

Hunting

I lurk on the floor of silence
to escape the jostling sounds
I want to flower with silence
prefigure birds
with intimations of their forms
as the clear air prefigures
a tall mountain

is it a betrayal of thing love hope
the gates of your house and mine

a good hunter blends subtly with the forest
becomes part of its green thron
grows in it like a beech tree fern guelder-rose
then the big game comes to the green hand
and dies of its greenness

consider silence it is like a forest
break a twig there it explodes like a gun

The Cap

when I first looked that way
my leg was resting by this cap

when I looked at it for the second time
the cap had fallen half-way down my leg

by the third glance it had crossed the river
and was clearly beyond me

at the final glance I could not see it at all
even beyond the mountains and forests