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Eulogia

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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