

john martone

weeping pine

dogwood & honeysuckle
2007

blessed is the enunciation...
dhm 194

cc le

fs rl

weeping pine

eggplant
seed

my palm
my

finger
tip

this
maple
seed

cl'd be
my

lega
cy

how much these soybean cotyledons swell

a secret
sprouting
in terra cotta

yes sun
flower

coty
ledons!

unearthed
earthworm's
heart glows

earthworm heart
my votive lamp

plant
a half

flat
of white

phlox
in rain

digging
down

digging
up
bindweed

rain
all this
while

pouring
a pail

of rain
water

on just-
planted

bell
peppers

gold now
jack
in his

pulpit's
done
preaching

sallow
now

jack
in a

pulpit's
got

his
private
autumn

stream side
nettles
to sting
myself!

that
redbird's
got

my
boyhood

morse
code key

nettle sting
birdsong
beak

garden toad—
50 *years*—you
haven't grown!

nearly
took home
toad

thought
better
built

3-inch
hut

left
you
free

listen
ing

to
forest
birds

now here's
a child

yes
a stream
bed

stone blade
to dig
up

wild
flowers

one bird song
takes me back
30 years

ong
ne back
ears

broke that
nowhere

climbing
stem

& set
you down

brother
snail

deeper
some forest bird
laughing

a
little
work

& this
brush

pile's
a hut

no mind
pine keeps
growing

no mind
everywhere
pine needles

pine
need
les

know
which
way

many secrets
under this pine

modest
house

mari
golds

neighbor
roughs-in
window
facing
pine

mustard
seeds
cd sprout

in his
palm's
creases

2 long rows
east to west
turnip greens

digging
wonder
grub's thought

so many segments—
grub
curls up

when
walking's

like
floating

yr
garden

soil's
ready

all night rain
morning backache
garden's in

< *yorishiro* >

4 straight
white pines

& one
'weeping'