

Un-Willing

The damp soil breeds spores
of growth. White boletus reaps
from rot a pure and predictable shape.

The loud lapping waves throw on the shores
intricate mollusks that seep
through tidal sands to escape.
They are meticulously fragile and final when found.

Drifting to down falling floors
of deciduous forests, month eaten leaves sweep
blotches of fire coloured light on the landscape.

If I do not listen, there will still be sound.
Without my watching, the heavy stars shift round
and round and round.

— *Jayne Berland*