

Fayette Co.

And now, from
behind trees, a deer
enters the grove

—and the grove
holds it.

Where are we?

Behind us, a farm
morning; yes, its gild,
yes, of grass slow-
bending and low sun.

Nostalgia, as wind
might, from far off,
bristles and chills,

gospels the arm hairs:

a private beauty,
and quiet.

Breakable, as the heart
was, once.

When it still mattered

—standing, shoulder
to shoulder, in a field.
When it was its own
revelation.

You know, you say, hand
pistoled, zeroing in

on the doe, *talking*
ain't necessarily

loving

~flick

~bang

and loving ain't necess...

but I am already gone,

struck and, for a moment,

still standing

—feathergrass in wind,

slanted light through clouds

of midges and gnats—

watching the doe watching

us: two stillnesses, tall,

taller than the grass. Nothing,

though, against

the curtain of pines.

