

PRUNINGS

He prunes the mulberry tree each February using a step ladder, pruning shears & a small saw. He's afraid to allow the branches to stretch out of reach or grow too big. He cuts the prunings to fireplace length & piles them up for use next winter. He wonders about the tree, now 12 years old. He believes it has feelings. He decides to talk to it, explain himself, but does it whispering in secrecy of dark.

WHERE ARE THE BUFFALO?

Tonight I have the energy of a bull!
I yell at Bear:
Great dog! Great dog!
Let's go out, battle snow & cold, track down a beast!
He's ready. Ten years old, but he's ready. Out we go. It's dark. Where are the buffalo? We stagger around, filled with a great urgency to set our world right. Finally, in blowing snow, we find tracks & follow them into our cabin.

WEEDS

He lives in suburbia & lets dandelions grow in his lawn & weeds grow in cracks of his driveway. He's not lazy. Maybe he's confused. He respects all plants. Trusts them, Believes he needs them growing around him to keep him alive.