

At an Overgrown Graveyard in Trenton I Met a Lady

*—for Louisa M. Krewson / circa 1855*

These words are written entirely with the feather of a crow.  
This ink is distilled from berries stolen from squirrels.  
This paper is milled from chestnuts lined in a row  
Then crushed to pulp in sheets on oaken barrels.

These graveyard pathways are strewn with things that are black.  
These feathers of crows and laces of shoes that fly loose  
Have gathered the autumn to hold the winter sky back  
To trade a Halloween crow for a Christmas goose.

The headstone telling the tale of Louisa's life  
Is worn by weather and time and rough to read:  
A loving sister and daughter and dutiful wife,  
Louisa strove to meet her family's need.

In autumn leaves her spirit swirls up near  
To whisper how she still holds family dear.

The Corners of My Fields

*Leviticus 19:9-10*

The apples in the orchard by the tracks  
That watched the freight trains roll along  
And heard those wheels of steel whose clicks & clacks  
Would play their old familiar laconic song  
Of products on their way to market sale  
Are gone, except for one remaining tree  
Whose gnarled trunk can bark a different tale  
About the brick & steel glass park we see.  
The bees who still buzz by have not forgotten  
The apple blossom honey they once made.  
And chipmunks still fill up on fallen rotten  
Fruit collecting in the landscaped glade,  
Where migrant workers wait for jobs at dawn  
And glean the sweet green apples on the lawn.

## THE SHRINKING DREAM

You're my missing brains  
And I'm your other eye

I'm a large luminous chip  
Surgically sliced from your soul

An observant moon  
Orbiting your surprising gravity

But floating further in and in  
The universe expands

Beyond the marquee of birthright above the entrance  
Where neon names flicker without meaning

And leaves behind the shrinking dream  
Of love and trouble and nature

The cloudy blue marble rolls away in space  
Vanishing under the couch of night

So unnoticed noticed only by ourselves  
Gesticulating with intensity and palpable anxiety

Until the whistling steam dissipates  
And the purple smoke screen rolls in

*(continued)*

Where a rare gold coin whirls on edge  
To fan away a sphere of fear

That presses and waits to constrict  
The reducing momentum of the spin

Until all rotation is squeezed out of existence  
By unfathomable and inexorable entropy

Whereupon magic memory remembers  
Among the unified globes of light

Haiku Circle

Among other things

God is secular for God

Is all that exists

## A WOMAN'S ESCAPE CARTOON

Home,  
after working overtime at the knob factory,  
an irate husband found his wife  
in the tool closet  
naked and apparently dead,  
with a flower stuffed in her ear.

The hesitant coroner  
could find no cause of death  
besides the flower:  
a carnation.

Confused officials  
labeled the case:  
SUICIDE.

The carnation  
escaped with the wife  
and eloped.