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# A Sort of Hunger

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## A SORT OF HUNGER

After the symphony of mowers and edgers  
they rise and brush the decay  
of thatch—as I would. And the robin,  
the blackbird, the jay descend hurriedly  
onto their lithe and brittle bodies—as I would.

## EULOGIA

Bury the ax; bury the bow saw; bury him  
who would split my son in two, old enemy  
of the wood. Let rust return to earth  
and vein the rose. Let the juniper spread  
red boughs. Let indifference fester, then feed.

*for my father*