

NEW YEAR'S MORNING

Their two grown
children have gone
their separate ways.
The sky outside is
gray, trees barren.
Within reach, his wife
gently removes ornaments
from the tree &
places them in boxes.
Their two dogs
are moping,
prisoners of a
common melancholy.
Only Coco, their siamese,
is unaffected.
She dashes around
their house, stops
to scrutinize the
flashy balls & bells,
then jumps, following
angels into a box.

IN THEIR NUMBER

He's aware
of the homeless
in his city &
it scares him.
He sees them
unshaven, unbathed,
begging just
up the street.
Sometimes he
gives them a
few dollars.
Sometimes he
ignores them.
Sometimes, in
dreams, he sees
himself in
their number.
He never invites
them in. Not
even the children.
Instead he mails
checks, small ones,
to the Salvation
Army. To ease
his conscience.

LISTENING

When this other
voice starts in
I listen, some
times taking notes.
There's a subtle
authority, a
certain wisdom
in this voice,
& I'm curious
to know what
it knows & if
I can use it.

DEEP WATERING

This summer I'm
deep watering the
trees around our
cabin. Last year
beetles took two
pines. Now their
figures, without needles
are bone-like
& threatening.
Watering is a
kind of prayer.