

The Tiny

Pulse
Beside your shoulder,
Above your breast
Promises tides
Beyond shores I know.
Your heart
Is more than
Your heart
However finite
Its beats,
For seas surge
In throbs
Round as cowries,
Perfect as
Gulls' wings.

Stately Pleasure Dome

Granite smooth
As a woman's shoulder,
Scoured by persistent
Violence
Only ice and beauty
Possess,
Kindles
Ascending geometries of perception -
Silk on silk on
Silk,
Congruent to
Infinity.

Scorpion

Pincers skidded off
My grandfather's shovel as
He scooped it into a mayonnaise jar.
My brother and I added a lizard
Later.

Swifter than blinking
Its black horn struck.
Perhaps venom blazed into agony,
Perhaps not,
Though the green lizard writhed
Before it died.

In Season

Distant shots puncture
Afternoon silence,
Flat slaps
Against the wind's cool face -
Missed, missed, missed,
Missed again.
Fortunate deer
Beyond the next ridge,
You escaped a weekend
Hunter.

May it always be so.

Dawn Snow,

A long gown falling
From ridgeline shoulders,
Brushes branches
Jeweled with ice.
Deer steps beneath pines
Tremble
At the edge of silence.
Light blooms
On cliffs above,
Not orange,
Not gold,
But offering a new day,
More than the sum
Of its parts.