

Start at the Upper Pond

—after Samuel Green

watch the egret pace the backs of cows
in broad daylight stay

until the dark falls like a moth-eaten curtain
stars poking through from the other side see

the nick in the lower crescent of the moon
no bead of blood on my sleeve can explain

salmon swimming upstream for something
final and primal I haven't told you

about the dead how their stories wander
in spirals grow lighter as they go higher

re-shape the past around fire cast a line
into the waters of your future how things fit

together like some secret guarded
by the crescent waxing gibbous as a great blue

heron swoops low over the creek you see
before the dog can startle a flash

of the crest the broad span of open wings

~Rachel Barton