

## **Remember Green**

Everywhere in Canada there are fires  
And the sad truth is we've mostly given up

Everywhere in my mind there are also fires  
But the kind that have already burned

And so it's just ash and empty  
Like all the people had to leave town

Here in Montana, where the smoke fled,  
I'm running right on the edges

Of puddles, like I'm daring the world  
To get me wet again, soak me

All the way, from sock to bone to soil,  
Rain until we can remember green

## **Stop checking the score**

I dropped my blue mug yesterday. And I am hearing that the last of the ice will melt soon. I fear we've lost the recipe. Those stupid pigeons I see every day. How do they manage iridescence against so much gray? The gas station sign below them. Its face that rises and falls. Neon ocean economy waves. I haven't had the patience for puzzles in a long time. I think it started with a flat tire on Valentine's Day—maybe this is all that the world will ever be—near the coast of Maine. A cloudy sunrise over the Atlantic.

I've been promised that vultures find use for even the dead. That there are billions of bacteria in my gut, and just as many stars, digesting the dark matter and passing it along. In that room of magic, I can hear the plants starting to talk back to me. You know what, some days you really piss me off. Maybe that's it. The last straw that is also the first.

More good days than bad days says my great grandfather. More good years than bad.

## **Bring the Water**

When I was twenty  
I spent the summer working on a dairy farm  
Because I didn't know what else to do

I fed the calves  
They would suck on my fingers  
Before I slipped in the bottle  
See, they hadn't been born  
With a taste for rubber  
But that was what we had

In the morning I drove the back roads  
My engine an alarm  
Cutting sharp through the sleeping fields  
*The workers are arriving*  
*It's time to wake up*  
*Be somebody*

All summer I lugged 5-gallon buckets  
Back and forth on the ATV  
Wore knee high muck boots  
And I was not qualified for any of it

West coast ivy league  
Great plains manual labor  
And a lot of miles in between  
Asking myself where to pull over

I still have clothes that reek of cow shit  
A lot of questions on my mind  
You can spend years chasing profit or purpose  
I've done it  
I've also stood alone in the middle of miles of alfalfa

I'm not telling you what to choose  
I just saying  
Someone has to bring the water

## **Fly fishing**

Evoke osprey

Catch fish

How many ways

Does water flow?

Stop and look

Then go

Oceanward

Deathward

Lifeward

Onward

Big circle back

Home

Circle of eye

Bright iris

Fish come home

We go to fish

Evoke osprey

Come home

## **Tree of Life**

Here a single leaf bulging with green and yet  
So thin it's almost transparent with the evening's glaring  
Rays running straight through its flesh as if  
Its existence were merely a suggestion  
And I have to touch it to make sure  
It's real or maybe that I am

Where we meet, I feel the fractal bumps  
Her branching veins like an ode  
To the rising limbs of her mother and all  
Her sisters are hushing me with their soft  
Dance of crushing delight  
A thousand wings and she can't fly  
Anywhere, but wouldn't you want  
To lie in the sun your whole life too?