

Landscape As Still Life

Grey, grey, russet,
the wizened hands of fern,
amongst which here
and there, the green
spathes of iris,
like toppled yarrow sticks.
Grey stones, dry, bleached, cat-tail coloured
sand, clay-water, sky.
Crows float on the charcoal
of their voices, the pain
of burning still in them.
In the distance, black and white
goldeneye doze on the lake, each
a folded burst of yin/yang.
The light seems to have seeped
from the ground. Roots
once sunken, now revealed
by the stilled and fallen lake, are
polished, naked,
as if the life that had lived them, had loved them,
meant them to shine most splendidly
afterward, after it had left them.

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