

SPRING POEM IN 3 PARTS BEFORE SPRING

i

In the alley
Next to an abandoned factory,
Broken glass blooms into flowers of water.

In a mining town in North Dakota
The light escapes
A miner's hat, and disappears
Into a wall of stone.

ii

I close my hand on a dime,
And then my eyes upon their dark coins.

My life is idle.
I walk through it, leaving behind
A memory
Which follows at a distance
Expecting to be led to treasure
Or crime.
I don't know which.

iii

In Iowa,
In a cornfield, a discarded switchblade
Flips open.

Somewhere else, a boy stares at
A collection of rocks,
Claims to have a pregnant stone
And keeps it under glass.

I don't know what to expect,
In a room somewhere.
A nurse listens
To the silence of my wrist.

All I hear is her breathing.