

I feel sorry for anyone
faced with the last
split-seconds
of their life

#37

trees swaying
in the bar room window
they seem to move
with a will of their own

I sit alone
writing
in a crowded pub

it was late
when I got back
just a curl of smoke
at the gate where
the pile of bulldozed
wattle was

100 YEARS LATER

we know
this lady
who went
to the Van Gogh
show & said

"so what
I could
do that"

& she
calls
herself
an artist

FOR A WASP

break on porch sofa
with a beer & a smoke
after writing all morning

a mudwasp
with orange bands
on its long black belly
it flies by slowly
back legs dangling
mud in its mandibles
for its wall-side nest

I sit here between poems
lulled by buzzing fury
of a friendly wasp

#32

when I was a boy
I spent a lot
of time alone
in the woods
because the magic
only happened when
I was
alone

I'd climb a maple
to my favorite crotch
sit there quiet & still
until the squirrels
came right up to me
& what I saw in
those dazzling
dark eyes still
haunts me 50 years later

wild gentle eyes
of unforgettable glory

#12

just enough rain
to make the crickets sing
louder than the truck roar road
just enough money to pay the rent
just enough food to get by
just enough sleep to wake
with a renewed spirit
just enough grass
to make my
poems
come
true