

Gregory And The Hawk, Season Poem

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