

Trees reshape themselves, the swallows disappear, lawn sprinklers
do the wave.

Nevertheless, it's still summer: cicadas pump their boxes,
Jack Russell terriers, as they say, start barking their heads off,
And someone, somewhere, is putting his first foot, then the
second,
Down on the other side,
no hand to help him, no tongue to wedge the weal.

LANDSCAPE AS METAPHOR, LANDSCAPE AS FATE AND
A HAPPY LIFE

August. Montana. The black notebook open again.
Across the blue-veined, dune-flattened, intimate blank of the page,
An almost-unseeable winged insect has set forth
On foot.
I think I'll watch his white trail.

—To set one's mind on the ink-line, to set one's heart on the dark
Unknowable, is far and forlorn, wouldn't you say?

Up here, our lives continue to lift off like leaf spores in the
noon-wash,
Spruce trees and young hemlocks stand guard like Egyptian dogs
At the mouth of the meadow,
Butterflies flock like angels,
and God knees our necks to the ground.

—Nevertheless, the stars at midnight blow in the wind like high
cotton.
There is no place in the world they don't approach and pass over.

Wind lull, midmorning, tonight's sky
light-shielded, monkish and grand
Behind the glare's iconostasis, yellow poppies
Like lip prints against the log wall, the dead sister's lunar words
Like lip prints against it, this is as far as it goes...

—The sun doesn't shine on the same dog's back every day.
Only you, Fragrant One, are worthy to judge us and move on.