

FROM FUTILITY

ONE

on a steep hillside
across a dry rivulet
from another hill,
sitting on a small wood porch,
wood chair at a wood table

the leaves are stirring
barely and the sun sinking
behind a far hill
covered fully with green trees
lemon verbena nearby

farther off, dry bush
on a terraceless, steep hill
making deep shadow,
terraces on higher hills
holding one-story houses

beginning to peer,
focusing on bare branches,
on invisible
crows infrequently cawing—
at sundown other birdsong

TWO

breath
taken
in again

with
some quick
hopefulness
then air
expelled
and briefly held

before
beginning
it all
again

wind
watched
in trees

through windows
high above
kitchen cabinets

now
remembered
light through
other windows

in water
rippling
replacing

the perpetual
with this



THREE

a miracle— Masaccio
alive just long enough
to understand agony—
there was, there was:
Adam, Eve

seen, that pain
in our brothers & sisters
and in the children
truly something beyond despair
where there is no going back

perhaps a greater
loss— a wailing parent's hand
up in the still air—
to lose an only child, grown,
everything now out of order

FOUR

yes, I will wash you
when I come to your fresh corpse—
and after that?

FIVE

cactus on a low ridge
by a sheer, rocky canyon—
choosing a steep pathway

SIX

inside each winter
so many things growing
into the new

