

Winter's Fixtures

The grass is growing
backwards, starting to turn
into the ground. Wild daisies

and spiky violet heads
born rocketing away
from their roots

mark the edge of the forest,
the brush here thick
with faces dead

and dying, plants and flowers
so eager in spring
that never knew

renewal into fall.
No matter, all rise
to come plummeting down,

some caving softly
towards the earth
with sun's daily retreat

coming faster, some perched
fossilized in dull brown fibers,
stalks having mounted the space

assuring center stage for
the lithe wild daisies blooming
now in front of them all, all doomed

for those first early hours
when frost emerges through the dew,
when winter makes all things breathing
fixtures of sparkling glass.

Marble Cake

I was walking in the forest
And saw a mushroom just like
Marble cake growing out of the
Ground, holes punches in its cap

With sticks—not punctures but
Wilted slits of decay that ants
Crawled out of like eye sockets
On a corpse. I wanted to kneel

Down and poke the spongy
Button of the forest
Big as a fist, to see how
It would hold or fall apart

In moist crumbs of fungus
On the grass, but the ants
Were scattered and
Crawling so quick—I could

Hardly tell if it was them
Or condensation trickling down
Those sides of swelling—and
Then figured, leave them be,

For they had gotten
To the cake
Before I did.

Painted Skulls

The shade falls heavy
From tree tips of leaves
Burning marigold curling
Into the fleshy red of plum

In the day, sky blue
And cold against the
Eager warmth
To touch the sun

Each golden strand
Dropping into winter's
Skulls, these falling fingers
Pulling down the blinds as

Lower branches quiver, hovering
Shaking in the wind, hues
Mixing in layers of
Oak, maple, dogwood—

The palate of paints
Made ready for the autumn
Artist, smooth hands wringing
Brittle to now get started.

Come sit (with me)

Come sit
in the shade
warm
from the afternoon sun
and lift
up our chins
to where clouds
slowly
roam.

October at the Lake

A seagull flies
across the cirrus sky.
Water ebbing ripples
slowly calmly passing by.
Docks are floating empty
in the sun that fades away.
The tree line is now stirring,
as nature makes her way.