

for bark chips!
Then we both laughed.

I don't think she ever did
any tree chewing though.
I didn't ask her.

Translated by Howard Norman

POETRY / HALPERIN, BELL

Spring Morels / Mark Halperin

The light stripes, flecked with a red
like the cheekplates, longed to fill
the nearest hole. Tendril
and tongue—what swayed was a stalk
and flowerhead, a snakehead
and flowing, a slip of scales, muscle
laying itself over itself in coils.

I stood in myself and kept quiet.
I inched back, making room
as it wound around a stone,
curves sharper, as it brushed
a stick and seemed to announce: this visit
is over, thinner, half memory, lost
in the distance, when I noticed the first,

the last thing its tail had flicked then
left, a spring morel, one
mushroom in a field of mushrooms.

On the mornings I come
to scatter last year's leaves and pick them
I wonder how I missed them in the past,
knowing, in the night light, they can't last.

The Wild Cherry Tree Out Back /
Marvin Bell

The leaves are kites.
What are their goals?