

Four Poems

Verandah Porche

Sudden Eden

For that pinkish haze across the orchard,
ten thousand blossoms on a widow's peak,

we forsook The Revolution
and bought the farm.

He bought the farm means kicked the bucket,
croaks Maynard, our helpful neighbor, who *did*

decades later, never owning
what he woke to milk.

September 15th, the sun, a blanched peach,
our possession. In the kitchen,

I have heard the mermaids singing,
Hale and Elberta, Hallelujah.

The wood stove hums Home Comfort.
Cool, pare, halve, stone.

Leave half-an-inch of head space,
tips the manual.

We slip
our hearts

into wide-mouth
winter.

Law of Falling Bodies

Gravity draws equally on light
and heavy apples.

Syncopating wind: the Baldwins
patter among the Merinos who
nose them, chomp and ruminate.

We mosey through the orchard
sampling the crop. Late fruit
keep its edge as frost

fleeces the pasture. The ewes
are easy. Soon the ram will
coax them, hooves on flanks,

filling their girth with singletons,
twins, triplets to dive down
in a driving blizzard, slide out

or be midwifed, thrive or totter,
huddle by the south wall,
lolling in winter sun.

Eight apples for a pie.
And one for the plump lamb,
a flawless drop.

Sizing up her side
I map our chops.

In Wild Strawberries

June.... the red scent.
two young men I know
hunt

frais du bois
savoring the foreign
frisson.

Heart-seed berry
(the Narragansett
named it)

thriving
in a habitat
for serpents.

Up the acid pasture
they bend crawl sample
share *fragaria*.

One palm paints
the other.
Sun consents.

Desire in a Spring Squall

So (goes the snow)

Let silver

edges

mesh

embed

enfold!

Limbs

double

in bulk.

Lie down

in a

pasture

thicker

than

thieves.

O snow

you make me

want to.