

THE WAY WE WERE

Birds first,
we all bunched up on a branch,
two or three of us flying
off together, came back
to trees, made mistakes
thinking how to nest.

Dogprints on snow.
Flying round in dark
when we were crazy
we saw large view,
knew Goethe,
“whom a rose ensnared.”

ARCHEOLOGY

I find the old farm,
dig in the ruins, barn,
wagon, smokehouse, caved in
well,
find the rusty three-pronged
pitchfork,
first relic found
that linked Grampa
to the sea.