

Dream Scraps

The east wall of the cottage is gone,
revealing a field of grass and day.
I inspect the edges
of the rectangular cutout, think
Termites have done this.

The critics comment on the following:

... the closeness of the subjects to the picture plane ...
and
... little or no foreground space ...

My son pedals his tricycle
into the long grass, three years old again—

Yapping geese pass over. Behind them
a sycamore leaf drifts northward
before dropping on my roof.

I walk out, pass the plum tree, think,
It needs water!

In the leafless persimmon tree,
fifty, maybe sixty squirrels writhe,
devour the fruit in the instant of ripeness.

I have dreams I believe in
and lesser dreams I don't.

We lie together in a tight box,
with no outlet.
Outside, they hunt for us.

There is no regretting

... the closeness of the subjects to the picture plane ...
and
... little or no foreground space ...