BONES

A few of the sun bleached bones he finds walking these Truckee woods he keeps. He favors the least damaged ones & places them on the mantle above the stove at home. They act as vague reminders of an earlier time & events to come.

LILACS

I love lilacs.
Hell, I love
most plants,
but I love
lilacs especially.
They take me
back to the 40s
when I was
a smart kid,
made whistles out
of their leaves
(to show off)
& knew nothing
about beauty.

LATE JULY IN TRUCKEE

The daisies that flourished in June are dying, but there's still a few survivors out back. I take scissors & cut four that are bent over hugging the ground & stick them in a green wine bottle filled with cool water. They add color & an illusion of hope to our living room & hang on for five days.

OUR THREE DOGS

The dogs follow me.
We have three,
& they follow
me room to room.
Pack animals
I've been told.
I'm their leader
neither wolf nor dog
but dominant man.
Feeling this
responsibility,
I try to be fair.
I believe they
love me or
have me fooled.