

**Coyote**  
 I watch him glide  
 down the fence line,  
 early light crisping  
 his silver brown coat,  
 and then another appears,  
 and two more, more  
 cautious, holding close  
 to safety, while the lead  
 coyote comes on across  
 the front yard, on  
 guard, not spotting me  
 through the window,  
 and after the others  
 ease toward the creek  
 he follows, satisfied  
 the coast is clear.

**Grasses**  
 A litany of grasses,  
 a song across  
 rocky meadows:  
 sidecoats grama  
 plains lovegrass  
 blue grama  
 yellow Indiangrass  
 silver bluestem  
 Alamo switchgrass  
 little bluestem  
 Texas grama  
 big bluestem  
 sand dropseed  
 King Ranch bluestem  
 inland sea oats—  
 forage for cattle  
 and hungry minds.

**Rampant Sex**  
 Best to keep an eye  
 on the Ashe Junipers,  
 those randy shagged  
 evergreens, thick  
 in the brushy hillside  
 and along the road,  
 their rusty pollen  
 detonating on time,  
 coating the valleys,  
 hills, neighborhoods,  
 a generous promise  
 to every female tree  
 of blue berries, seeds  
 to feed hungry birds  
 and coyotes, magical  
 stuff of the quotidian.

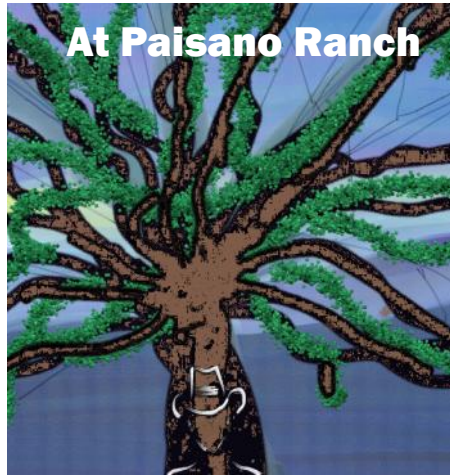
**Grandfather Oak**  
 I'll bet if Buddha  
 had been a Texan  
 he might have picked  
 this live oak, older  
 than the Republic,  
 have sat right under  
 the missing limb,  
 others reaching out  
 toward enlightenment.  
 What he might have  
 known as nirvana  
 through chigger bite  
 itching is a koan  
 ripe for meditation.

**Creek**

From the front porch,  
 Barton Creek's rushing  
 is the constant sound  
 all day long, until  
 the cicadas amp up.  
 Several feet deep  
 these days, flowing  
 on into Austin, it  
 was dry for two years  
 not so very long ago,  
 and then last spring it  
 flooded for six weeks.  
 I listen to its voice now,  
 toned beyond meaning.

**House Bones**

A two-room cabin  
 built in the 1860s,  
 hand-hewn cedar  
 logs and limestone  
 rock mortared into  
 a frontier infancy,  
 now grown along  
 with the rest of  
 Texas, expanded,  
 modernized, and  
 the uncovered bones  
 in the hallway are  
 but hints of what  
 the earth holds dear.



**At Paisano Ranch**

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