ASCENSION

The black squirrel travels
down a slender pine
Crosses my gaze
negotiates the red maple
Then climbs one aged oak and
in its punctuated way
Ascends.

My gaze climbs
out of myself
Until perspective drops
like an acorn:

Is it possible
to grow disinterested
in certain kinds of grief?
JOY

Joy sits on horseback
On the crest of a ridge
Contemplating the expanse
Of our separation.

She calculates the distance
And charts a path.

After deep winter’s thaw
Rumors of her journey
Ride on solar winds.

I uncork a bottle
And watch for her approach.

Joy gallops across the plains
Eyes wild, mouth open
Hair unfurled and ragged
Like a war torn flag.

COMMUNITY

A net of starlings descends and captures the yard.
At once each bird comes alive with activity.
Kinetic bodies bash and shove, wings thrash.
Jabbing beaks vie for water and seed in communal brutality.

Rude thread knits them together
as one grey squirrel, defending his space
zig zags madly through the flock charging the invaders.
Starlings lift in unison and cast their net next door.