

LIGHT, WATER, BONES

On the far bank, a willow weeps,
while in the river, its mirror
ripples with light. The cloud-blemished sky
meets a perfect dappling beneath.

Here are Plato's images in reverse,
the ideal in the darkening current:

a leaf, a branch, an evening bat.
Even the heron steps gently,
afraid to startle the flawless
heron at its feet.

Along the lane, the deer carcass
does not teach me about life or death,
but about the curve of ribs
whitening under the moon.

The lessons I learn
are soundless: the light, the water,
the delicate bleach of bones.

After years of listening,
perhaps in my next life
I will not need to learn to trust—

will come back faithful
to my own sense of smell,
wander like the possum, solitary,
through the night brush and broken limbs,

burrow fearless as the sleek black mole,
far from this world's polished
surface, intimate with the wet
roots of things.