

DUSTBOWL DOXOLOGY

Sweet
it was
 is now
and ever shall be sweet
in memory
of wild walnut trees
at the spot
where curving banks
hugged
the faithful Merced River
and the sound of young
Sunday picnic voices
drifted downstream

OWNERSHIP

Of all those in creation
and there must be millions

only one butterfly really belongs
to me

prefers my tiny patio
with alkali soil and scraggly
weeds

to the lush gardens
in nearby walled condos

fragile white creature
with markings like an
embroidery pattern

stamped on its wings in black
ink