

I THINK OF CLIFF

I think of Cliff when lightning splits
A pine astride this ridge then hits
The thicket wall still rolling fire.
Brush flares, hisses rain, puffs a spire
Of smoke, a claim. It rarely quits
With that, but smolders in the pits
Of limbs and sticks till all my wits
Are stoked, that after I retire

I think of Cliff.

One or more times each year this blitz
Re-scars my woods. I search for bits
Of green around charred wounds, then liar-
Like, hail life as something to desire.
All winter when all likeness fits,

I think of Cliff.