

## 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.