

When It Comes

Sometimes I like the dark. Sometimes I don't.
Today around here, with the snow melted,
branches stretching in all directions,
it's nice.

A squirrel moving along low branches in failing light,
a shadow amongst the evergreen.

When it comes, I do welcome that soft wall,
dusk into night that presses and secures
my windows.

Flies

At a loss I opened my mouth.
Out flew flies,
plump ones,
shapely ones too.
And flyshit and horseshit
and horses,
and a variety of drivels,
and
an insightful new angle on things.

I closed my mouth and
became a mushroom.

Rain Buds

A pasture near that big red barn
where we passed a calf
just as it got born.
The farmer, in black knee boots,
struggling through a wet meadow.
His two dogs, bounding, and yelping.
The boots were a chore to move fast in.
He trying to reach the newborn
before the dogs, excited as hell, did any mischief.
A drizzly, drizzly day it was.
The road slick.
We pulled over to maybe help
and watch.
I can feel the rain on my face and eyelashes
and see your hair covered in rain buds.
We stood on the road,
in some wonder, and some worry.
The calf didn't even know she was born—
a yellow glow came off her.
Some of that glow touched us
and though we felt as wanderers,
hand in hand, it was you
who brought me to such unlikely places.
And it left me quietly beholden.

(for Mara)