

Felling

outside

working the backyard brush o f small trees
I chip off the old limbs twisted
under and around and t
so much underbrush fighting for sunlight
it's hard to tell which have offered their shoulders as boosters
and which just had life forced upon them
which ones embrace this calamity
and which ones are just trying to get away
my word tell them apart?
how does one

it'll be good firewood I'm thinking miraculously
that's all I'm thinking
not even thinking about the zen of it

inside

fixing a cold cup of water
I remember whole milk and how suddenly good it's become
about the same time yard work did
I reckon
about the same time I felt the urge to say reckon
about the same time I thought back to yonder
wherever that is

here

the answer is you can't get there from
the water is better than any water that's ever existed
and the wife is baking banana bread because she's happy we can reclaim the yard
I don't lie and say I'd rather be writing
because I'd rather not say how much I understand now much too late
about the way love rises in the pan of generations
about how similar eyes once had beheld her or
one like her in another life
eyes like mine on a farm somewhere
and I feel a sneeze welling up
a fast honking chainsaw doozy I know will spread my essence all over the kitchen
in the nick of time
I hang my shirt across the bridge of my nose and blabbersprawl lawdomercy all into it
I pause
because there pungent on my body is a smell i know
or have known since knee-high to grasshoppers
hay and sweat and sun and spring and grease
the rustic skin of my grandfather who fell with the leaves just before
thanksgiving and I think what a sweet
and beautiful reminder...

