

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 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:
 $\frac{3}{4}$ ths 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

