

## Spring gathering

though your beauty confounds me  
I've seen your roots  
the way you ignore boundaries  
trying to ingratiate

from afar, not too far  
you are lovely  
fragile even or seeming so  
your whiteness unassuming

you promise fruit  
sweet pleasures  
at our feet  
for the gather

yet your neighbors  
are not your friends  
since you push them aside  
to get the best view

of the sun  
the first taste of rain  
feeding your soul  
before all else

wild you are called  
for good reason  
no season for your  
offering, your tease  
you are a weed  
yes  
weed  
no need for what you bear  
tiny bitter berry of straw  
you're crowding my babies

Meaning to, or mean

If you are a bully  
do you meander  
or are you just  
meaningful  
getting caught in the middle  
mean  
while average is  
averse to comparisons  
your compatriot is too  
kind, not meaning  
to be kindred or green  
fearing your family  
meaning tokens  
taken lightly  
while darkness falls  
crushing the day  
cursing the happenstance  
of both feet forward  
forehead full of reams  
of dreams  
there for the  
lucky plucking

mist

I am silent unless you hush and  
risk a muddy ear

my start is the stop of leaves or leaving  
seldom seen

Ah me, I roar past mountains cresting and splashing

slowing to help a forest friend  
become a wildflower

steady over the ages  
seasons blending and bending  
I, rivulet  
or heart