, like hasty graves. But now this. How unexpected is summer’s sudden memory. How easily it buzzes and brims over the morning.