

DOROTHY NIELSEN

SEPTEMBER 23RD

For once, the V of geese seems headed
in the right direction for fall
as if the currents have aligned
with my expectations at last.

A rabbit lets me watch
its wildflower dinner
from less than a stone's toss away.

A bird on a neighbour's fence
makes improbably-Disney lilting sounds.

And what if nature designed me, too,
just to sit and make
unexpectedly simple songs as I follow
the currents in the wrong or right directions,
then in the fall of dark
sit at a meal long enough
to let people get closer
than I ever thought
possible?