

SQUIRRELS

Were I a squirrel, I'd worship trees.
Think how one must feel in the spring
when one's whole home once more happens,
heaves and works under one's pawtips;

when the view from the nest disappears
into leaves, birdsong, sprouts full of good smells,
and fills the heart with sticky promises;
when the wood of one's floor turns to business.

O, one treads lightly on such pregnancies,
twitches one's tail, stiffens, expectant,
sits in fresh grass, conscious of history,
of long-kept secrets that come unshut.

For breakfast one digs up a nut.