

## 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.