## The swamp behind the farm house, that muddy trail leading from the backdoor pointing out to it. I was told not to go when dusk was near, but those wet leaves glisten telling me to set one in front of the other. So I did. The rigid rain of such never felt so warm, its banter on your shoulders, its stream and part through your hairs, how cold it felt when it finally

balanced on lips. Past the

Places we weren't ready for.

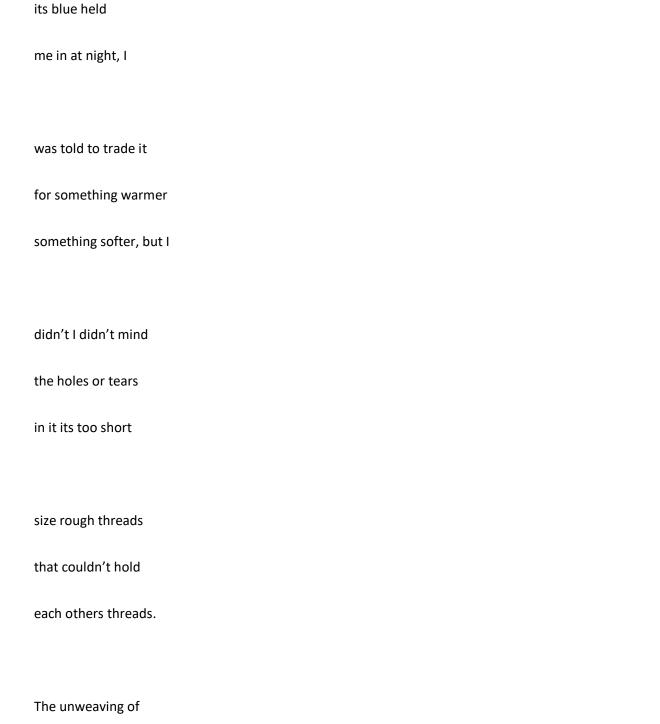
pond the aluminum canoe sits half in with rusted holes pouring out the rain. At its entrance the swamp is not in sight. We buried a dog near here, before I can remember and the brush has stowed it away. Clouds hide the light and the time till dark has little warning. Following the runoff the bushes prick, a pain it swoons on you. Thick brush softens the rain and in the

trees above a crow reminds in its throat

how deep in the valley you stray.
Sinking further into, insects
converse at your arrival,
the deafening sound
it makes and the vial thoughts
it sinks in you. The fog that
comes across uninvited to the weeds
and brush thriving amongst the valley.
and brush thriving amongst the valley.  The dark falls
The dark falls
The dark falls and how quickly,
The dark falls and how quickly,

## **Holding on Means More**

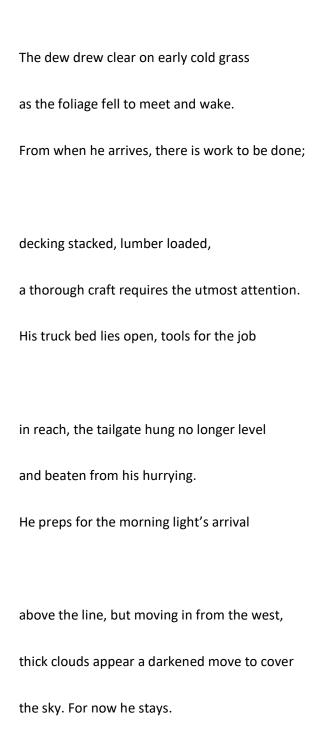
I was given a sheet;



A faint idea of a
Blanket. A mirage
of comfort and
love, but
I didn't let it go
not even when
it was cold.

end to end strands.

## By A Degree it's off.



But it's in the calm, gentle and silent response

of the trees, their prickle pines no longer chattering dropping off their seasonal seeds,

that the carpenter knows, running shorter

is his time.