losing
my "Modern Haiku;"
 the heat

long lines for ashes;
the song of Lent on the lips
of penitents

the autumn moon—
a snowy egret rises
from the river of grass

silent in the hall,
hanging on the wall,
looking down at his grandson:
grandfather's portrait

autumn dragonfly
hovers the open grave;
now the small coffin

autumn dragonfly hovers flag-covered coffin

path to the outhouse:
my father's and grandfather's
footprints in the dust

In the crowded church
standing in line for ashes:
the chimney sweep

salt water creek:
lifting its head, an egret
catfish in its beak

September cicada
in the dead silver maple:
nesting squirrels

wading in the everglade
whiling away the day,
muddy lake water lapping
against the piling

a snowy egret
rising out of morning mist:
the river of grass

within the duck blind
in the autumn morning mist:
brothers breaking wind
winter twilight
alone on the frozen pond;
skipping stones

palsied fingers touch
the dusty sewing machine,
clutch his photograph

saw cutting
brick building:
cicada

like the last termite
bursting from the table leaf:
first light

the love affairs
of the hummingbird
are morning-glorious!

the old postmistress
reading a gothic novel
over the fireplace,
painted on a faded dish:
my dead brother's face

paper wasp's nest
hanging from the sycamore:
last year's squirrel's nest

pressing the dark suit,
wearing the black tie again:
cold morning rain

clearing off the shelf
of things that were dear to him:
the bust of himself

monastery yard:
droppings of pious pigeons—
baptize tonsured heads

no matter, said mother,
just as long as it's healthy:
another brother

pyracantha bush
dressed up with orange berries:
mockingbird's nest

nothing but snow
untrodden and shadowless
tinged with afterglow

letting the school kids
into Walt Whitman's house:
spring morning breeze

begging in the square,
plaguing the legless veteran:
Viet Nam nightmares

the century plant
blooming in the desert sun:
looming mushroom cloud
out of the black mud,
opening in the sunlight:
lily bud

approaching the pond,
within concentric ripples:
a carp and the sun
when the perched starling
lets go the mulberry branch:
feeding carp below

flag-covered coffin
hovering over the
flag-covered coffin
over the open grave
hovering dragon fly

family album:
replacing faded faces
with baby pictures

graveyard cicadas
grieving in sycamore shade:
the heat
city heat wave

where the farm road
narrow to a wheelbarrow rut:
toad in the dust

from down wind
closing in on the grizzly
inside the camera

just as summer ends:
a convention of cicadas
mends the gender gap

the grove by the creek
in the absence of cicadas:
honking of wild geese

turning from the moon--
taking the rocky path down
from the mountain top

barking at the hole,
the terrier's smoky breath:
out comes the marsh rat
tiny paws are born
to hold one shiny acorn
in the morning sun

my lady friend's dog,
its hair still clings to my clothes:
the end of spring

silence after Mass
passing through a dusty sunbeam:
buzzing horsefly

scum-covered pond;
the shadow of the dragonfly
becomes a fern frond

scum
turning from the streetlight--
flowing my shadow
into the dark night

out of the womb,
out of wedlock:
the morning moon

still in the attic,
covered with cobwebs and dust:
combat boots from Nam

stretched across the stream,
a cobweb in a sunbeam:
spider's trampoline

atop the town church,
at the foot of the gold cross:

the bulldozer speaks,
and red-winged blackbirds desert
cattails by the creek

from the hall mirror,
mother and daughter look down
on father and son

another spring comes,
my palsied mother gazes
at the blooming plum

farm rain barrel
reflecting fly-specked bulb
and freckled face

cut of the black mud,

spring break--
after Fort Lauderdale:
white water rafting

over spatterdocks,
turning at corners of air:
dragonfly

at his wife's wake,
standing near drooping sunflowers:
his oxygen tank

down the dark alley,
in an empty garbage can:
the depths of hunger

marching majorettes
mirrored in bells of tubas:
autumn sunset

a distant drumbeat
in the summer morning mist:

Cornwallis's retreat

the evening still
filling the grieving village:
Virgilio killed

empty ballroom
basking in the moonlight:
fallen mask

the town drunkard sleeps,
while his old mother shovels
snow into the street
some beginning,
some ending their song:
cicadas
the grove by the creek:
a choir of chirring cicadas
stirs the morning air
now the grove is bare:
looking up through the branches
at the Milky Way
long lines for ashes--
on the lips of penitents
morning glory vine
climbing the widow's clothesline
clings to his work shirt
In the cellar hole
of old Monticello--
only straw remains
summer reunion:
another shirt-tail cousin
with picnic basket
the bull on the hill
bellowing at the yellow moon:
the smell of daffodils
the desert windstorm
has driven the scorpion
under the horned skull
casting the town bell,
adding ancestral name-plates
melting in the mold
duly entered
in the motel register:
squashed mosquito
casting the town bell:
melting ancestral name-plates
in the flaming mold
running from the marsh
with a red-winged blackbird nest:
distant school bell
the painted matron
fainting at the faded mirror
drops the narcissus
the hilltop snowman
I built for the widow's son:
my moon silhouette
where silvery rails
converge with the setting sun:
a butterfly sails
hoeing clods
striking a stone:
cicada
stars overhead,
pebbles underfoot;
smell of something dead
entering the grove:
feeling as tall as the elms,
as small as pebbles

my mother and I
putting out foreheads together
sharing Ash Wednesday

holy water drops
smearing ashes on my forehead

on Ash Wednesday,
putting our foreheads together:
my mother and I
my palsyed mother
putting my forehead on her
my palsyed mother,
pressing my forehead on hers:
this Ash Wednesday

squirrelly autumn
curling on the shady street
lingering heat
down the tree-lined street
cicadas still singing:
lingering heat
down school house street
cicadas still singing
lingering heat

after Labor Day,
cicadas
after Labor Day,
cicadas still singing:
lingering heat

after loving
on Labor Day, searching for
Modern Haiku

Labor Day Loving:
afterwards searching for the lost
Modern Haiku

losing my copy
of Modern Haiku:
the heat

after Labor Day,
the way cicadas still sing:
school children's laughter

driving through clouds,
arriving at the mountain top
the autumn moon

passing by airboat
to the last stand of bald cypress:
the river

looking down the tracks
through summer heat and haze
to grandfather's farm

withing
within the duck blind
in the autumn morning mist:
the breaking of wind
silencing the stars,
   a crowd of dandelion
   shouting Orion

with his smoky breath
and scarf trailing in the wind:
death of the mailman

caribou herds
   carving trails in the tundra;
   flurries of snowbirds

starving caribou herds
   carving trails in the tundra;
   flurries of snowbirds

another condo,
another stand of cedars
bites the bitter dust

autumn angina:
   signing out of the hospital
   to die in the sun

   signing myself
   out of the hospital;
   dying in the sun

   another condo,
   another stand of cedars
   bites the bitter dust

   flurries of snowbirds

discussing the demise
   of the Korean Jetliner

headlines: Russians Down
Korean Jetliner

headlines:
headlines: Russian MIG
downs Korean Jetliner:
   the heat

cutting open
the wrecked car with a blowtorch:
the heat

approaching autumn:
the bark of the warehouse watchdog
weakens in the wind

in-and-out-chain-linked-fence-sparrows

first day of fall:
string of teachers on strike
   rings city hall

tomato season
   into the steaming kettle:
   the redd ball sun

   in-and-out-chain-linked-fence-sparrows

approaching autumn:
the warehouse watchdog's bark
weakens in the wind
approaching the pond...
concentric ripples center
the mouth of a carp

just ribbons of road
before and behind me...
toad in the dust

nestled in tall grass,
through the spokes of a wagon wheel
three red poppies bloom

sunrise on the beach:
a single line of footprints
beyond the surf's reach

In the snowy fields
finding a scarecrow
with no mind

looks out the window
at the neighbor's blooming plum;
pale red widow

last year fruitless,
and the year before, neighbor's plum
still blossoming...

empty hammock
filled with blossoms...rain...
leaves...snow

empty stadium
filled with wild flowers and weeds

packed in the old hearse
speeding off to the crick:
family picnic

street market hums
with flies and electric fans:
the fishmonger cries

old Italian
gathering dandelion leaves:
in love
dogs of spring

the evening sunshine
is leaving a lone spider
to its own designs

high winds and frayed wire
have cost our neighbor his home

up the winding path,
a tiny butterfly finds
brother's epitaph

shouting Orion,
a crowd of dandelion
silences the stars

the street market hums
with flies and fishmonger

the street
the street market hums
with flies and fishmonger cries:
Italians to and from

old Italian
gathering dandelion leaves:
dogs in heat
summer morning:
feeding carp in the creek
kernels of canned corn

atop the maple
reflecting the rising sun:
the cardinal's song

the boy he once was
looking down at his grandson:
grandfather's portrait

the portrait
portrait on the wall
recalling the child he once was
looking down at his grandson:
a chill in the hall

turning from the sun—
watching the wake of the ship
and sea become one

gleaming in the sun

the rejection slip
rolled and folded it just fits:
hole in the screen door

the muddy creek clears
tops of spatterdocks appear:
droppings of deer

buying angle worms:
folding his tiny fingers
over a quarter

rolling to the edge
of maple shade—and beyond:
the squirrel's apple

the priest comes to call
hiding behind the drawn blinds:
the autumn moon

cardboard rainbow
over fake waterfall:
cigarettes aglow

on a rose petal
lying on the little coffin:
a firefly settles

the old shuttered house
rattling in the wind and rain:
inside, a candle drips
dawn casting shadows
on the stone face of St. Joan:
pigeon in her palm

covering cardinal
stops stropping its beak on barks
park guard’s whistle
dawn casting shadows
on the stone face of St. Joan
the grove by the creek:
a cross of crumbling marble
marks the mossy grave

autumn afternoon:
placing a pebble on top
of mother's tomb

on the frozen snow
etched with tire tracks and fire hose:
the stretcher's shadow

empty rain barrel
filled with faded leaves and snow:
farmhouse shadow

In the men's room,
tossed into the toilet:
the book on Zen

through city hall arch,
a runaway umbrella:
the winds of March

bumming cigarettes
from a senior citizen—
painted teenaged girls

autumn twilight:
my palsied mother quietly
recalling father

atop the town church,
at the foot of the gold cross:
mockingbird perch

on the chain-linked fence,
pink morning glory vines
climbing monuments

widow's weeds—
folding palsied hands
over rosary beads
getting grandfather
to turn his back to the road—
aunts off to the dance!

where the pebbled beach
meets the maple's reflection:
the edge of the creek
down from the creek bridge,
my shadow, arms akimbo
swimming with minnows

starting the New Year
with the same old aches and pains—
and fears

before the spring rains,
before the Pleiades appears:
the scarecrow's remains

another condo,
another stand of cedars
bites the dust

summer morning:
Easter alone;
resurrecting an old sermon
in a monotone

Easter alone
proclaimed
the same old sermon in a monotone
distant
the cape of the crow
escaping in the mist and snow
shapes my emptiness

on the city street,
stray dogs stuck together:
the heat
empty street market
filled with old wooden tables:
cold rain beating down
carving epitaphs
in the new cemetery:
cicadas
the full moon afloat—
beneath an empty rowboat:
beat of the drumfish
distant traffic roar—
and here fallen wild apples
dapple the lakeshore
father and son
sitting at opposite ends
seesaw in the sun

peach tree cicadas
reach out to each other:
smothering heat

peach tree cicadas
reaching out to each other:
smothering heat

"They depend on me..."
the old Jew tossing bread crumbs
from his wheelchair
distant church bell--
and here on my fishing line:
the teller hangs still

the grove by the creek:
cicadas speak to each other
peaking in the heat
holeing up for thwinter
distant traffic roar--
and here fallen wild apples
dapple the lakeshore
nailed to the spite fence,
where the neighbor's kids hung it:
the run-over cat
starting up summer
in the heart of Central Park:
cicadas after dark
no answer from the far shore
distant farmhouse

In the welfare lines
strung around the city bank:
the heat

into the laughing Buddha's lap

incoming scum
under the train trestle

on my uncle's grave
covered with dandelion
a sprig of dogwood

dropping out
of the welfare lien:

dropping out
of the welfare line:

upstairs at the window
reflecting the evening sun:
empty wheelchair

wearing earphones,
delivering newspapers:
the heat

gathering the new grain
for Lammas Day--
the heat

labor Day picnic:
going off into the woods
alone

grinding the new grain
for Lammas Day--
the heat

the cape of a crow
the cape of the crow
escaping in the morning mist
shapes my emptiness

rotten plums hidden
behind the "No Picking Please" sign
the heat

Easter alone
falling asleep, the priest's sermon
in a monotone

Easter alone
in the crowded church, the sermon
wingshot red-tailed hawk
fed water rats and dead crows

Sycamore Park:
cicadas are starting up
the heart of summer

perched on a bent pipe
sticking out of the city creek:
hunched-over white heron

chasing a fly
from the Communion Bread;
the Mass for the dead

fireflies light the way
to the farm outhouse

cutting off to the outhouse,
fireflies light the winding way:
the crescent moon

starting up summer
in the heart of Central Park:
sycamore cicadas

the air is a little cooler:
another leaf falls

looking down the tracks,
through the summer heat and haze
back into the past

locusts in the trees--
lying on the forest floor:
last year's oak leaves

marijuana scent
as I enter the summer grove:
rock music blaring

chasing a fly
from Communion Bread and Wine:
the Mass for the Dead

picking up
a live cicada:
the heat

summer '83
coming to a screeching halt:
cicada

morning twilight:
cicadas have begun
the grove by the creek:
a herald of cicadas
announces my entrance

out of the silence
of the afternoon grove

watching bulldozers
destroy grandfather's farmhouses:
bitter cold
old cronies
move to another corner:
the heat
postponing
the abortion:
the heat
throwing out things
that were dear to him:
the heat

"Dad's got crabapples
all over him!"
the path to the grave
waiting the long week,
waiting for brother's body
in the August heat

waiting
for brother's body;
the heat

moving mattresses
to the tenement roof:
the heat

in the empty wheelchair at the yard sale: morning sun
kicking a beer can: cicada

chasing a fly
from the Communion bread:
blessing the wine

grandmother forgets
and calls me from her wheelchair:
my dead father's name

above the dark church,
perching doves mark the stone head
of St. Joan of Arc

my palsied mother
forgets and calls me,
my dead father's name

water strider
rides cedar creek's quarter moon:
receding tide

after silt settles
and ripples cease on the pond:
honking of wild geese
family album:
     baby pictures replace
     faded faces

     escaping the heat
     still
     how cool the willow
     almost touching the muddy creek;
     the heat

     on the outskirts of town,
     polar bears are prowling
     this Halloween night

     the "lily" poem,
     reading a poor paraphrase:
     the heat

     recalling Thoreau daily
     walked four hours a day;
     the heat

     a distant crow
     escaping into the mist
     shapes my emptiness

     voices my anger
     at the traffic light,
     selling bouquets to motorists:
     the heat

     early morning walk
     looking up in the maple:
     cicada's false start

     a distant crow
     escaping in the morning mist
     shapes my emptiness

     lowering
     the small coffin:
     the heat

     the outskirts of town:
     polar bears prowling around
     this Halloween night

     sharing ashes
     with my palsied mother;
     this Ash Wednesday

     this Halloween night:
     polar bears prowling around
     the outskirts of town

     arctic Halloween:
     polar bears prowling around
     the outskirts of town

     thistle
     blooming july
     blown about by the cool breeze
     steadies for the bee

     all bent over,
     coming home from the quarry:
     the heat

     bloo
     postponing
family album:
replacing faded faces
with baby photos

3 A.M. freight train
rumbling in the misty distance

In the dark bedroom
marked with tiny fingerprints
shadows of the moon

lying on my back,
listening to cicadas;
the smell of the woods

slowly increasing
the mulberry's reflection:
the rising creek

under umbrellas,
bending over checkerboards:
old and young Chinese

kicking an apple

In the fresh cement
of summer road construction:
fallen green apples

the air raid siren stops:
a squadron of cicadas
machinegun the treetops

afternoon sun--
walking on the shadow
of the chain-linked fence

moss trailing from rocks
strung across the muddy stream:
the outgoing tide

cutting
the umbilical cord:
the heat

now the grove is bare:
looking up through the branches
at the Milky Way

carrying its mate,
cedar
skating on the muddy lake
wooden
to the fishing stake

the water strider
riding the creek's quarter moon:
the receding tide

the cedar creek
receiving the quarter moon:
the receding tide

In the waiting room,
palsied hands hidden in pockets:
snickering children

escaping in song,
splitting the seams of self:
cicada

cicada

that same white heron flies up
from the spatterdocks
as a cloud of catfish fry

In the August heat
arriving a week later:
my brother's body

In the August
In the August heat
waiting the long week waiting
for brother's body

wearing marigolds,
seashore crowds surround the priest
blessing sea water

stopped on the creek bridge,
shaking a stone from my shoe
caught in a cross breeze
down the street leading
the march for nuclear freeze:
monarch butterfly

atop a bare tree
a pair of crows settle:
all green below

In the empty church
creaking in the autumn wind
family album:

stopping on the creek bridge
shaking a stone from my shoe:
the afternoon breeze
stopped on the creek bridge,
shaking a stone from my shoe:
the afternoon breeze
under umbrellas
waiting the long week,
waiting for brother's body:
in the August heat

In the nursing home,
no longer recognizing me:
the heat
leading the march
supporting nuclear freeze
leading the street march
supporting nuclear freeze:
monarch butterfly
above the dark church,
doves mate and mark the stone head
of St. Joan of Arc
distant sirens stop:
a squadron of cicadas
machinegun the treetops

In the nursing home,
finally recognizing
my brother and I
pausing, pipe in hand,
grandfather's faraway look;
tales of Italy

the hot summer sun--
in the shadow of the shed;
one sled, runners up

the summer sun shows;
in the shadow of the shed,
one sled, runners up

scum-covered creek:
suddenly, one green apple
ripples the moment
crossing the highway,
headed for the tidal creek;
crushed snapping turtle
closing the Bible,
opening the old hymnal:
the autumn wind
creek
down from the stone bridge,
the last of summer's things ride
the outgoing tide
cicadas singing
in the giant linden's shade;
empty baby coach

empty street market's
wooden tables' rusty nails
driven by cold rain

hanging on the shed,
glistening in the hot sun:
runners on the sled
cross in the park
created from railroad tracks:
old cronies remark
empty toy bucket,
abandoned sand castles:
ingoing tide
only my footprints
of yesterday and the day before...
the path through the grove
the gathering clouds

atop the schoolhouse
morning sun spotlights
movement in the spatterdocks:
carp and raindrops
shadowing the cliffs
a griffin vulture
searching for the nest
of the griffin vulture:
droppings on the cliff
waiting for brother's
body, waiting for his clothes:
summer long ago
In the empty yard,
barely visible grease marks
where he parked his car
ringing the church bell
for the Farm Workers' Mass--
the rope burn
entering the grove,
centering on the silence
of candleglow
another autumn:
short darkening rust marks
where he parked his car
entering the grove,
centering on the silence
scent of sassafras
sending their children
to my father's funeral--
feuding relatives
feuding relatives
sending their children instead;
father's funeral
sixteenth autumn since:
barely visible grease marks
where he parked his car
the cross in the park
constructed of railroad tracks
made
marked by wine bottles
mallards on the shore
the clock on the wall
and the barbershop pole stopped;
the barbershop pole
and the clock on the wall stopped;
funeral today
hangover
from the village square, 
old cronies leaving one by one 
in the evening sun

between reflections

after the funeral
returning to their old ways:
fight over the will

settles on a rose petal

close and overcast;
the last cicada drowned out
by the lawn mower

where he parked his car
another autumn rainstorm
wears away grease marks

on opposite sides
of the flag-covered coffin;
feuding relatives

another autumn:
rain wearing away grease marks
where he parked his car

In the empty yard,
cold rain wears away grease marks
where he parked his car

In the waiting room,
palsied hands hidden in her pocket
sneering children

at the monument
mingling with the eulogy:
the mockingbird's song

placing the priest's hands,
blessing the baby to be:
the heat

a choir of cicadas
inspire this poem
down the jogger's path

belly to belly
in the darkness of the bedroom
the heat

palsied fingers touch
the dusty sewing machine,
recalling gowns she made
touching her belly,
blessing the baby to be:
the heat

autumn

autumn rain
wearing away grease marks
where he parked his car

sending the

the autumn after
covering up grease marks
where he parked his car
approaching the grove, 
groping through the undergrowth: 
crippled cockroach 

song sparrow to the right, 
cicada to the left: 
the heat 

a procession of cicadas 
cemetery shades; 
a procession of cicadas 
grieving 
mourning in the heat 

walking and writing, 
the long ribbon of sidewalk: 
the heat 

raising the new barn, 
raising the new barn, 
praising old friends and neighbors: 
tasting the new wine 

sick room fly 
lighting on the wash basin: 
the heat 

opening the window 
in the dentist office: 
cicada 

winding up summer, 
then grinding down to silence: 
cicada 

the old blind woman's fingers remember 
the old blind woman's fingers remember his face 

the widow's 
the blind woman's hands reaching out in the moonlight remember his face 
nursing the baby, 
while shelling lima beans: 
the heat 

another hot one 
the runaway nun 
removing her wedding band: 
the haloed moon 
tonsured... 
taking the vows of poverty: 
the heat 

where the boyscout trail leads to the old battlefield: 
a rattler in weeds 

another hot one: 
the mailman moping his brow
between cicadas
mingling with scent of sassafras:
chirring squirrels
trying to tell me something
gnat in my ear

lying on my back,
listening to cicadas;
the sky through the trees

depressed in the heat
incessant cicadas
drill through my skull

starting and stopping,
then putting its whole heart into song:
cicada

In the crowded church
with no air conditioning:
the sermon on Hell

old Quaker tombstone
shaded by sassafras bush:
the heat

sycamore cicada
serenading the sick room:
the morning moon

visiting a friend
terminally ill--
the heat

falling asleep
with the earphones on:
the heat

on the old tombstone,
the "E" omitted in "Blessed"
the heat

starting and stopping,
then putting its whole heart
into cicada song

morning Mass
walking and writing,
the crack in the sidewalk:
the heat

a young couple
abandoning sand castles:
the incoming tide

rusty mailbox
choked with dust:
crushed toad

depressed in the heat,
incessant cicadas:
funeral procession

stepping over
a yellow caterpillar:
the heat

a blue dragonfly
lights on the fishing rod:
distant church bell
maple cicada
above the picnic table:
checkered dragonfly

maple cicada,
then sycamore cicada:
my stomach rumbles

lone cicada
clinging to a maple limb
distant cicadas

a single cicada
mingles with the wind

lone cicada
clinging to a maple limb
the heat

lying on my back
cicadas all around me:
the blue through the trees

roadside mailbox's
rusty door hanging down:
toad in the dust

empty house's
rusty mailbox
depressed in the heat
incessant cicadas

peeling
sycamore bark:
the heat

makeshift boardwalk
zigzagging through the cattail:
the shack on the marsh

a pair of carp
surfacing for air:
the heat
down from the stone bridge,
my shadow alone on the creek:
the heat

plaster of paris Christ

street corner
city heat wave:

street corner cronies reading
the obituaries

marching farm workers,
sneakers all worn out:
the heat

after the mower,
cicada after cicada
trimming the hedges

between cicadas
at the edge of the grove:
the rustling poplar

startled starlings
crisscrossing reflections:
the muddy creek
dead pregnant carp
covered with green flies
the grove by the creek:
cicadas speak to each other
reach out in the heat
after the chain saw
trimmed trees along trolley tracks:
cicada

my palsied mother
was once a wonderful seamstress;
august nightfall

the grove by the creek:
a symphony of cicadas
rehearsing in the heat

a heart of roses
withering in the heat wave
the shape of her grave

between maple trees,
cicadas exchanging limbs
range across the blue

the grove by the creek
saturated with cicadas;
the noonday heat
alone in the heat,
only cicada song:
the sound of my feet

cicadas all around me

fading in and out,
blending with each other:
cicadas

fading in and out,
serenading each other:
cicadas

following the path
at dawn....out of the way
of the lawn sprinkler

summer solstice:

out Abscam Mayor begins
his prison term

at grandfather's wake,
out of my father's mouth:
my dead brother's voice

following the path
at dawn, avoiding the sprinkler's
rainbow on the lawn
up cathedral steps,
carrying uncle's coffin:
hernia and all!

my passing reflection
in the barbershop window:
the heat

my palsied mother
admirinig the blooming plum
little brother planted
shouting from the boat,
holding up the grappling hook:
dragging
search for the body

the grove by the creek:
cicadas are grinding up
the blinding sun

distant fire siren
and here between cicadas
bitter cold moonlight:
streaming tinsel and gold strewn
on the withered lawn

picnic in the pines
cicadas are grinding up
the blinding sun

under saffron cloth,
under the deerskin cushion:
spears of summer grass

the virgin forest:
a colony of toadstools
penetrates leaf mold
breaking the ice
in the holy water fount:
blessing myself
now the summer passes
and the circle
the hot summer
the summer passes,
and the circle from our tent
grows faint in the grass
not one cicada
hidden in the linden tree:
the hot sun comes through
wearing battle stars,
"scrambled eggs" on his cap:
Pentagon scarecrow
wearing sombrero
pacing the dry arroyo;
old Mexico drought
undersides of leaves
reflecting the rippling lake:
the wake of the sun
hugging a pillow,
pacing the hallway in pain:
the strain on his face