

THICKET IV

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The forest is white with the month,
blank as an acre of rain.

The brief tale in which the mind
sews a pasture out of timber,
fescue writhing day on day higher,
the cattle meant for meat released
to fill their bellies with sky and earth.
The mind in the mean time invents
a blade to be swung, a hook to sink.
The fescue rises taller and lower
depending on the year, the cattle
milling in shade or resting under clouds,
the mind killing them now and then
until the day a train flows past.
Saplings uproot the pasture, limbs
growing dense as the decades roll
where cattle and fescue thrived.

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blank as an acre of rain.