

*Three Mornings and an Afternoon*

January 1, 2015, 8:07 A.M., CST

Fresh snow falls white against the  
gray-black trees. One sees it there,  
not against the foot or more  
already grounded, not against the house,  
pale yellow, across the street. An inch  
has fallen, my son says. His walk's in need  
again of shoveling, a chore for him who lives here,  
not me who travel from the warmer west.  
I find this a wonder. I sit here  
in the warm house. My calendar opens  
new and fresh, the January page covering  
all so white and clear, appointments yet  
unwritten, history still unmade, good  
to expect yet what time will fill.

## Fragrant Remembrance

Our narcissus don't gaze from a riverbank,  
they fill between the roses, spill the gap  
along the walk to the back lawn.  
Before dawn some mornings their fragrance

fills between the roses, spills the gap,  
and floods the driveway. I remember the coming spring  
before dawn. Some mornings their fragrance  
becomes almost more than I can bear.

They flood the driveway. I remember the coming spring  
along the walk to the back lawn.  
Becoming almost more than I can bear, our  
narcissus don't gaze from a riverbank.

Sedona, Morning, Looking Northwest

Smoke muted the reds in the rock in the sunrise.  
Above brown haze the sky glowed  
blue. No plume rose on my horizon,  
and the controlled burns we drove through yesterday  
seem too far, too downwind.  
Two years ago, shortly after  
we were here, a fire burned  
beyond control. A young man gave  
his life when the wind reversed, his fire blanket  
proved not enough. Those who live here  
accept that danger. This desert teems with people.  
Accidents, lightning strikes with monsoons occur.  
From the highway the roar passes as each car, each  
driver, goes about business. Maybe  
the smoke will lift, blow away.  
Maybe the rain will come and cleanse the sky,  
make this view a post card once again.

Day's End

*Grand Canyon National Park,  
North Rim Campground, Space 62*

Slant through trees this last hour of day,  
sunlight fills everything it touches -  
pine needle, trunk, tent, and trailer –  
incandescence setting its cool flame  
until day ends, light spent,  
and night sweeps all inside, at least  
to circle fire, all to keep the dark away,  
rituals retrieving day's sure sight.

Some tell stories or reminisce,  
others play at cards or table games.  
Lover's games come too, and sleep,  
anything to cheat the night, to hasten dark,  
returning with the light what mastery  
we claim toward what we do not own.