

David Gross

BECAUSE IT IS

2005
tel-let
online

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS:

*Acorn, Cotyledon, Hummingbird, Longhouse, red lights &
Springhouse*

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“The rose is without a why, it is because it is.”

Johannes Schaffler

MANKIND

we are
the stuff
of
bird-nests

“the universe is made of music”
children’s laughter cries of seagulls
a young mother
whispering to her child

curlew shrike at dusk
sounds in a dark barn
a screech owl’s staccato
across the moonlit landscape

biter wind
a tuft
of deer hair

snagged
in barbed wire

TESTAMENT

always the struggle with desire
the need for relevant art

never enough light
to finish what needs to be

to pare the line
so it cuts to the bone
unaffected unassuming

-- for Cid

WINTER MUSIC

walls of the cold farmhouse
wail their homage to wind

snow stacks its bones
beneath the sheen of a sickle moon

across drifting fields
a great horned owl laments
within the ribs of a crying pine

the prairie plays the hard winter blues

in bitter
blowing snow
the runt hereford
nurses

warm streams
of sweet milk

after a long
frigid night
wind finally lies

small dark eyes
fragile wings open
in cold-blooded flight
they flit filling bare branches

voices raised
in praise of sun sun
life-sustaining sun

wind cleans
landscape
 of winter's wrack
uncovers
small green things
that sunlight
clings to

sometimes
you have
to study
the shell

before you
can crack
the nut

alone
a full moon
sets fire
to the old cabin's
tin roof

AT THE FEEDSTORE

a place
a farmer's face
has meaning

sleepless
only a thought
on a scrap
of paper
fading moonlight

below
the tattered
spider's web

a perfect
new one

bees dance
elaborate rituals
 hovering shadow plays
 ancient passages
 in endless circles
 to valleys fragrant
with blackberry blooms

blue heron
motionless
in misty
shallows
still waiting
for Issa

TRACKING

hills Shawnee slept on
now aglow with butterweed

meandering stream
muddy way of whitetail coyote
signatures of a thousand birds

sunset mends itself
stars focus
 one by one
whipporwills pick up
their endless litany

barren
wind stirs
dust devils

scent of
distant rain

shadow tag

in a field of stubble

r w
c o s

end of summer
foxtail grown tall
through bicycle spokes

WHY WE STAY

wind through pine
an old front porch adrift
in the Milky Way

grain in split oak
babble of birds
a young girl singing
in a small weedy garden

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