1981

Under a Rim of Shade

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It is October as I pray,  
the waterfowl are worried  
in their dear pear skin.

This morning I saw one  
floating wrong on the river  
and a strong dog swim.

Now my house-garage  
feels like a model  
of the first ark, God.

Let the animals in.  
Let this be a good roof,  
a mainsail,

match me a soul on this trip  
if You will.  
My woodstove in fall

releases the same warmth  
one occasionally feels  
standing near a horse.

You who see all can see  
the horse my friend carved  
by the door. I sometimes

stand him in the grass,  
buffed and in two places  
cracked, but

his life is not so bad!  
I keep having to go back  
to old lonelineses.

Teach me like the river  
how to glide in limber,  
living in the light there is.