

T H E B E A U T Y

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.

T H E H I G H P A S T U R E

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.