



I round a corner
the field is ablaze.
Dawn suspended
in each stacked petal
of the Goldenrod's flume.

The change to fire-song is slow
and then blooms overnight.

The slight nip on wind, the swallow's
test flight south, the scurried gather
of walnuts and acorn, the meadow
dropping her frilled summer frocks
Queen Anne's lace and Black-eyed Susan—

confirm we all read the same Poem.

The Poem that is the morning.
The Poem that is a pool of dew
suspended on the tip of a petaled flame.
The Poem that is my breath conversing
with the September breeze.
The Poem that is the flight feather
and the coming flight.
The Poem that is the squirrel, hull
between tooth and nail.
The Poem that is the laced decay.

Because of the Word—

The Poem burns slow and blooms
as we live.



Let yourself fall into step
with The Poem.

Which includes the night
you are emerging from

where again you wrestled with death.
It felt nothing like The Poem.

Here in the sun-dew meadow
The Poem is easy to read.

My body opens as I step
deeper into The Page. And then

I notice The Page in front of me
scattered with clumps of red feathers.

By new-moon dark the meadow
stilled the wing of a cardinal.
The Poem is always about death
and there is always a moon.



Goldenrod has slivered to seed.
Queen Anne's Lace a skeleton

without her frills—bones
from which the next come.

After sunned nights
The Poem has entered

moon days. Where we leave
the wide space

mowed between words
to enter the bramble

and brittle stalks
of the words themselves.



Immediately I am covered
with possibilities—

burr and milkweed fluff
tangle my hair, my jacket

a seed bed. Walking atop
Summers duff my body almost

suspended in this amniotic
burgundy, umber and gray—

I sense the momentary miracle
that we are here at all.

A gestating wind nurtures
star-seed in the womb-field

of The Poem. Carried for planting
next to another written on a line

where it roots, grows, blooms and will die.

Give it all away
be as bare
as the winter branch
free of weight
so that what
rivers within—
 sweet
 golden
 sap
has space
to flow.





I walk The Poem's lines
visiting all the Words written.

A circle of gray stones
in movement
covered with fall.

A stack of blonde sticks
slumped, sunk into duff,
becoming next year.

Chicory flower and astor
faded blue and dusty rose
sandy imprint of once was—

all that it can be.

The Poem clings to nothing
let go
into the breathing
between each Word.

