

Silences

Is it grass
or sunlight?
the cautious heron.

Spit or
dew drop? it fades
in the sunlight

The spider
withdraws from
a wet stone.

The rustle
of poplars; white arms
reaching from the water.

Blackberries:
along a path
in the new wood.

A loon's cry
lingering:
summer evening.

—*Allan Brown*