

...july 15, 2009 ...

*i sit beside a lily pond and watch
goldfinch families eating thistle seeds
checking out the feeders and the pond
then darting into rhododendron leaves –*

*when i move – so slowly – like a breath
that grasses make inside a quiet breeze
they scarcely know i'm there – but when i move
like some uprooted tree – they disappear
more quickly than my eyes can follow them
and i am left in quietness – watching
empty birdfeeders – while silent goldfish
dart beneath umbrella lily-pads.*

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