The Faucet (1)

when the lake dried up we prayed for winter we prayed for winter but it did not come it did not come ... spring runoff . . . the trees cracked the sap stuck/ the tap bone dry



Row Row your boat (2)

Gently . . .

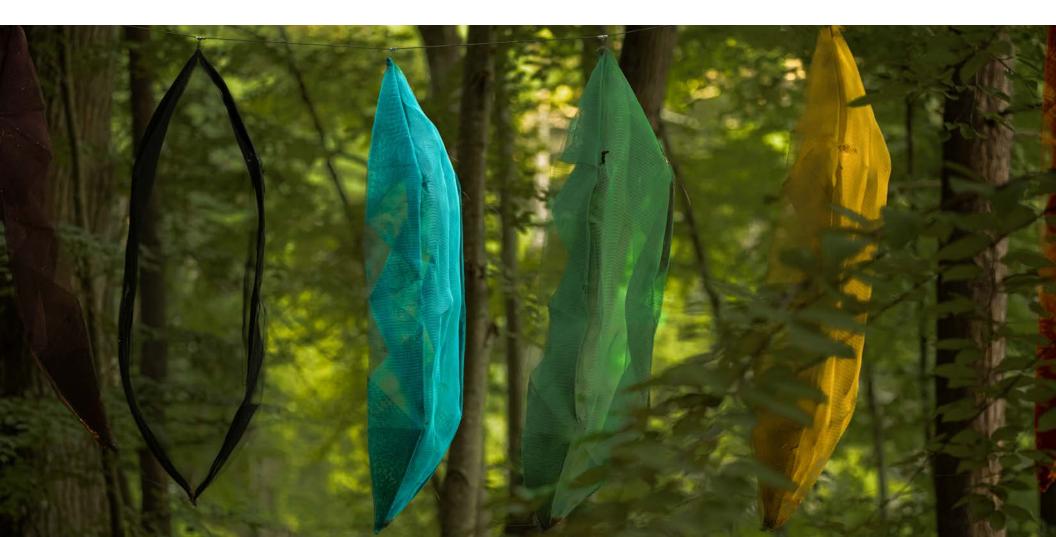
Sound wisdom

A round wisdom

A child receives

Like baptism

From her mother



Quack/Honk (3)

Now Hear This! We share
The elemental: a need
For safety For the world
Around us
Not to crack up
For language not to shatter
Transparency:
34ths of the earth's surface
Is water Let us
Swim Let us swim
Together in common purpose
If not mutual admiration

Last one in's A rotten egg!





Return in the Rain (4, 6, 14)

When you return it will be for love For all I gave up:

My standing in the world My great and grave beauty

My color wheel: imagine

—The very air you breathe

As a tree I lived For rain: its slap-happy ways

How it ran rings around me! And in your leisure I might find rest too:

A hewn bench A few chairs

—The real work of my life: long past

Hold fast to scaffolding—nothing lasts
When I return it will be to earth To rain

Rain & Fire (5)

My mother used to say Wouldn't it be nice If it only rained at night?

And I would picture a cumulonimbus Circumnavigating the earth

The world asleep Perfect picnics

Raindrops fall now: few and far between Or deluge Can you smell it

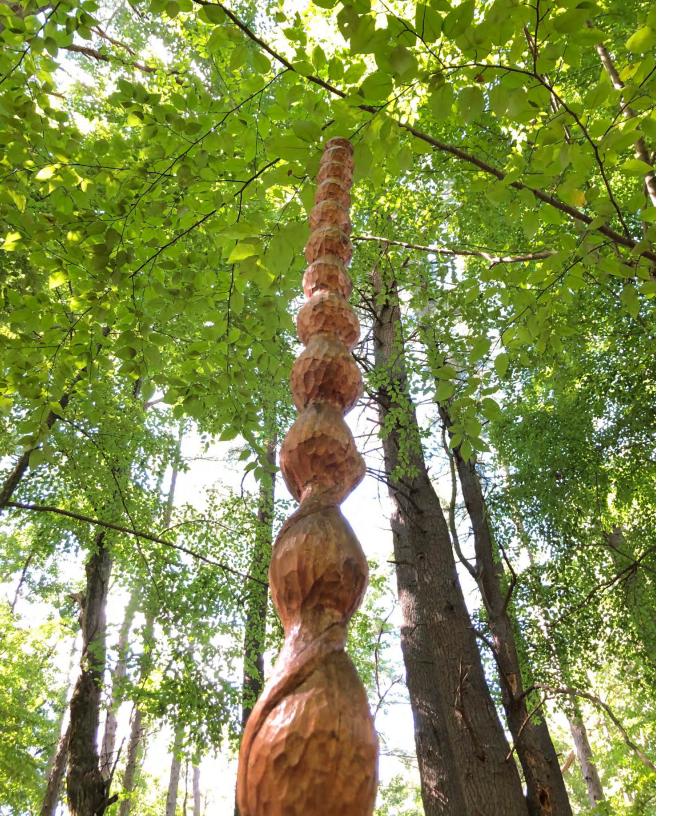
—The dryness Pine needles Leaf debris?

Were you a Scout Did you sleep in a lean-two Eat s'mores?

Sticks and friction A tinder pile We were Beginners then

—Baptism by fire
Embers held in our hands





Seminal Pole (7)

picture it: the first flower

the first flower ever to appear

on earth the first root the first

stem the first leaf

every living thing on earth

had a first the word seminal

has its root in the word seed

no seed no flower

no bee no bird

Swan Lake (8)

A swan with no lake is a

Blue ballet

Can it still

Drown and redeem the

Element of

Freshness?

Give me water: the

Hour of

Its destiny or

Just

Kiss the future goodbye

Led by temptation

(Mire of muckraking)

No sorcery can save it

Opt for clear eyes and

Please

Quiet the arguments

Reach for reason

Sing seasons

To wake us and

Unite the divide

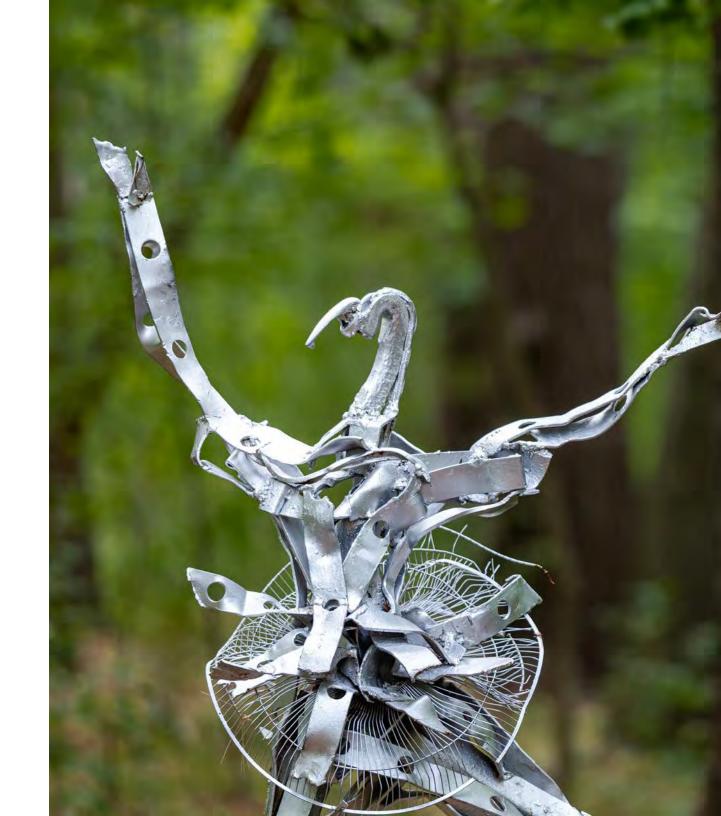
Vaunt the pristine

Waiting means peril

X marks the spot

Yikes! Do not dream a dream of

ZZZZZ





Double Helix (9)

—Spiral

Gyre—

—Twist

That last word makes me want to *shout!* (Being of a certain generation)

And it's a good thing
In view of climate change and rising tides

Voices should be heard

If we want to change the way the earth is handled/mishandled

Double helix makes me think baby—the line through And so I listen too to voices

From the past—Yeats for instance who knew something Of what was coming And the Beatles too

Who knew about time and crime And the need to work things out

Fading Fast (10)

What if it were me And one of my loved ones

—My wife my mother my child my friend

My husband my brother my sister my cousin

My father my uncle my Grandma or Grandpa

A neighbor the grocer a lover an aunt

Losing ground And lost to me Can I pretend

For even a moment

It's not polar bears floating farther and farther apart on shrinking Arctic ice floes

But me And my loved one

Would it feel big-league to me then—you know—Yuge—Bigly

Enough for me to take seriously To change my thinking?

Turning to an old dictionary its Bible paper not faded
I find an archaic meaning of the word bigly—comfortably habitable
—The irony more than I can bear





Civilization: Climate Refugees, 2019 (11)

Too hot for crops Too wet
The threat of wildfires Tidal waves
Collapsing ice shelves Surging king tides
Deforestation Erosion
Desalination Landslides
Drowned islands Bleached coral reefs

Scituate, Massachusetts Fort Lauderdale Places we may or may not know:
Ground zeroes both according to FEMA
Oceanfront property owners
Know they need to move But they suffer
From denial That is
We do

-My husband And me

Brought to Our Knees: A Shrine to Evaporating Dreams (12)

Let me make of water a gothic story

Let me make of water something stained Something reliquary:

The bloated stuck in the weeds

Micro beads Microplastics Plastic trash

Aggregating (like coarse grains do

Into the granite used for headstones)

Into a mass the size of Rhode Island

In the Pacific Ocean

Let me make of water a tedium:

REPEAT: We are mostly H2O!

Dear water: I lose my voice to the ghosts Of politicians (Podiums will not float us)

Pardon me but I feel this loss has a text A subtext A texture

It's American And gothic And watery





Mare, Terra, Vento (13)

In the place where we meet
I am sinking with grief My face
Salt-stained Wild-eyed

And you my brothers come to cheer me: The chords you play an elemental mix Of favorites: Como Bennet Sinatra

And then your faces start to fade and you retreat . . . or so I think

Ti amo Ti amo!
—You trace my being

Migration (15)

if only they could move faster: the Birches the Evergreens the Maples the Ashes the Oaks the Firs

if only they could pack the essentials: heft heartwood a great purpose

traveling quickly westward toward wetter climes northward toward cooler swift as ghosts

as Mercury

on the wing



Confluence (16)

Come together beyond the many obstacles Come together—an undeniable force

Wend through valleys astride mountains aside a ridge a range The mineral history of one meeting the mineral history of another

Culminating in a Y

—The cutting the biting the falls the great heights:

How ends become beginnings
The aerial view—beautiful

A blue meeting a brown a brown meeting a green a green a white a yellow a gray Though distinctions may remain for a length in the main

As if even rivers can be Unsure of a common cause

Then rush gives way

To one strength one strain one purpose one nature a linking a baptism one name

