

The Shadow Of Hills

Living things and things
we've built to live in
dance a dance around us
one is older than the hills
the other planned and made
to keep us safe
from whatever's in the hills
and wood and concrete
iron glass
all these things cocoon
us from the world that birthed us
in the end it's age that counts
and earth will take her elements back
year by year
with water, sun and snow
with mice and crickets
hail, thunder, wind
the hills will soften our shell
oh Lord, why do we fret
the world that bore us
gave us breath and food
and life
and all the things
that teach us who we are
We, like ancient Babylon
build idols where we live
bow down to worship our strength
our cunning
all the ways we separate
from earth
from others
from feeling
hearing
seeing
knowing
all the things that speak
of us
that tell us

WHERE THE GROWTH BEGINS

who we are
and what we do
and how we grow
the things that slipped
their fingers under doors
and into window casings
over time to creep
inside our houses
stains on ceilings
dirt on floors
holes in windows
mice and squirrels and snakes
and finally
moss and mildew
painting colorful clouds
on every wall
I've seen these houses
these barns
they speak of ghosts
they speak of plans
and sudden leaving
and they speak of nature's way
of taking back
she will bring us down someday
to enter back into her womb
our crumbling walls
ideas
feats of prowess
pride and prejudice
all flaking to dust
to dust
ashes to ashes
finally home