

## **Burn Tree**

How are you still standing?

No one can even recognize you

With your might all ashed up

Even your roots gone to dust

On the bare rocks.

Does your ghost support you

Against the wind that blows so freely now,

Dancing boldly on your grave?

Or is there a vestige of wet left

Deep down in your spark-dry heart

A remnant that will bloom again.

Will you bloom again?

Draw from that inner well

A leaf of hope?

Or will you,

Like a burned heretic,

Topple.

## **Mother Moose**

I toil up the hill,

Hard breath

And mosquito buzz

Cloud my head,

And turn the corner

And there you are

Standing in the sun

Staring me down

Your big head bent over your baby.

I check my pace

To meet your gaze

And exchange lives.

And after that blessed moment

You huff into your little one's ear

And stately move along

To the singing of the frogs.

## **The Plane Flight**

The sky begins black above me.

And the stars are so bright up here.

As we approach it

Then we enter it

And the plane judders around us,

Truly a metal shell,

Its lights bounce off the gray

And fracture back at us.

Cold air touches my legs

My feet are numb.

I feel the heat of the woman to my right.

The snores of the man behind

Override the conditioning buzz.

Then the city opens beneath

And I, alone, again.

## Empty Generation

*We are the hollow men* ~ TS Eliot

We are still scarecrows

Stuffed full with emptiness

Still rattling in the wind

(Like those rats over bones

Now gone to dust)

Scaring only ourselves.

We remain thoroughly aimless

In our pursuit

Of nobodyknowswhat.

Always we are

Those empty men

With empty skulls

Where legions of tumbleweeds

Wander

Until they dissipate

Into our dissipation.

Chase this knowledge

Catch that innovation

Leading ultimately

To our ultimate

Nothingness.

We can never move beyond

Our weary boulder-pushing

Up this weary hot circle

Of nothing newness

For our arms are tied,

Never nailed,

To this post in this field.

## **Eris and Harmonia**

I break things.

They slip through my fingers

And shatter

And splinter

And explode

Into fragments that reach

The far corners of my world

Carrying shame

In their ceramic filings

Till I blush as red

As the blood

That seeps up.

As I sweep up

I feel the eyes

Of the judging saints

And never forget

I break things.