

NATURAL LAW

On a blue-green lake in the first acute angles of spring
we set our nets, illegal as incest,
take quite more than our share--
a lesson to others
on evolution.

When the summer green acres are ripe, we lite our fires
at one-mile intervals across the scorched
dry forest-jack pines
will later germinate
in the ashes.

Then in autumn's arrogant display at death we hunt
the deer together, never touching
the lovely corpses--
rotting enriches
the soil.

When winter comes we are at rest
And love all night in the white waste of each other.

— *Ken Stange*