

## FIVE POEMS

### Underbrush

Find the secluded spot between rotting logs,  
prancing over grey snags and leg grabbers.

Fragile cushion gives under each step.

Squat above.

Legs give graven tug,  
embracing preponderant pain.

Clot slips

the smell of blood onto lichen and pine needles.

Touch dew on kinnickinnick.

Walking away,

pack strap pressing on belly,  
laughing and carrying all the food and stones,

to pace

and hear the human hum

and whine for want of a good flower book.

Now passing

and pondering red on green,

shining burgundy protein,  
fascination predatory,  
ears of the hunted, earthbound, foot plant, prick  
and arches quiver  
in the smell of vulnerability.  
Recalling a child  
wet, dark and sucking,  
Bury the recurrent possibility  
in the deep woods,  
celebrate and grieve.

And trample on narrow trail,  
sap and bog muck children between  
women and men in ordinary arrangement,  
mosquito-bitten all.

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## **Way Caught**

*The sweet high  
melody of the song on the radio  
lifts me through the windshield of my parked car and my eyes rush,  
Like wind was blowing through the open window*

*open just a little*

*little while ago,*

*up to the hills - ochre cliffs and crevice felted in plum, sage flocked in lavender*

*hues and tumbledown rolled in*

*mixing them up with the smell of the air*

*into muddy red and speckle rock*

*cracked with lichen green*

*splattered and long since dried on the back of my slacking blue jean*

*calves.*

But that was spring.

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### **Moulin jaune**

At the end of the porch

I lean glossy on my canary broomstick and look up.

A sudden yellow flower is peering down.

Smaller than a dime.

Five flocked petals inside of five waxy petals and tassels on its teats.

Three shades of yellow explode at the end of a string amongst a constellation

amongst a galaxy  
of dusty green budding pearls  
made to dance between slender blades flashing  
and the deep shading leaves.

Tomorrow, maybe,  
the linden will be abuzz with as many bees as blooms  
and the faintest scent will simmer in the quivering hush.

Which opened the show?

No notice and it's gone.

A show well worth the clatter and litter of tumbling brown nuts that pebble the  
ground after I rake away moldy leaves in the spring,  
that seldom thrive  
to generate deep shading leaves shading leaves  
that were a bloom.

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## **Ouzel**

The March river throws bright sloshy footprints into the ear  
to mete my gravelly scuff marks on its snowy shoulder

and the dipper bobs--

*boop*

*boop*

*boop*

*boop di doop*

*boop*

*boop*

*boop*

*boop di doop!*

*Hummmmmmm!*

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## **I. Finished work**

Whorl of trodden fabric, bright and dull,

stretched to breaking and retied,

takes me

as I stand in the doorway

looking east across it,

catches my eye underfoot and tosses me on its whirl of color to remember it in other

places,

once drawing my eye

round and round under the rocker's back and forth by the breezing in and out the door.

In a quiet place now

the lines of sunlight from the blinds fall across the herringbone colors

fiddleheading around.

Cacophony of visual rhythms,

warm place to lay,

I love this thing.

When I shake it out I toss it like a pizza dough and shake it like a dog shakes a toy

and throw it

heavy across my shoulders like a cape or a small friend to carry back in,

and mind the Da Vinci thing with hands and feet on the periphery of a radiant

sweep

that accommodates

remnants of remnants,

Paint-smudged t-shirts, holey husband's socks and puke-dribbled baby clothes, old

bathing suits,

dismantled in azimuthal/Kwakiutl projection

then filleted with reeling cuts and reversals in meandering connection into one

painstaking potato peel each

and rewoven

## **II. On Slow Cycle**

So exquisitely bold to sit  
crosslegged in a small hallway  
near the cubby  
on the floor  
sounds of three quiet toddlers  
breathing and turning with their nap.  
Loop and pull and coax the right tension,  
many times standing back to look,  
knuckles aching  
lint-covered and happy.

## **III. All the Scraps**

Smooth and feel  
the old become something new,  
taking hours late at night weaving a web around me,  
making something  
one-could-jump-in-the-car- and-run-to-Target-for,  
my mandala,

when you don't need it anyway.

Hours weaving home

for the tutelary diety

soften drab, dishwater-colored ragrugs, doormats, hooked and tight.

The impulse of the ladies who crochet for the church bazaars

using up all the scraps,

chewing the bones clean,

making pretty

hot pads, dishrags, towels that hang on refrigerator door handles--

haunts me.