

increasingly the long eyes of winter hover over what remains
waiting for the next weakness....

field birds soaked in degrees of shadow
and black stubble

in the cold cracking solitude are disturbed.

i am transfixed by the twisted scarecrow missing one eye
in the barest arrangement that morning startles
and then i notice the three legged dog leaving an erratic yellow stain
on the stick legs and straw....

beginning his stumbling return to the house
he is slipping and falling
here and there on the path back...

and i think i see him with a smile.

equilibrium is a struggle.

wf.h.

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