

## 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