

In The Yard

Bowerbirds

Last night I dreamed we'd found a stand of trees
Framing a pond and a field in between.
And with a hammer and a blade and our four hands,
Here's what we made.

The logs we peeled and stacked in a ring,
And then we crowned it, our tiny house, with tin.
And by the fire, flickering bronze and gold across your face,
I heard you say:

It may not be a grand parade of snow capped peaks,
No river silver-backed crashing through,
But we have our black-haired babes running free
Through the woods.

Squirrels in the rafters, wrens in the eaves,
Red dirt neath our nails, orange stains on our knees,
Blackberries in June down the path without our shoes.

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But we have our black-haired babes running free
Through the woods.