

UPLAND LOVE

In these tall it's heyday ardor;
all rough, in the sage,
where quail are scratching day-beds
and manzanita plumly welcome lark.

Re-generation be the switch in this garden.
What creature
of earth-stuff poet the raveling?
Old, fallen, batten as lay,
oak of kindness is no scrub and
all the sliding silica does not a rock misjudge.
Lost of purpose
these ken gird;
seed-bounty pinõn op's stores,
elfin saplings endure and
pageant death promises detail on folded arms.

But millet concerns like:
will these not of their making
and they themselves keep?
Or how an, "...in all of history!" can be
judged by the reference-less
will sink with the top layer
in a few hundred years.
One bolder'd say, Do what intrinsic scolds,
go where remiss
visit and this heaven love.

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