

All Gifts

All gifts are temporary
The sun, the moon, the stars
Stripes on the backs of chipmunks
Beaver tracks in the mud. This morning
It was a troop of robins
Busking for worms
Their bouncing advancements timed
To a foghorn of cows. Meanwhile
The rising sun
Didn't believe in a thing
Not me, not you
And the oceans rolled on. True
I may not believe in your god
Or you in mine,
But surely we can agree faith
Lies in the spots of fawns
The results of bees. Surely
Love and hunger
Amount to the same thing. Time
And time again
I watched the robins
Stab their beaks to the ground
Lean back on their heels, pull. ▲