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I entered without words for purple the mother aster tongue yellow deep summer center licked me into articulate being star
that

taut serenity

of

water

a mare

can ripple

I have never been calm

only hugged the smooth flesh of

her neck

sometimes ready to fly

this

appeared to be quietude
la sérénité crispée

de

l’eau

la jument

se fait frissonner

je n’étais jamais

calme

j’ai serré

quelquefois

la chair lisse

de

son encolure

prête à voler

ça

ressemblait à

la quiétude
at my approach a shrill call now a green branch silent

that bird becomes a show of feathers it composes

itself

of a show rearranged at my approach

becomes a green branch shaking call a shrill

now silent
either have I been a redpoll flock out early or late

attended particularly to the sharp-shinned hawk scattering

birds
au soir

la crête de la montagne

engloutit le reste du soleil

les hirondelles reflètent sa lumière

tournent autour des murs de la ville

à la recherche des blessures ouvertes
toward nightfall

the mountain

swallows

the last

flashing of the sun

back

its light

circling the city walls

in search of

the open

wounds
what
my
kind
neighbor
asks
of
me
a question
ticks
along
this
path
we share
with
deer

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leaves dripping after rain

I like out here my thoughts thin clouds

having late crickets

nothing puffballs on moss to do with me
guest

awakened at night  bolt upright

in wind  a leaf

settles back into leaf mold
on this green

our

live

stock

exchange

of

languages

the commons-

shares

wealth

no one owns

place

wherein

so much

give

and

take

our

words-

graze
another

morning

in the river valley waking early so much to do

heavy lifting wondering why does it fall to me
but I could still believe in the dark night work while tides you of idleness washing up something light! worth house keeping

13

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why not handpick call the gooseberry it rose all chafer harvest leaves skeletonized ground flat beneath my thumb
in this

my black currants

heart full to bursting

stung by

a hornet

of summer

gleams

my child

lightning storms

never far

off
whose

playground

is this

the fig tree

the stinging nettle

swings

yes

little girl

in bright colors

I'll push you

not so high!

higher!
à qui est

cette aire

de jeu

le figuier

l’ortie brûlante

les balançoires

oui

petite fille

aux couleurs vives

que

je peux te pousser

pas si haut !

plus haut !
messy

breakfast

I chew through the cord
devour the sac
these small bells in many herds tattooed registers rippling our damage informs radiant their flesh
hors des gonds

un volet bat

je quitte

la maison

d'es fenêtres

en plein vent

secouée

les feuilles

du chêne vert

frottées

du ciel
unhinged

shutter banging

I left

the house

to

windows

shaken

through

leaves

scrub oak

sky clean
I lay amazed at

in my

sickness

the sky

bed

flax

linen

all that could be

blue

kept

spinning

firmament

28
the
monarch
migrations
thin
vanishing
it
means
point to
be
stragglers
when
refugees
habitat
reduced
flock
to
deserts
safety
grow
strength
smaller
in
numbers

what
why
keeping

an arroyo
this wild

space

my hand

is

a promise

not

empty
does

matter

to

hold

rain
all suspect clothing must be burned

a single

the poor leather epidemic

hide jacket passed from one to another

what

for warmth

they gather around

a trash

can

fire
who

is that

a barred owl

call

cooks

for

you

a scrap of meat

dripping

into

you

a pellet of fur

and bone

a vein

taxol

dripping

mid-day

is that

a warm blanket

to the chemo nurse

who brings

saying

thank you

thank you

cooks for

you

a scrap of meat

dripping

into

you

a pellet of fur

and bone

a vein

taxol

dripping

mid-day

is that

a warm blanket

to the chemo nurse

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thank you

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into

you

a pellet of fur

and bone

a vein

taxol

dripping

mid-day

is that

a warm blanket

to the chemo nurse

who brings

saying

thank you

thank you
this tortoise shell suggests how ribs were to turn back to the first shelter rafters sky
thousands of years

before

your hand

was

I too

rough

opens over my scar

abraded basalt to

a petroglyph wave
dark

who will speak

for us
cold

Blind

Willie Johnson

was

the

ground

song

ranges

beyond

night

our

solar system
in the winter stone chapel white monks pressed tongue against the vaulted roof of the mouth singing!