

Congress of Ravens

Flock of crooked bones, pasted
in feather, thrown into a wind
filled with knives, they rise

against dwindling day's darker blue,
an armada in black, wings trimming
light from the air. And, now, convened

on bare branches like a corruption
of foliage, they debate with staccato
strains in a land bereft of melody.

Orphan Tale

Millions of miles away a cosmic-pinprick furnace
belches an acid flare that threatens to tear apart
a small, blue planet's electromagnetic veil.

Fragile marble, spinning in this great dark room,
has someone left the quantum deadbolt open?
Offer your prayers to whatever dealer

turns over the cards that define one's fate.
May your mindless waltz continue unimpeded
during our brief tenure of consciousness.

Masons Mend the Custom House Tower

A pair of peregrines
who've colonized the tower's heights
dive at these intruders emerging

from granite pores, wrapped in rope
and harness to defy gravity's insistence.
They work the afternoon in singular focus

with mortar and trowel, to craft a practical
artistry. Where the great stone blocks intersect,
the worms of climate will find their passage

repulsed. The falcons finally settle
upon the tower's pinnacle, recognizing
that those who build such monuments

rarely choose to approach its apogee.
In such small acts of balance rests
the security that every creature seeks.

Spring

The exuberant waving of flags
and tree branches signals the shift
in wind from polar to equatorial.

Heaven-starved faces lift toward
radiant cumulus blossoming against
cerulean. Days brightened by a prophecy

of unrestrained bounty. Optimism's
raw wonder restored. Nature's
subtle hallelujahs tempt spirits

sealed in skyscrapers to wonder
if even their tombs might be inverted
by light's irrepressible ascension.

Winter

I worry for the swans outside Swampscott.
Ice must be a foot thick now in the reeds
and narrow stretches of water that

they made their home. Have they gone
from this white desolation? Or,
do they endure with stoic acceptance

what follows the days of contentment
allotted for drift and nonchalance. Is this
where the sublime's crown comes to rest?