

Groundwork For Reconciliation

Should you miss me,
I am camped on a little-known X
where the forest campaigns
for painlessly-extracted promises.

How lightly I have learned
to walk into the soft shrug
of another summer;

to dance in the sun's rotunda;
to entwine in the terminal hug
of dusk;

to scatter unread copies
of the previous season's
breadth and width.

Nor will I hammock
the buttocks of fat ladies;

nor countenance
thinly-nursed faces of theorists
dying of academic constriction;

nor take part in poorly-organized hunts
for esthetic foliage.

Maybe if you can manage
some comic relationship
burlesquing the beginning of September,

you will have a start
into what is flying windward
in my mind.

A Thin Mist Between Boulders

Ilka says it is best
to halt at the sight of
days that will not wake
to songs of birds;
and stone markers
that do not step aside
to let you pass.