

## Season Poem

### Gregory and the Hawk

One by one the days fall beside us  
Like yellow leaves  
We have no conscience  
Oh, what we're becoming...  
Month by month the rings on our tree trunks  
Like old wise eyes  
Grow wider  
And winter lends them a dead disguise

Now time, like an ocean, knows tide, like a notion  
To toss about the house and lose inside the couch  
Piles of our thoughts run miles in the dark  
Just trying to get home

Age by age  
We rime with our seasons' rehearsed routines  
Still turning and returning

Now I'm wide as the ocean  
Now I bleed roses  
You are just a mark on the map of my past  
I am a road  
I wind along alone  
All day until the coast