I point to the bone
pointing to the bone:
the puppy wagging its tail
looks at my finger

the redhead priest

recalling the fall
from the ladder
on Good Friday,
recalling the muggers
at Church's Chicken--
the trial,
and even
the humiliation
of the first day
in this country--
the seminary's
ill preparation--
recalling the boy
by the fire
in the arms of his father

Good Friday
installing
falling from the ladder

appoaching the grove...
humming mosquitos become
crescendo of crows

yesterday's headlines
blown against
beating on the barbed wire fence
shadows monuments

through the cemetery
to school--hanging on a tombstone
boy's pants

the angry farmer
plows under ripe strawberries:
his wife's miscarriage
a cawing crow clinging to a creaking limb seesaws in the cold wind
the cold morning rain carved in a corner
a squawking marsh hawk is sharpening the bite
In the sick room on a wallpaper blossom
the cellar corner an old upright Remington; the young bald poet
down the dark road they go
spring wind frees
the outhouse door
its spring toothpicks
Easter morning sermon:
after the short night lightning
the potbellied priest
under the rainbow
the slate sky is piecing
the classroom lecture
this blind poet
a great white swan
its mother's breast
the first firefly beyond the reach
my little brother tells me
In the empty church at nightfall
a distant school bell is rocking
mother with a cake that failed
he heard my brother died
a vineyard lacy leaves
a song sparrow is dusting
after the rain...a mantis
swollen and turbid slipping
the incoming tide
plantation mist
where cattle graze
dark before the storm
beech trees by the creek
a tiny butterfly
a distant bell is taking
the fingerpainter finishing
the city cathedral is fitting
father and son tramping
the desert wind is lifting
a dead chicken hawk nailed
with the linden leaves a swarm
how smooth the river slipping
the farline of trees
the quaker meeting at twilight
now the linden's bare
the tumble shed
beside the pagoda a pine
a creating wave brushing
the swollen river rolling
waving stripedly
the wrecker's ball shadowing
Java tea leaves swirl falling in
the loping squirrel
the golden maples saying things
the windy swamp grass a raccoon
a wild persimmon
the old wind-swept house
the wind-swept graveyard
In the empty room where sewing
the autumn wind turning back
like the weathercock
the autumn moon the old storyteller's
the scarecrow's shadow stretches
by the cracked bell
out of the ground fog
autumn wind-blown on the steps

a distant evening
leaving convent

the first snowfall down the cells

after snowfall
the icy river
the blind musician

rising and falling an blanket
bitter cold wind carving a frozen
moonlight on the dump

locked cut in the cold hardwood dor
The Curse of March

To Hell with the wind! How do you feel?
What did the cardiogram reveal?
Hospital bedroom windows rattle
Mingling with telephone prattle;
Father fresh out of Intensive Care
Feels the bite of the March night air.

many morning suns struck the back of his head
before that mortar struck,
many dear friends he carried wounded and dead
before he ran out of luck.

underneath the eaves
during our separation:

nest-building wasps
at the open grave,
ingling with the priest's prayer:
honking of wild geese
take a hard look
at myself from all angles--
the men's store mirrors
the empty highway:
a tiger swallowtail
follows the divider.
bass
picking bugs
off the moon
In the empty church
at nightfall, a lone firefly
deepens the silence.
Now the swing is still:
a suspended tire
centers the autumn moon.
a tiny butterfly
is helping little brother
forget the heat.
the first snowfall
down the cellar staircase:
my father calls
winter evening
leaving father's footprints:
I sink into deep snow
the autumn wind
has torn the telegram and more
from mother's hand

flag-covered coffin:
the shadow of the bugler
slips into the grave

Deep in rank grass,
through a bullet-riddled helmet:
an unknown flower.

my gold star mother
and father hold each other
and the folded flag

my dead brother...
hearing his laugh
in my laughter

Viet Nam monument
darkened by the autumn rain:
my dead brother's name

my dead brother...
wearing his gloves and boots:
I step into deep snow

the hinge of the year:
holding up candles in church
lighting up our breaths

another autumn
still silent in his closet
father's violin

my palsied mother,
pressing my forehead on hers:
this Ash Wednesday

after father's wake,
the long walk in the moonlight
to the darkened house
adding father's name
to the family tombstone
with room for my own

alone on the road
in the wake of the hearse:
dust on my shoes

my dead brother...
hearing his whistle
in the cardinal's

like the weathercock,
the scarecrow obeys the whim
of the autumn wind.

bitter cold wind
carving a frozen snowdrift:
the crescent moon

the campfire girls laugh,
and the old storyteller's dog
wags its tail and barks

the wind-swept graveyard:
a cart-wheeling wreath
chases the flower-thief.

the cold morning rain...
carved in a corner of the yard:
my dead brother's name

the city cathedral
is fitting its steeple
into a sunbeam
like the temple dome
half-hidden by tenements:
the autumn moon

the potbellied priest
elevating the Host,
toasts the Easter moon.

the boarded-up church:
an open Bible soaking
in a rain puddle.

a dead chicken-hawk
nailed to the telephone pole—
the autumn wind

Easter morning...
the sermon is taking the shape
of her neighbor's hat.

a nesting blue jay
has brought the Easter egg hunt
to a screeching halt.

an autumn evening...
counting feet and syllables:
slipping off to sleep

the city dump,
and the cemetery beyond:
the autumn wind

the old monk bends down,
and the autumn moon is drawn
to a lone mushroom.
sailing out of sight
with my new tie for a tail:
little brother's kite

town barber pole
stops turning:
autumn nightfall

from under the mask
floating on the rain puddle:
the face of the moon

beyond the park bench
carved with hearts and initials:
the war monument

cathedral silence:
deaf mute penitents enter
the confessional

rising and falling...
a blanket of blackbirds feeds
on the snowy slope.

running my finger
along the crack in the Bell:
this Independence Day

chasing a fly
from the Communion bread:
the Mass for the dead

over spatterdocks,
turning at corners of air:
dragonfly

pictures of the dead
pinned to the altar,
lifting in the autumn wind: