

Cows looking into the late afternoon sun

I pass the cows in the late afternoon
all of them facing towards the sun

some are cutting grass with their grass cutters teeth
some are digesting

the cows, just staring
into an impression of a world that does not exist

A realm of serenity, of light
and timelessness

we could not grasp it even if we knew
how to reach for it like the cows do

In a while in the dark it will still be there
the way it isn't there now. I wont

On meeting my father

If I saw him
would I embrace him?

Would I gently touch his arm
to feel the shape
of him through the knitted sweater?

Would I cross the street,
if I saw him
just to hear his voice?

I shall never hear his voice again, his laughter
except in dreams
twenty years dead now
I still want to call him sometimes
late mornings

He did use to walk along here
carrying home groceries
I'd cross the street
anyway
if I passed by one day

and realized I was on the wrong side of the road

The crabs

1

My son was very interested in crabs
when he was seven or eight
he'd stand on the wharf heaving them
out of the shallow water into his red bucket
at work for hours and hours

I was reading off and on
watching him from the dune
while the day changed
with timelessness slowly running out on him

At the end of the day
he'd throw them all back in
me wondering about the purpose of it all

2

My son is not interested
in crabs anymore (as far as I know)

I stare at him sometimes when we meet
to see if I can recognize
the days of the crabs
in something he does,
in the way he goes about his house

The time may come when he calls me
about an incident on the beach
relating a sentiment
watching the enterprise
of heaving crabs
out of the water into a bucket in the sun

I see now it is just that,
the purpose, timelessness on my behalf
this time around

The barcodes in the grass

The barcodes in the grass
you slide your hand past them
and everything is paid for

there they are, on the horizon
they know you by name
the barcodes in the grass

they remember all mornings
they patiently wait all night
and while you're at work

they tell you about summer
as it has been, as it is, as it shall be