

SCRATCHING MY HEAD

Want to sit outside
enjoy clean mountain
air but mosquitoes
are ravenous, can
drill thru socks &
thin hair, so give
up, go inside,
sit by window &
look out at two
lodgepole pine in
next lot recently
killed by beetles
& wonder, scratching
my head, if our
trees are safe, if
there's a safe place
for any of us, if
dying is merely
the last in a
long line of tests.

NINE DAFFODILS

Cut nine daffodils
Sunday & squeezed
them into clear,
narrow throated
vase, then added
cool water &
set them out
to be admired.
Tuesday they're drooping
as if they've
lost all desire
to be beautiful,
lost all hope
of reuniting
with their roots,
& I decide
to cut no more.

POSTCARD FROM LISA

Our daughter has grown
& left us.
I'm looking at a postcard
she sent us two months ago
from Santa Cruz
picturing a lighthouse
on a point of land
embroidered with wild flowers.
Happy Easter
she writes.
Her words get smaller
& multiply toward
bottom of the card.
She squeezes love
comma her name
into the corner.

OUR IDEAL

Why do I still
watch boxing?
Truth is, I don't
enjoy it as
I once did.
But I watch.
It's a tough
exacting sport
at its best.
Some think brutal.
Sometimes it is.
It seems the
opposite of
love, our ideal.
But it's the way
most of us want
to live, taking
chances to excel,
kicking the shit
out of ghosts.
I watch simply
to forget myself
for a while.

— Phil Weidman

North Highlands CA