Mated

sharing textures rugs and walls
plants greening rooms in
light shadows and eiderdowns
plans chairs and stains the time
of day a guest the rain
a joke a cold or ache
week's start and end

minds wander amid common
things take roads
mysterious unseen return and
try to hide or say and
sometimes say the same
and separate

each laughs at his own
book and tickle but they
make a house a mood a we
join fates swat insects and grow
fat and flowers aging more slowly
for the other's aging

learn compromise against the
dream and are
more in more out of
shared walls and replies
in their mute solitudes
and hidden union
The Wood

paradise, you’d say sky
shining in gold-silver boughs
rich moss rust floors of
needles trees lithe, reaching

yet i carry too much stuff
and strain for paradise, besides
i see the fallen, rotten leaves
in mud wood’s underside of
gritty bush and slime

my sky wide knowing drawn
by vital pull mud rock
thick crusts of bark
i see the woods

project my layered bands
wolf-serpent eye and
blood the flight and
gravity of birds who
gasp gawk cry and soar