

A Place for the Time Being

for Corsan

Echo Valley Park

Filberts burst, pecans early.
Pheasants made good.

Heron flare, coot slip.
Your Catullus reads from the footbridge.

Higher deeper loved you here —
A rake with a rake
you brought to hand this gravel bed,
nicked scion wood dug crayfish pools
A red-plaid brown-study man,
Mendelian x Romantic
tea Earl Grey x shellbark cake.

On three-shirt days I pocket a rusk,
chunk of ice. Your blue geese bank
an orange burn — what are echoes
but ripples by topography?

wintering out

I have gone away.
My cap of thin red piping, soft cap,

brown envelope of shawl.
What do you do who's abandoned?

In a waiting-station on the line rough-slept
wire-cut fingerless mitt eye bit lift.

Maybe egg yolks on the good spoons.
Maybe the silver-rim coffee set.

Morning stain, eastern pale.
Say dry-weed rustle creosote puddle

back tines ringing crow dropping
signalman taps up taps down.

That December on the line him,
almost tender, You will want a jacket.

snow angel

Nobody died this summer.

Swallow tails, heaps of their wings lying about.

Some snow fell some snow fell some snow fell.

I set a winter apple on the grass cloth.

Crow's foot boiled in milk, red and thick.

Dreamt twice following I was lost.

Among the most faded, letters read and reread.

All bonework, thin things.

The toboggan misses the tree on a wing and a prayer.

At rest, I have a halo.

The death of the boy is in spring.

holes

We were sure we'd find bones.
Songbirds who didn't see the window,
field mice who met the cat —
we'd skiff them down to the bush
on her garden trowel, hard little bodies
in shrouds of sewing scraps, say
A Proper Service (*Lambs, Palms, etc.*).

By back-to-school we'd dig them up.
Her corduroy jacket shone gold, like turning aspen.
Dirt has a good chew. Our hands came clean away.
We were the first bungalow people.
We had little to say of anyone else.

They would be most tiny and white.
They would fit together, a skeleton key.