

A Flowering

They were not on the maps.
Notes of their known habitats
recorded nothing here
or hereabouts.

I knew them shy, prized,
arboreal,
from the realm of heraldry.
Were they real at all,

I wondered, till I stood,
a spellbound witness,
downwind of a pair of them.
To have watched them is a richness

I've hoarded
of all my days and doings
as they tied and tied again
the tangles of their to-ings

and fro-ings in the range
of a fir-tree's roots
and I read their conjured script
in the hint of dark July recruits.

And once I touched one.
Car-struck in a storm,
its body warm, its nose-tip cool
as a single boss in a swarm

of blackberries. Years afterwards
I stepped one's trail
in the small relief
of frost which had to fail

F A L L O N

in the morning shadows
of the grazing's edge
where it survived, alone
in the margins, fast in a pledge

to thrive and glow
when it emerged, a denizen
of dusk, from nest or mossy hollow,
to flower, now and then again,

in light.