

this edge

—meadow

plowed
& turned under—

i sit

~

seeding

~

sod willing

my feet
take root

~

i am
not

counting

(twenty)

minnows swim

(two) blue
dragonflies mate

cave
limestone
cypress

~

my back
—leaning

this oak

(one) leaf
floating

pluse
of river

~

how many
drink

from this shore

how many
hours

pass

this water
—watching

~

long

curve of sky

march of cranes

comfort
of skin

or none

this redbud

shadow

— spent

magenta

~

if this
is my

last life

how these

eyes will

miss

~

scent

of huisache
—consort of bees

hum of hundreds

under my back
thrum of earth

sap of understanding

~

how these hills

put on:

verbena robe

breasted bird
her crimson

—amulet

shoulder
of silence

~

how the cypress
weeps over

the guadalupe sweep
of moss & swallow

~

not calculations

(things
never add up)

but this
river:

carrying on

holding green

sway over
these stones

~ language

of trees each
branch curve

& curl tongues

of heaven