

Territorial

A.

Erecting a fence on the boundaries
Of his lot, shovelling postholes,
Inserting logs, anchoring with concrete,
He feels his neighbors' paranoia
Plowing his face, cultivating his skin,
Threshing his expressions for some clue
To his barricading in or locking out.

B.

A nuthatch is sneaking, headfirst, down
A butternut in the back field, quietly saying
—ank ank ank-ank ank ank — white breast
Soft along the browngrey grooves of the trunk,
Pecking at the treasure of bugs in the bark,
Observing scattered, sticky nuts in the grass,
Confident they are planets possessing space.

Pyramid

We are swimming.
Pubescent children romp
Amicably on a sandy beach,
Building a human "pyramid."
Four large boys, all-foured,
Support three girls who
Tense to carry a little
Boy and a little girl
And one infant, sex un-
Determined, the tenth acrobat,
Placed by a parent on
Top. It cries. Reflection
From a sun-blazed lake
Makes pain in its eyes.
It is replaced by an obese
Boy whose bulk brings
The pyramid down. All
Children and adults disperse.
Reflected sunlight still
Focusses glare on the void
Where the baby cried.
We are still swimming.

— Brett Duffany

You move your body putting the part most in need of warmth closest to the source in the way a small fire will radiate selective warmth. You gain new energy where the immediate need is greatest. Energy is given there not because the fire has any ability to select- It is FIRE - Fire dances as it changes and that is enough. The privileged area is connected in a direct line because of a bodily desire for evenness. This fairness is determined by the design balance of the organism with normal being the most used and therefore the most useful. The night engulfs the tiny fire with aching want. It cannot move closer since it is its very presence that allows the fire its dance. A cold hearted thief it steals with many-handed greed. It too desires balance, a balance of perfect unbounded sleep without the disturbances of fires or organisms. Indeed it lacks the ability to differentiate. Knows only it's own eternal want. A man is night to the fire and fire to the night.

—Alan Casline

It is the wonder of a child that cups its hands over a firefly just to see

She flew on the wings of power
describing ellipses as she floated on her
back, I had the feeling I was not her,
although she had my hair.

Last night before I slept I kept thinking
of all the names of wildflowers toadflax, rue,
lobelia, fleabane, dogbane, twayblade . . .
the mind refuses to release itself, falls
back to buoy itself with trivia. I
was expounding with uncontainable joy,
I was seized by it, ravished by it. My
mind was torn loose, my senses abducted
and whatever was left, whatever seed
was spewn through my body, domineered
any sense of fear or caution. Creation!

On the path up to the garden I
was dispatched by a catcall and met
up with a vanguard of 50 or more
fireflies which rose up from the
murk to illumine my path like sparks
from a campfire. Felt as though the world
had inverted & I walked amid stars
to a lunar crater. The plants
nest in the straw moonling birds
mysterious habitat



The word garden is like
the word home, the latter being
more than a house. It takes on
the quality of repose, busy routine
cataclysmic change.

the moon is terribly domineering because
it appeals to an outstanding visual sense.
Most people know the moon by sight but
not by feel. The wind is something else,
not so self-conscious. Most people can
tell you the phase of the moon but
if you asked them the direction of
the wind they'd have to strain to
remember, put their total memory to
work, They couldn't recall unless they
remembered the sight of the trees
that rattled & hissed windsongs caused
them to look up.

The beans are in repose like sleeping doves,
with their wings folded downwards.

— Mary Scudlarr