

john martone

Bufo americanus

dogwood & honeysuckle
2007

sc & cc

one for whom there is neither this shore nor the other
shore, nor yet both...

—*dhm* 385

Bufo americanus

just one pine touches the moon

soon you'll be walking thru pine needles

daybreak's a spider silk

this strange
ani
mal's

breath—
belly's

rise
& fall

sixty
years

pond edge
many ferns
mother near

ant
climbing

pine-bark
gorge

goes
over
my head

thankful
climbing
thru darkness

lotus-shape

summit

sassafras

holds out hands –

don't dig

white
mycelium
thumbprint

asparagus fern
wheeling up in woods

yr ten thousand
spokes all align

asparagus fern
you've yr own

four petal
hard-to-

see
stars

white worms
under
dead tree

now one's
on me

forest skull's
sockets hold
my eyes

walked
into

forest's
sun-
column

& looked
up

lantern tree
yr lanterns
hold seeds

eggshell—
a thimble

song

(carry
songbird's

shell
home
in

open
hand)

daddy
long-legs

those
moth wings
still

beat
beneath
you

dragonfly

sunfish

pond surface

hovering

hearing rain
on oak-tops
3 minutes before—

really
pouring
now

outside
this
hollow

sycamore
more

soaked-thru
clothes come off
really free

thunder fading
streams are
running

squat down — yes
you're a month old
toad

month-old toad
already
hilltop

month-old
toad's got
no warts