The View from Owl’s Head

Silently light laughs in the walnut trees
the shrivelled nuts
clacking in their shells
aqua sky
the mask’s empty eyeholes
a hillside bricked with maples
a cloud caught like a shirt
on the one low mountain
and the mountain
balled-up with roads
tunneling under the champagne birch leaves
barbed chestnuts
undersea helmets
out of some fantasy
split to release their mahogany heads
with the eyes of children squirrels wait
in the wily bodies of old acrobats
to grab the polished food
from the grass
the ground springs to my step
a cool wind clings
to my fingers wrapped around some random
  lukewarm stone
a ball of snakes saving warmth in winter
it is autumn
and my body is the harvest
laughing teeth flash in the walnut leaves
night
the joker in black tights
steps in

Roo Borson