

Harp

Always a few stars
behind or ahead and it seems
the creatures are always moving forward,
combing the fields.

Almost catching up to their eyes.

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And sometimes a mouth.
It drifts over the ocean
like the small absence of a harp.
It has golden strings,
but it is a dead harp.
Ah, the trees abandoned in fog smell
like million-year-old violins.
Your hair is a ship
beaming the earth's last cargo of bronze
to the far uncivilized planets.

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Sometimes I look at the delicate aberration
of grass and sky. How it all fades,
and the stars startled from darkness
like deer whose hearts are in their feet
vanish again and again on the glassy sky.
And I am left again
with my hands that want to see,
my eyes that want to separate salt from sweet and can't.

Roo Borson