

We touch the wood
the twisted straps the sky

ripening coral to purple to gray
until all is lowered

To Moclips with No Ash to Scatter

Fir trees that live along the coast
grow limbs wide for balance

keep needles on the leeward side
And those that die this fir

half-submerged in the sand

patterned with growth lines
and razor clam whorls that imitate

the breaking of water over rocks

Roots fat and slick
as harbor seals

and the wounds of broken branches
worn smooth as limpets

Four and Twenty

he should be bone
six years gone

but in *this land*
 is your land

formaldehyde
and the neighbor's

fruit trees in place
of shoveling



windfall pears
to a vessel of crows

rowing
yes incautiously upwind

