

Energetic!

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How poetic,
the eerie noise of wind on bark,
like the whistle

of kettles. The bite
of frost on grass
that chills and kills the snapdragons.
O mornings of May

that take down red leaves,
like my pants
off the clothesline
all damp.

The sound
of a harsh bark
from a Bichon Frise
goes pop! like fizz.

A celebration this is,
to watch the fog fill
the fields like clouds
in the sky.