

AUTUMN SIGHTING

First Sight of Autumn

A leaf spirals down,
A quill, shaping cursives in air,
Prompting me to write.

But I'm wary of ink.
The indelible intimidates me,
Makes the ordinary seem precious.

Yet, this *is* precious: a single leaf
Scribbling, "Remember me!"
In crimson glory on the blue sky.

AUTUMN SIGHTING

Canada Geese, March

As if they were a single bird,
Dozens of Canada Geese
Arrive on the West wind
In an avian "V,"
A colossal pair of wings,
Made of all their winged bodies.
Like shed feathers, wisps of clouds
Trace their descent.

Flying here, where sand lifts
Then skims over its own ripples
And a fine mist drifts above the waves,
These geese can't keep quiet.
Theirs is essential music
Coaxing this cold shore sunward.

AUTUMN SIGHTING

Meditation on an Island

for John Donne

Dear Breath, for all I know
You came from Madagascar
Only this morning, like the tide
Luffing mildly in and out.

Dear Quiet, you allow my ear
To hear these subtle, inner sounds
As if cupped by its shape-mate,
Swirled conch, cognate of the old cochlea.

Dear Light, wavering red and blue,
You engulf me, the way
A candle's flame cloaks a wick
As it brightens and burns.

Dear Gravity, you loosen your hold
And I tumble over the stones,
Shattering, yet I keep my essence
Down to each discrete atom.

Dear Peace, at last,
I am granted boundaries
Separating me from all others, but
Like the wall of the plant cell

Sketched for elementary biology
With the crumbly lead of a pencil,
My edges are porous, inclusive, permitting
Almost all – even metal – to drift in and out like mist.