

The Pieces

A propeller plane sunders the air
Into discreet instances briefer than seconds
While bronze sunlight stutters across the grass
Where the branches break up its flow.

I listen and listen. I know
You can't come back this way again.
It is as when you were alive, I'm afraid:
I hear but do not understand, am unequipped to hear.

So now the sun is really almost gone
And time falls like the needles from the tree.

They part from each other,
Blow over the yard,
Gather where the ground coughs up the rain.

Natural Laws

We cut the vine off at the ground,
And said *this is liberation*.
Pushed off, clutching
The vine in our hands.

Its dead fingers let go the branches
And we crash landed
On the wet bank thick with ferns.
This was our generation:

The failures from which we learned
Made it easy to stay down and cry.
Made it hard to stand.