

In blue

November
two hawks patrol
the river tracing
slow spirals as
it goes wherever down
is steadily hauling
over the rocks
its load of glitter
and sun that
philanthropist from his
high counting
house filling our
pockets with
now one coin
at a time.

Camellias in Snow

Overnight, a topiarist
obsessed with white
has made an exhibition
of the neighborhood.

Enchanting as it is
after a while the eye,
a hound unleashed,
casts about for color.

Hope is like this—alert
for any blessing peeking
through circumstance.

Seek and ye shall...
in this case a bush,
not burning exactly
but warming slowly

on which red blossoms
swathed in tulle
assert themselves.
Iron just poured

wreathed in smoke
cooling in the mold.
A wound whispering
through gauze.

Nipple stiffening under
silk. Only the next
world on its way.

Night Clouds

Too much starlight
can take us away,
make us forget
what holds us here.

Those ancient patterns
whispering—as we might if
we sat at the end of the dock
at sunset and sang to midges
our oldest, deepest dreams.

But shapes not star or night sky
interpose—softest interruptions
of that snow drift susurrations
on our shingles.

And while they pass, we come
to ourselves again, dry the dish,
turn down the sheets.

Shedding the glow of town,
they depart for fields and
where hills rise, drag
their bellies in pines
translating what they've heard
haphazardly—phrases
of rain, tattering the air.

Over and over, as best it can,
the grass tells the part it's heard.

And the river is diligent,
keeping to its errand,
murmuring on with its cargo
of toomuchforustoknow.

29 December

Sometimes a day gets lost,
wanders away from April, maybe,
or late September. It arrives
without papers, itself its own
passport. In the gutters,
leaves are confused. What
was escape is play. It is enough
to make the trees dream of
erupting green. Out of the blue,
light falls through soft crystal,
breeze nuzzling everything.

An equal opportunity miracle.
Like some ripe galleon blown
off course and split open on a reef
scatters its glittering tonnage
across the sand or the way you
wandered along the street one
afternoon into that little shop,
chock-a-block with nothing
you'd ever want, lifted something
from a shelf and looked at me.

Evening Poem

All day
the day's
filled up
like a glass
at a rusty
tap. Each
mistake,
neglect,
every wrong
word sifts
slowly down.
But water
has something
else in mind,
like sky
with its
laggard
clouds--still
smoldering,
still trying out
new shapes.
Light goes
where it
always goes
and a great
space waits--
emptying
always
making
room.
Tonight
it's
stars.