Walking in the Woods

Primal

Wind-thruts like waves beating on the leaves, waves rushing over roofs and walls, filling my back yard with desire, a desire to speed away from, toward, across terrain, mountains, wide valleys, to the westernmost cliffs that overlook the ocean.

End Of The Year

December, and I’m out here waiting. The trees left long ago. The sky’s wide open, just a jet trail a west-bound plane left behind. The wind, wind, wind, a west-bound plane left behind.

Sanctuary

Quick! Before time runs out!—though where would time go? You, I, and time are here together inside this room with a window, the music playing, the cuckoo clock mum, my slippered feet on the coffee table, though, last night, those same feet walked in a foreign city searching for you. Here, the familiar drizzle has darkened the sidewalk outside, bringing us closer. The low sky comforts us. The music echoes our sweet sadness.

Shorthand

The fire’s burned out. Clouds have multiplied above my head so that there’s hardly any sky left. A dove’s tiny eye looks over at me from a branch suspiciously. The chimney rotors on the neighbor’s roof twist in the cold wind.

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—Lincoln Nat’l Forest’s Multiuse Cloudcroft