

Wilderness House Literary Review 10/1

shoots of something green

leaking through cracks
at the edge of my driveway
the pavement blistered and heaved

i spray herbicides
seal the crack
with two coats of hot tar

by next thaw
new upheavals new
tangles of thorny vines

this morning i slither
into crawl space beneath my floors
hunker like a man in a cave
to inspect rotted footings and supports

earth's persistent breath
fanning
dust and rubble

and pale leafless runners
something green
bursting through clods
worming toward hairline
faults in the concrete foundation

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In Praise of the Great Spirit

Beneath a moon gauzed through fog,
it's best to sit quiet – be still and listen –
hear the lake's swollen icy lapping,
pines' hushed roar, water gently slapping
a rocky shore. Where small fish glisten
to the surface and dive. Far off, a wild dog

barks and ceases barking. Who are you?
Spirit inside the moon, the fog, the boughs
above me branching. Force inside the lake's
rise and fall. Light inside stars and daybreak's
flame. Giver of breath. He-who-allows
all things passing as passing we do.

Everywhere-Spirit that made me.
And all that's ever been. Ever will be.