

Pecan Grove

1.

After two days, the snow is melting.
And the sound of the creek
is of a river at peace with itself.
One can hardly see the rusted
shopping cart in the middle.
A single bird cheeps as if
unconcerned that he's alone.

The sun will be down before
I make it back home,
and the temperature dropped
before I realized it. Almost all
Christmas has been put away,

And I can't stop thinking
that I can't stop thinking.

Soon home and a hot dinner.
And the moon will not hurt
anyone, or even me.

2.

A sign. Or rather how a sign
found its way in the creek
won't need to be determined,
or remarkable or deciphered.

Still, I'm drawn to a crush
of leaves and trample the bank,
listen to the water
on its inexorable path to wherever,
though it matters too little
to a dunce like me.

Great green ducks
faster than the current,
are in no hurry. The sign, once,
indicating a direction, is now
passed by beasts and poor irrigation.

I would love to stay and meditate.
I've got somewhere to be, though.

And unexpectedly don't care about signs.

3.

Awkward, upside down elbows
of branches so high they threaten
to plummet, handless, onto the world
that tripped them. A heron glides above
the creek, above the three teenagers
who have parked their bikes
into the shale and slate
that will be covered by the next flood.

Everyone is going somewhere,
even if nowhere, and I didn't want to go anywhere,
but I had to move. Lazy Saturday traffic
rolls down the street
and doesn't trouble, if it even notices.
It is a gray today, creeping into black-yellow,
like a surprising wound,
like the cold I should have expected.

4.

Water flows into the gutter
like a snowfall I'm trying to remember.
These, in turn, make their way to the creek,
as drenched leaves and dirt
cover the sidewalk. But it didn't snow.
Just rain, always rain.

Birds make their calls unencumbered.
by squirrels who are back about their business.
A small lake has formed around two trees.
gravity and human ingenuity not reached.

The sun shines so brightly, so strongly,
it's as if winter never reached here,
but called from far away, found
no one home, or at least nobody answering.
Just a memory of having rung.

Walking over the creek, the path beneath
echoes of water that can't be seen
coming from straight down -- impossible --
a sound advancing like an army.

And me, with no weapon,
not looking for an enemy.