

Winter, Seed-Time, Harvest

“Eternity is in love with the productions of time.”¹

Winter

I

The turn of winter is away.

Life drops, hard
on this mute surface.

The house resists, a closed face.

We creep and camp
inside the stranger.

Eager hearts gape.

Yearning to love
is like love;

also like hunger.

II

Is Earth still
ceding heat to space?

Night is water
falling from white shoulders.

Hot soup, talking all night.

Wind looks like the sound
of bells breaking.

III

Shower of red birds on the stones.

The sun's slow stroke laps up the wall.

This is love, tracing the fault lines
of a house.

Light cracks;
what does dawn break?

¹ Blake, *The Marriage of Heaven and Hell*, ln 106

Spring

I

Green face unfolding.

Birds sing their lovesongs.

Ducks are soft mud:
cling together.

II

Wind plucks the wet sky.

Groundfall pollen
(i-ching of parrots).

Festival of dangerous prediction.

Comets screaming in the trees.

Stars underfoot.

The heavy bees
are hymns.

III

White breaks up
lies under bushes.

Moths are left behind in shoes.

Red fox, wild flower.

Birds start up their howl.

Leaving –
night touch on your shoulder.

Summer

I

Sap heavy, petrified
sound of prehistory:

the thwack
of ball games

persistent bird chicks

blood in your ears

the crows slow laugh,
like wings.

II

Unsteady
claws scrape a tin roof.

Rain runs in tongues
against trees.

Wet birds, sticky with black.

Summer rain is hot as hands.

Full moon –
white mouth at the window.

III

Weeping trees weep angel coats.

Amber harvest of insects.

Smell of pine and mango
and paper hats;

our festivals of fullness
and dying.

Fat moon, eye closing.

Year fall in space
is dried corn
tossed over lovers.