

Flower her in stories,  
count her  
in sheep. She sleeps  
curled up  
in a morning glory.  
Warm French bread,  
jelly and butter  
for you, sleepyhead.

Signs arrive  
waving from a car's song  
at a red light,  
or by a truck  
asking for directions.  
It's Tumbalalaika,  
how she sang it for an old man.  
Я люблю Вас, he said.

*I love you.*  
She turns down page corners  
where the white pearls  
pressing on her eyelids  
break and fall  
so she can tell him later  
exactly where they landed.  
She wants to give him

a horse standing in rain,  
to tell him how she chased  
the patio umbrella  
across new grasses  
table and chairs  
overturned, and later, her face  
a night lightning  
windowpane photograph.  
She wants to tell him  
how her daughter

learned to dive  
by choosing to fall  
head first into dark water.  
That lost dogs  
always run into the wind.

Grapefruits sat all night  
on the counter.  
He halves  
and  
squishes them around  
in their  
old-fashioned juicer.

He hands her  
a frozen glass  
of  
gentle juice. It cools slowly  
'til the last sip  
comes with a sweet chill.

~

Water spiders carry air bubbles  
to fill their  
breathing nest.  
Sheening and divingswimming  
they exchange water  
for air water for air.

They argue as they work -  
You didn't catch enough.  
You  
always go first. I'm faster.  
I'm beautiful.

They quiet at night  
floating together  
shiny  
wings tucked in  
inhaling  
their day as they rest.

On a lake  
you can see wind.  
A great hand pushes waves  
past shorelines and bays,  
veering away, coming near.

And then  
a gust is brushed right to you,  
*Here you go.*  
Wind knows only one way to love --  
straight on.

Small black Bailey dog  
gallops down the pine needle hill  
and charges at a duck family.  
She stops near water's edge  
with only her front paws wet.  
The ducks splash off  
and stop at dock's end.

Bailey sits, looks up the hill.  
The ducks sit, preening.  
This is their practice.  
No need to get them in a row.  
We can simply be still  
with our beautiful maddening ducks.