

Storm

Off the path, I crouch under the pine,
Pressed back, spine
Fused into bark. I make
Promises with each ring of its years:
One hundred weddings.

All these tree-mirrored roots
Cankered in granular darkness,
Echoed by dense clouds
Steeping the air.

The grass is fur beneath my fingers stroked, plaited, fastened with a yellow
Dandelion
That pushes into a globe of feathers.

The cries of a swallow—darting for cover—
Citrus-pinch the back sides of my tongue,
Sharp tang to the backing of gush hush river flow,
My blood runs to join the bubble of the hush gush,
I sigh and sag, back-splint up-thrust wood
Then through the arch of my neck, warm honey sap
Flows in a viscous baritone, and my whole-body aches joyous.

With the trees stream-nudging through me,
I see all the green move in pace of seasons.
Beyond the river are layers of hills pressed flat on the horizon
Then closer, they belly-bloat, bulge forward under the damp dark.

The clouds release - heavy wet falling.
Mud grows soft clay between my toes,
The path now punctuated with small ponds,
Raindrops, making the ground thundering porous, fling
Water to leaves hit wet-shivering.
I stand, arms branch-stretched with thud drum glistening skin.