

THE BEAUTY

Your small curved thighs
billow, a sail
of summer days. My hand follows
the delicate swell.

You are an airplane.
You run at the air lifting yourself,
uncertain if you will fly
but sure that you are beautiful.

Yellow cat in the sun.
When you take me in
there is a sigh from your skin
and we rise from the grass together.

THE HIGH PASTURE

I am the hounds,
I am the fox.

I wake reassembling
torn muscle and fur

to run again
over raw fields

to a corner of stone.
I twitch

awake with the crazy
intolerable scent

of me in my nostrils.
Yet I am also the leaf

that breathes slowly in sun
by the wooden bridge

at the end of the pond
in the high pasture.