

Accidental Pine Warblers in the Superstore Parking Lot

There were two pine warblers
in one of four stunted elms
sequestered in the parking lot
When I returned to refill xanax
I found one dead on the asphalt
but saw nothing of a mate
A deer path runs thru our yard
and five show as I write
as if to speak loud we are kin

Becoming Aware of the Tide

Just today I feel older
Driving to the vet
Driving 17 miles for a hat I left behind
at a monthly meeting
Listening to a folk-rock album
awash in distracted serenity
Ebbing as soon
as it draws attention

The White Horse in Lone Pine

On the return trip to Moon
Pennsylvania where the airport is
we spot a white horse in Lone Pine
gallop from mountain inside
clearing into dense leafless forest
After not seeing each other for 8 years
I want to find meaning
as if absence and presence mirror
types of experience or not knowing
when there will be a next time

The New Navigator

Our moods do not believe in each other.
- Emerson

The car's computer keeps on
switching tracks, insistent
insistent, one moment
I want to learn
the next, relax, sit back
listen to building music.
It never plays
anything heavy or fast
or lets me lend a hand —
not since the speeding incident
two Thanksgivings ago.
If only we had options
to override like the good old days
when everything went wrong all the time
but we knew what it meant
to be made by us.

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Origami Poetry Project™

Becoming aware of the tide

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with a friend.

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Mobius: The Journal of Social Change
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