

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