

MOTIONS

Poems

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PREPARING OURSELVES

Tonight
bats after their dusk frenzy
somewhere hang upside down
satiated silent

Oak trees participate
openhearted discussion
with frogs

After dark
we pen the roaming dogs
walk back arm and arm
with regret and joy

after moonset walk back
footing the dark devout grass

Spaces between stars
filled with cricket music
prepare us

THREE FOR PLEIADES

1 . *The Reins*

In the low sun, long harls
of silk on every brittle weed lines
of the east wind grown colder threads
of the sun down horizontal.

at dusk the orange of my eye
gone Pleiades up the horizon
its seventh sister lost

Fire talk in strange wind at night
light lifting in the branches overhead
in the dark of the moon the fire talks
owl-hollow

Young men think they can push the spirit around

The humility come far down drum
new moon I was a young man hearing

the deep well of the fire

the wind saying lonely, the first
category of my life as I see it now
from wind, those green proposals of trees
hung with wind, the rise and lowering.

2. *Star Chart*

Wind at night, impregnating the stars
again. Under the wind, skirts of eucalyptus

tufts dip dark against the light-splintered
sky, a motion held, a motion held, and

a groan of wind strikes the whole tree,
earth-and-air parts exhort galactic wind

that stirs the Pleiades' young fires,

though no lizards yet flicker there

The propositions of green reel as close
and as far as the toss of this dark crown.

3. *Pleiades Three*

The man is chopping wood, a sharp swing
around, heels down, a new ax handle.
The split rolls out onto the green grass.

Contradictions of this California winter
freezing the blooming avocado, lifting
miner's lettuce, turning the young beets
purple at the tops.

He builds the fire from the splits
goes out on the ridge-back of boulders

the stars clean and many-colored.

The Tewa people followed the endless path
there the arced way of white they took
tilts the head so far back it's hard to breathe,

seeing beads glitter where the people pass
gathering feathers that Long Sash left in Pleiades.

DIALOGUE

Needs vary love
this bird sings several songs

afternoon gold falling day

find two avocados thinking
good: trouble: acts: conflict:
truth

wander aimlessly
(so far as I can tell)
around the boulders
carry a shovel the whip and
fruit: November cold

A KELLY CAMERA

I.

Always alongside ocean, we
rolled down latitudes

we give them context, as
when the sun blinks down
under a shutter of purple
you wake at the instant

We are pictured against the sea:
the thin coating, a surface
cannot hold us

film over paper. Think
of the best feeling that could be
remembered and put that in
(a small white border), a

woman looks out, speaks
all our bodies' planes, wetness
together, broken slabs our steps

to the sea We stand
in front of broad water
don't know how far it goes

II.

Form grows from our motions
images come into you and explode

you are fond of small animals
who swim inside their experiences

The late moon does not separate
lovers. MEMO: I am calm tonight,
send me your melody and motion

see you in a place where deer walk
you pray for snow not too deep
they eat apples left hanging

in place where things grow
you walk slowly
surrounded by aroma
your open eyes

III.
Tasting like each other,
after our bodies dried we opened the

door, bird voices came in
we walked through vine fern
the air clean

In my reverence you take me
in regions of white
observance and marriage

flesh and star mind
find the world mysterious again
see you and know nothing
celebrate ignorance,

we were in search
of our ancient mouths and bones
veins

moonwash a night map in day
your naked back

wind moves
a patch of golden yarrow.

IV.
But love is sight, but
distance (a Mexican station
on the radio)

you are 188 kilometers away
you are beside the surf in a sleeping bag
you have eaten and are laughing

the night's passion the same
moon over raw hills to the water

the edge balances the rest
that picture
 I don't know how far it goes
beyond the frame

Would I find a dance for you
grow to your profane religion:

"there isn't anything I
couldn't afford to give away"
smiling

 the water full of small animals
 the air sweetly
surrounds us

AFTER ANTONIONI

that
slight or
indifferent rustle
threatening

when
the light
was very beautiful

we slant
into a blur
of leaves
crotched branches

mostly silence
surrounds us

EAST WIND

In wind from desert
the white grass hymns for water
coyote and the bright-footed squirrel
watch their winter come from the east

the heat burns out the incense
in sage east wind before 6:00
the sun serves
a brass-yellow wine

Flowers grow strangely smaller
smaller and mostly white,
a magenta flush up the petal
for the vanity of the sun

Tiny frogs move into mud cracks
and wait for grace. Small animals
leave silver trails on the dry grass

paths for the burnt-out moon

FINDING NAILS

He followed into the mountains, stooping
to collect silver feathers from
the loins of the goddess, and grew old.

Now it's nails, now I'm free
of ambition or answering letters,
trying to go fast without hurrying,
stopping to find each nail I drop,
sorting the caches found under shavings.

Just the head of a nail
above powder dust below the eaves.
This is the high desert, and "He followed
into the mountains..." saw a

six-penny bright finishing nail
in the bottom of the washer, all-night
laundromat, Ramona, 1:00 AM
hands full of wet socks and levis,

just how far should I go with this?

To see calmly with all the senses
the world on top of this one,
not to look for anything, from anybody:
take Care of nails cleaned out of old boards.

The nail of excellence, it falls behind
the old bend-board I use for veneer,
eats through like a bright worm
when I try to plane it down.

Puttying the last window, it's
"all over but the shouting!"
they used to say—"no more to make up
on that score." What have I lost?
shouting, Hey-Wkk-uhh!

The hands with pure occupation
close on the silver feather,

in silence. Then the head raised.
How far is Cold Mountain?

It comes in the mail;
Post it with four new nails:

AW N250 VIA ITT RT B969 LOK 15/4/3368
UNIX CO RMBU016
BUCHAREST 1 16 2S 1300
DONALD EULER T
STAR ROUTE 1
SANTA YSABEL
CAL-IFORNIA 92070
ARRIVE FIRST SEPTEMBER 9 pm DORFULL
LUSA
COL 1 92070 9

To buy tobacco
reached into my pocket for change,
came up with nails.

THE FIT

You move with the perfect assurance of trees
motion/air, a moment

 i am waiting for you
 over and over

from somewhere on back

 i know you
 you are me as a boy
 looking out at me
 from a woman's body

naked to each other still do
 not know you

Where are we now: slice of new moon
 makes a shelf on the Pacific
 pulls us in

 we laugh and hold each other up
 in the surge

You are rock-rose sun-cup blazing star
 pungent tea bread
 my face in your spice hair
 talks with the wind greens
 of orient ocean the wine
 smell of oil musk blueberries

Your eyes spy the first scarlet larkspur
spring come since we worshipped each other
 our bodies in the sun
 sprinkled with dried buckwheat
 its blossoms in our hair

unexpected bird song to my ear
 i watch the throat
 moving

FOR THOSE WHO SHARE OUR WATER

Water in this well-pool dug around rocks
rises all year around in the high desert.

Leopard-marked frogs all of a size,
more of them every day now,
pump their ejaculatory legs unblinking

In the water floats a water-shredded
scorpion sucked to skeleton by the frogs

New acorns yellow on the cap-end fall
on ochre leaves that dye the water

When the pool pumps down clots of bees,
used to sucking water from sand and
flying off, drown in the well casing.

Coyote come to water. By their tracks
bobcat, raccoon, and sometimes two deer.

This morning an elf-owl floats windspread

feathers talons and a shell for eyes,
now has buried a night cry in our water.

FOUND AT THE WELL-POOL

Sunrise when I go to start water
to heat for her bath before she's up
somebody I never knew enough
waits at the well for memory.
Uninhibited and mad we talk.

Digging in the summer to sink bony
casing into another inch of water
another body moves in the mind
shoulder a dip of head arc of hip
*I give you everything; this will
bring you to life*

The water table's up no way out
larvae wriggling September pool
under the waterfall carved out oh,
20 years ago In the mind it
flows again. Future trees blossom

& bear. The mind ruffles old words
words that might have been more true.

Living things float in the water now
shrinking away down to the draught
of the pump-foot leaving wet sand

and below that water underground
in darkness moves to the drain

From Pinetop Hill
for John Colby

I look farther than the stone
flies arcing a parabola
always more downward.

I enjoy its fall it stretches
me down its swing to earth.

Stone does not fly It falls
Explodes in the river's motion
Draws laughter from my child

I push him ahead of me
To climb the ledge-stacked hill.

I arc stone after stone,
Child waiting to see them fly
reaching to point them to water.

I see farther than the stone
does not fly as into years

my son laughs. I arc
stone and stone to please him.

HARUSPEX

1.

Focus the light
hold fragments in
to burn off this
new insanity
I did not know

I swear
I did not know
was there

I bow
on the edge,
a child,
"I will be good
I will be good
I will be good"

I swear
it turns below the pane
of light

this is a physical place
I can fall in where
I try to walk away
I bow
on the edge
a child

2.

In this illusion / mind
seeing humility I needed

Is that the divination?

agh after all *this* time
to begin again this
looking for reality:
furred rats rattle
in the walls at night:
avocados

gathered in wet morning
show green slides
of rat-teeth

earth's ecstasy:
I have danced that dance
in the rain blown against
the door
by wind

3.
A quartz egg hidden
under boulders
I had an / other body
now it has been moved
destructible

braced by my hands down
they are empty should they
make some gesture, touch
my penis, reach for you
love reaching from here
you said you knew
of this how could you
you do not live this way

we act out what we can
stop by touching a wall
in a cave of stones

4.
A voice mov/ing
what can there be to say
with so much green? name
names, as/avocado orange
bamboo peach tangerine ivy
apricot lily tomato sweet
corn grapefruit austrian pine
melon quince shrub rose hy
acinth lemon jasmine bittersweet
more goes on/ *love* i know *again*
that fuschia flashing
on the hummingbird's throat

5.

Let the mind open
it falls back
foolish nostalgia and dread
I want none of this
memory
the mind's breath toward
not that ragged line
 on Bergman's death hill top
in the head/ all it can do
stops in the present

6.

Do not take your hand away
I may yet come to tell you:
 smoke beyond windows.
is a metaphor broken pieces
of desire burned
even the odor goes out the chimney
we do not know
know what we have
but go into the world,
drive a freeway
that goes south/ west
billboards speak truths
along the way
But how can we understand
this/ words oh nipples
on the thrust breasts with
your hands above your head
the sigh/ yes there always
is another place yes
of which we cannot speak

7.

Go back,
it is not so bad
what is found there used
But there are places in the mind
I have not used you
someone else has been there

these secret things we use
repeated repeated
repeated what should we say
but sleep sleep you
move your head
and look at me still
what is clear in the cabin
at Vail: icicles long as a body

Christmas hidden
white/ sun and snow on the cedars
a panel heater cracks noisy in the night
while we make thrusting into
each other a substitute
for something else

8.

A stick and a stone:
bat one stick against
one stone: it flies.
Something basic there
espec. if the stone
falls into water where
the double moon fragments
frogs stop in the night
mosquitos whine

9.

dangerous
about bodies coupled
flailing arms and legs
as if/ as if/
demons possess those
captives beyond themselves
 where have they gone
 as if they can
 not come back

10.

Could I bring it all in
the beat heart of drums
echo of what lives in places

we cannot speak to /
and celebrating see
how often we come together
in the poem, *what* goes

no/ I have not enough of stars
warp time I wish to see time lapse
time/ ah unreachable
stuff I am too sober to play,
I want gooseberries on the bush
hard and green
this is beginning over and
over the ginning year's
drunken bees know
all about it/ you
are driving beside the river
through rows of apple trees
how can that be ignored?

11.

Anything could be an/
other way another
time This frightens us
the night's dread/ not
all its own

put an eye out
cut off a sequence
of numbers
let us rescue ourselves

IS IT TIBET OR SOFT COAL

the world is exploding
Is there is a chance
we may get satori
from eating an LA Tommyburger

we have
each a private mythology
that bursts out

from every bud
-taste, and the enlargement
of ourselves, animal-

mind on snow packed mountains
going up and down

IT IS A SMALL WORLD AFTER ALL

I was trying my best
to be a guide for disneyland
the best sort Decided
to stay there for 30 days
prowled the forest for a campsight
a slower learner
i fell into the wash
behind the robert e lee plunged
to an underground lake
at the meetingplace of the rivers
re emerged in louisiana bayous

Lost in Disneyland had tea
from the mad hatters cup took
mr toads wild ride
(*somebody kiss me*) re entered
the whales belly
(*gestate me* dark cave)
attacked by dinosaurs
lost in the arrogant void of inner space
(*mon santo* saved me for a better
to morrow) to
mountain palaces matter horns are shaking
inner energy I wanted to be reborn
climbed a cord
bounded out
the cosmic banyan tree-place of emergence

finally found my car
it started (*funny* motor sound)
i didn't understand the free way
it was destinationless *where*
finish the ride and the trees *drab*
and that's the way it's been ever since,
no talking animals.

LATE SPRING, SINECURE

Last year the boys ran
out of the plum thicket
oozing fruit juice
from bulging pockets

This year
barren thickness of leaves
the sudden cattle come
driven by the smell of sap
unreleased to plums

they beat their horns
on branches charge
through the thicket giving
it voice of rattle snap-
ping green
trunks

The cablehaunched bull
throws his head his cowl
like a furious monk
snuffs leaves he shreds
paws earth flumes
of fruitless soil

MEMORY BODY

1.
the rise of ocean
the woman walks out in cold foam
tall her arms rise

she goes to her toes
the rush
circles her crystalline

her outstretched
arms

the ocean's desire
deep throated
washes over me

2.
there at the 2:00 AM railroad crossing
timing my going-home
drive to feel it go by

thundering lots of times
after leaving the girl
drumming
those children to be

the sonorous earth
gong of lights half-way
Kansas City to Denver

a rumble
an undertow rush

MOTIONS OF PASSAGE

*I want you go go around this fire
in the direction water goes
when it turns to go out*

* * *

Great horned owl on the corner post
over the big rocks, he went for the
darkness, pulling off down into it.
Coyote song over the hum of the Coleman,
and Peter amazed at his shadow.

Four kinds of wood for the fire:
- An old sumac gnarl, should
burn at the center all night;
-pieces of 2 x 4 from framing the new room;
-split oak;
-the burly chamise roots.

For firestick, the shovel handle
broken off digging around rocks.

. * * *

White sage in the fire,
wave the whiteness into you.

This bundle of sweet fennel.
Rub fennel into your hands, smell it,
should you feel sick or
if what you see when you're prayin'
should pull you down too far. Stand
up straight, rub fennel on your face,
slap your chest twice alternately
with sweet fennel in each hand,
noticing how strong and clean fennel is,
twice with each hand, stomach and genitals.

The dreamer of death's timeless eye

asked about possible incarnations. Ho!

"Only into the past,
in a line I meditated."

Meteor showers, says Peter, are exploded planets, 40 million years,
and their tails of debris go by.

"Returning again and again,
to the point of origin."
Huhh!

* * *

Smoke breath up into a space,
with smoke pray from fire into galactic fire
word smoke prayer
mind smoke
fire born breath smoke
for the ways of beauty.

To the four directions of all families;
to the rise of air;
to the center underneath.
Wave smoke into myself
last. seven directions

* * *

Asked for a look at the center:
saw folds of skin as at the penis
underneath, as the lines at vulva's
head, two bird's heads
symmetrical. curves of a fetus.

"Arrange the folds of flesh
in new patterns."

* * *

Driven to your knees in weakness:
Pay attention to moss blossoms.
Pray from love, what we've got
among all beings. Wish for our grace-
full way among them.

* * *

Got myself all cleaned up for this, was washing outside and thinking how she liked to come out and wash my hair out of care, and thinking "why not go for it and so to say I really tried this time of instead of having to think I could have made it work, but chose not to, back there," righteous in making choices. Poured the whole bucket on my head to rinse, and the sand in the bottom. .

* * *

At midnight, we feel it,
the second of four edges of the year
grinds itself over the third.
The fireplace at the center burns green,
but our eyes have changed with it.
The stone recognized remains a stone.

* * *

Ho WKK! uhh

I'll take you out at 2 am
barefoot under the stars,
a layer of cool dust
on the desert hardpack,

squat and spring up
Ho /WKK! uhh
as flop-armed as we would
gain an instant's more
rush of air in the ears,
hopping in place
and leaping up
the stretched ankle tendons
Ho WKK!, uhh!
plunging up to the sliver,
new moon, seeing a comet
headed to the ocean shelf.

You do it like this:

WKK!

Ho

Uhh!

* * *

I want you to go around this fire
in the direction water goes
when it turns to go out

MYTH

I was looking
for the Bible

finally found it
beside Beowulf
where else
should it be

I am looking
for Acts
that is beside genesis
in a way

*They rushed
with one accord
into the theatre*

Some said one thing:
some another.

What shall we do?
What the body says

What I heard
What the night
rose to do

NIGHT OF THE SOLSTICE

The west sky gone
three hours down light,
Venus gone for the season. The dark

east, a waiting. The darkness draws even
left and right, the sky balances on the crown

of the oldest oak tree.
A night-hawk skrees the breath lifts
it over, at one moment

all the frogs go silent
trees buried in seeds
return to their innocence,

the power we have been waiting for
rising.

. . . .

*The green light is falling
To the mountaintops
Up there comes red,
The earth is breathing
Comes yellow
The earth is born
in our sight
This is our garment of beauty
In front of me beauty
above me goes beauty
Below me lies beauty
Behind me is beauty
The first month begins
The wild iris purple
inside its green garment*

. . . .

Now we are dead,

now we are feathered in beauty.
First the bird on the top branch sings, and

then the next.
We wait under the trees,
smoke of cedar white in our lungs,
the eye on the east grows a shade
that fits the white horizon,
we watch the sun coming,
we pray for ourselves
and all who need it,

four ways from the center.

We hold the last breath;
we throw it away, empty
rise up from cold knees
into sun on the forehead:

this Breath returns in light!
A hundred birdsongs!
The grass sings under the sugar-bush,
the wind! The earth has returned,
and everywhere the sky!

PROFILE

The wind moves
 through the earth-locked pines slowly,
 slowly

for the wood-mind
 wind moves its desert
 to its mountains

 wind voice
playing a green harp
 the limbs nod slowly

the clouds whirl
 a nebula
 and disappear
indrawn oh of the forest

the slow wind
 moves in the pines
minding the wind

roots knuckle under earth
 around boulders

I walk the way down slowly
 (*keeping still* is the mountain)

the silent deer alarmed
springs out of my tightened chest

SAY IT BEFORE

Holding you a sweet wind
blows around my bones

you weigh less than water
and flow under me

You notice my hands are scarred

Your wrists are thin
as the "where-are-you" quail's cry

on the calf of your leg
the mark of a ripe berry

Gone mad inside a green globe
we rise up from grass

Say it before the moon
rises the season slides off
its tail in its mouth

The year arches
her back and forward we turn
tongues pressed to palates
out of the clearing

You could have had it all back there
as said before, and
here

out of the clearing,
a joyful O! from the mouth of god
formed in these trees

SECOND THURSDAY, NOVEMBER

On Thursday the sun set
already off the north slope
Woodson Peak moved
"over the breast" and

coyotes tonight! listen

those November frogs
from all afternoon

now the coyotes

when
we get the fire going
a birdsong comes in

listen
it's no accident
when the bird comes in

SOMEONE SAID

In the 1890s
all the prairie people
on these homestead
little quartersections
had better go
to Denver St Louis
or back where they
came from

Grasshopper contemplated
rubbed its antennae
spit over its shoulder

For the girls with bronze hair
curtains of evening opened
on visages of the masqueraders
who could pay for them

Abandoned
stone houses raise wooden arms
over their eyes cross themselves
with milkweed and sunflowers

these cackling antiquarians

SQUID

my fingers grow long
long and thin
and pliant
squid arms
the writhing they do
playing in their element

earth
penetrable too

THE DREAMS REMIND US

I.

The dreams remind us that we are alone
on the track of an animal we can describe
only when we look back at the paths left
between stars and see them dot-to-dot
filled in, the tracteries of our mind
scratched in lines of light stalked
across the black soil of the galaxy:
a great bear, a lion, even creatures
that we follow under water fish-like
to our beginnings, that artless question.

The old man has lugged his telescope up
the mountain to the clearing, looking
for company to exhibit the converging
of Saturn with its Cardinal's hat tilted
the four moons of Jupiter a pendulum
of light about 4 O'clock off his face
Venus blushing at their upper left.

The old woman here, up from the desert
for her two weeks of beating the heat
stares through her jiggling 20X binoculars
and will not look at his backward mirror,
but they join in hunter's glee to point
that not all of us will see this again
in the year 2023, while Saturn visibly runs
out of the telescope's eye during my turn.
I leave the man trying to get it back
go sit where the Milky Way holds constant
it seems in the slot between pine trees
while stars and planets slide faster
faster off the side of this glass hill.

II.

The dreams remind us that we are alone
and often motionless We wait in the way
a great nerve cell might be said to hunt,
an ameobic net that turns itself into
whatever it touches. When this happens

you might say at a moment you were a cricket-
song an amorphous fear a dragonfly a
crack of light in a wall or a long journey.

I give you now a place out of sight from anyone
high up among house-sized granite boulders.
Down the drop-off below, details are lost
and the wind breaks slow-motion through trees
like breaking of water on wide-away cliffs
(the shore goes on, I know, around the point
there's a beach party going on since noon)

But here nobody else can see how motionless
a red-tailed hawk has traced a double helix
You vault from the rock to his Scree!
a clean sherd of airborne flint a talon
of sound that returns curving at its sharpest
into silence in the throat of a hovering bird.

THE FINITE OPERA

ends with an exclamation
point

the simplest of notes
left on yellow paper
I LOVE YOU!

it says

near the right margin,
top of the page

THE FLIGHT

Sticking feathers I found
into the eyes and cracks of the
oak-bark

 red-tailed kite
that soared like its spirit up
Hatfield Creek

 scrub jay
a raucous cry sheened blue, and

great horned owl
you'd think
this was a turkey-feather

Pushed
it in a knotswirl
night mice-eater.

If I could only get the towhee's
song in there!

 The tree thrills
in the wind ribbed for flight
what
is a man waiting for?

THE LINES

sunrise on clouds over water

a hundred orange floats
with lines to lobster pots
hung last night

on lines near motionless
waiting

the lobsters
look all around
themselves

THE MINE

I.

Lock the gate at the road, come down to the shack. A week, nobody's come in.
The miner's fresh-dozed roadway clean and dust-brushed. Silence under trees.

On the mountainside with a shovel and rock-pick. Nobody knows we're here,
nobody cares what we do. The perfect garnet waits in darkness under granite.
Under the ledge I've slid three inches, wet pocket-clay. Scoop it out into a ball to
heft down, wash out. . . only quartz chips

in slow uncanny floods underground, sleepless nights; raw invasions familiar
demons found in a mine, painful secrets flow down the radials of my dreams.

II. .

Chopping chaparral, what's it good for? sweating. At the roots a gypsy moth in
February, fat and lightsurprised, trying to flap ax-scattered dirt off its colored
wings, Ho! Old alchemist of hermit mind, there are other lives I too have lived,
and might live!

III.

Rock by rock to the sunset. The sun slides down Woodson Peak to a pocket.

*In a tent under the shadows by moon in the Sangre de Cristos
mountains, she moved to me light from a ruby hummingbird's
throat, light*

Climbing the last reddened boulders, I step into an Ipai grinding-hole I've never
seen before, a secret eye for the sun forgot under the oak trees.

*The rain's broom swept everyone else; we huddle under a broken
umbrella under a bullet-pocked balcony in Poland, wetdark hair falls over
your eyes.*

Skreech of the day-hid nighthawk, and frog's song somewhere; coyote out from
who-knows~where den

**THE PLEASURES OF WORK BY HAND
AND THE QUESTION OF TECHNOLOGY**

The breeze my arm makes!
A black steel saw
cutting the last board smooth
fit to the door riser

The smell of cedar
tight curl of the hand plane
the smell of cedar.

The breeze my arm makes!
a work song. The hands,
once you trust them
join the loveliness of things

the smell of cedar.
Wfft-Rapp! Wfft-rapp!
The breeze my arm makes!

I wish for all ages
a black steel saw like this
the smell of fresh cedar

THE STAFF, THE ELM, THE SHELTERING WALL

Day
the eyelashes grow into the eyeball,
I fall asleep

The pile of prunings
from the dying elms
are splotched red blood

on the distorted black wood
I expect to find a man's arm
among the other limbs

White and limp I hang there

a spider at bottom of the mind
shakes and clambers upward

THE UMBRELLA

We walk past muscular statues
think of our hands as wounds
waiting to be drawn up

prowl the limits of the garden
and apprentice ourselves to a spot.

Our first conversation we name
names of trees to each other,
until we find one we both know

Acacia! Then we are satisfied
to hold each other until our bodies
run a single sapience thus limbed.

We spend ourselves for a green fire,
burn the world of its heros.

The distances of our lives draw
down to a pool without location,

spring that feeds sycamore
chestnut willow ash oak pine
pinion for incense elder flowers
of the linden. Cottonwood flowing

silk lifts in the wind embraces
the game of time and evolution.

THE VISIT

I had a friend in Maine, we got to his cabin after driving two hours through scenery in a warm Mercedes-Benz. We got in front of the fire and got kind of crazy. I had to go outside and the door shut behind me. Two feet of level snow, ten below in a full sun, pine forest as far as you could see tree arms clenched towards trunks in cold. "What do I know?" My breath crystals.

OUTSIDE IN

outside by day we go
trans/planting melons

supposing their round
bellies under the moon

now by night a firepit

stars ablaze
with the moon not up yet

what we all want
I saw in your eyes

this morning's slow love
the birds just singing

what we all want
go where ye love
and are well loved

in the sky a big bang flare
just now arrives to us

just now dancing
around our small fire