

john martone

clothespins

dogwood & honeysuckle  
2006

r & e  
cc

& for  
jeremy

*garland-maker*  
dhm 45

clothespins



square  
stem

says  
*mint*

mulberries  
keep close to  
their branches

word spreads

10 lbs

birdseed

downhill  
to

spring  
peepers

lost in  
one of

column  
bine's 5

spur  
nectar  
ies

morning  
moon

laundry  
strung

seedling  
sun  
flowers

ankle  
high

sal  
sify  
stem

or  
woman's  
spine

wild salsify bloomed before my garden's

sister  
points out  
nest

brother  
says

they're  
sparrows

one dozen  
full moons my  
sliced parsnips

full moon  
in white cloud  
parsnip core

cropduster noise  
north of  
sparrow nest

crouching  
under

white  
laundry

while  
weeding

johnny-  
jump-ups

right up  
to curb

hermit's happy to say hi

even in  
his best clothes  
pulling weeds

butterfly bush has big buttons

these stepping stones  
my stride  
years back

what roly-polies  
under each  
stepping stone!

stepping stone  
doesn't look  
like buddha

one child  
carefully  
stepping stones

planting lamb's toe  
between 2  
stepping stones

stepping stones  
to my torn  
screen door

kitchen  
pot

carry  
her

bath  
water  
to

flower  
bed

my nean  
derthal

body  
&  
brow-ridge

& my  
basil  
plants

neanderthal  
in cardigan  
'mid peonies

not having spoken  
unlatching  
garden gate

no such  
gate latch  
elsewhere

gate-latch  
a work  
of art

gate-latch  
hooks my  
fingers

gate-latch but  
no metal  
in garden

brother  
sliding-

turtle's  
basking

garden needs to  
fill out  
for toad to come

crab  
apple's

where  
warbler  
nests

&  
catbirds

in  
chimney

sun  
flower  
seed

at  
compass  
points

a-  
round  
house

knowing the stone  
buddha won't eat  
sunflower seeds

kitchen  
window

will fill  
our plates

dish rack  
not even  
a water glass

those 2  
gold  
finches

at my  
feeder

today  
they're  
purple

each  
yellow

cinque  
foil

petal's  
notched

over my head now  
pine's got  
first cones ever

rather call these  
volunteer tomato plants  
orphans

hang a white sheet  
to shade this  
figus

rising  
from bed

to turn  
compost

compost pile's  
warmer  
than me

cultivating pines  
forgot about you  
roses

bury  
this

unearthed  
grub  
again

too deep  
for  
robins

picking strawberries  
no more violets

daybreak dream  
robin's  
wattle nest

wood clothespins  
all the way back  
to mother's hands

wood clothespins  
from the age  
of cursive

afterwards  
folding laundry  
in a garden

my  
folding  
cot

my  
narrow  
room

this  
summer

a cot  
no wider  
than my shoulders

at home  
on  
a cot

folding cot's  
lower than  
my chair

on a folding cot  
closer  
to buddha

sparrows nest  
not far  
from cot

folding  
my cot

among  
these birds

that sparrow sees me

a mango  
& water  
this morning

2 hands  
to rinse  
my face

standing empty-handed  
between trellis  
& pines

they've stripped  
the roof

down to  
rafters

& gone