#### Wilderness House Literary Review 10/1

#### Lowell Jaeger Along the Trail to Hidden Meadow

A swallowtail perches on my blue bandana. Stays with me as I catch my breath in rippled shade of the aspens' quake.

Waits while I think back to whole Julys without school, swinging my long-handled net through sunlit meadows hip-deep in goldenrod, ragweed, yarrow.

I worked hard those summers to be proud of the mounting board, my trophies labeled rank and file, glittered scales chalking my prints on the killing jar.

And couldn't shake a nagging shame I'd robbed the meadow of its flutter. Lepidoptera are sweet people. Some say, holy.

This one listens to the aspen's whisper. Fans his wings against my bandana

like no specimen under glass knows how.

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### 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.