

*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.