

April foal

ballerina in lead-lined toe shoes
knees knowing nought
stilts and buttercups

gemstones

charm bracelet of carabiners
draped around her waist
she waits her turn
to be a bead
on the necklace
her friends have strung
across the rock face above

Foothold Among

some times I long to be, standing still among
friends and calm companions, just the
birch and willows, fluent in soil, just barely sodden
under minor moss, no eye for scything, no need to seethe
no argument with the wind, no bending words of
crossing lines, to make us choose, who stays or leaves

if such a place be clear to see, where
churning will and utterance fill not the
air against the living breath of ferns
then turning, give the same as gave
making way, for another, one just foothold

"Foothold Among" a golden shovel

among the sodden seethe of leaves
where the ferns gave foothold
"The Testing-Tree" Stanley Kunitz

Magrit's Dream

"In my dream, I was high up in the mountain
under the afternoon sun, hidden on a meadow.
I stopped to rest,
dozed beneath the warmth of seeds, waving,
and then, awakening, remembered how
my lower body had drifted
softly into the soil.
My hips mingled with buried stones,
knees nudging roots,
feet bare.

Cougar and mule deer came to see me,
curious. I was not afraid,
quite the opposite, I was joyous.
I stretched out my arms, my fingers all flames,
like the finches we see in their cranberry caps,
perched on the new candles of pine trees.
I pulled all the surrounding conifers close,
into my hair, inhaling their scent,
exactly like taking a deep breath
after a long time under water."

we think them mad

we think them mad who wander
mouth closed against the open sky
tearing their page
out of the book of our history

we think them mad who tear the cloth
away from their skin
and walk about with hands stretched wide open
taut as canvas nailed to a wooden frame

we think them mad who will not take a seat
who will not rest
nor quiet their shaking limbs
who will not listen to our words