

The Woods, Late April · *Patricia Sheppard*

She wanted to show me the stream
where the land widens and the doe
comes to drink with her fawns.

As we climbed over a tree,
ridged with the flesh of lichen,
we saw the skunk farrowing
in the belly of a deer,
the carcass, a canopy, high-ribbed.

*One thing, all things,
move among and intermingle
without distinction.*

Dutchmen's Britches, Trillium,
Spring Beauties, Bloodroot,
spears of Mayapple, more,
tufts of grass, things unnamed.
In the arrangement of things in time,
all of these
and the wide-eyed doe among them,
appear.