

WOODS FROM THE TREES

A bluejay
spots me but
is not alarmed.

As I watch,
it fills a knothole
with acorns, then flies off.

I get a notion
to take one back to town
and I am angry with myself
for the thought.

Looking at the sky
heavy with clouds I think
if I stand here long enough
everything will be white.

A WINTER SCARECROW

This evening
I have given my shadow
to the fainter birds.

Now that the wind
has my heart
a branch beats there.

These children
have brought mittens
for which I have no hands.

DOLOR'S NATURE

As I open a window
the sun rises.

A great web as if stretched
between the worlds illuminates;
tears blue-white as stars explode
outward from the center of a tree.

How beautiful
after the rain —
the spider's grief.