

Fall

a frolic of trees
teasing the thrush
who cares not for
fickle arms
no matter master
of life or limb
leaves burst and flee
seeking others in
a wild pile wind
waiting for a game
of hide and sleep

the Talking Animal Party

2, 4, 6 and many legged
(any re-configuration of same)
bespectacled, slovenly
putrid and precious

they gather silently, sniffing and picking
with practiced aplomb
stray food or feces for the tasting
cornering and posturing
until the seating is satisfactory.

The opening growl sets teeth flaring
a lone wag midst prides of bristle
twitching ears
and no one looks another in the eye
never in this assembly, where
vulnerable jugular stays on the menu; there are no vegans.

With no resolution on prior meeting notes
the financials shredded for mating rituals
wild stinging disrupted committee reports;
those still alive settled on new business.
The miscued *coo* segregated ranks still further
a beak break was called.

Upon return (first some quick munching and tidying)
the diminished consensus relented
voting to *Leave It!*
for the next generation.

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

concert for a new era

here, there
hear, they're
about to start
a new song

no words
or time
the melody is
gone, too

this quiet
surprise
is good
with ample
space
to surrender
to being
strong
and patient
until it's over

hole

whole

hole

but an easy exhale

erased

where

here

the reply

a place

oft viewed

from within

said hole

recline

in line

read the sign

parking for

no one special

move along