

Forgotten

As long as songbirds call back and forth
across the morning stillness, as if the sun
came pouring from their trembling throats
in streams of spoken light, the day will come.
And we will enter, although our hearts lie
tangled deep in beds of grief. All night,
horned owls haunted the empty edge of sky—
until their endless echo marked our lives.

Between the tallest reach of pine and cloud,
swallows glide in overlapping circles,
the way a mind revolves around a wound
too deep to heal. Rising from this sleepless swirl,
we walk onto the dampened earth, to bury
memories of things no bird can see.

A Place For You

Take time to hover at the still
mouth of this ancient harbor
then rise into the air, which holds

a place for you. Let the wind
off the sea lift you up and hold
you above the daily cacophony,

before your hours fill
with unintentional clutter,
the way small clouds seem

to occupy the sky on days
you are not paying attention.
Do not ignore the ordinary -

each drop of gray drizzle,
every stone and snapped twig,
all the creatures, thriving here.

Because there are questions
with no answers and many days
you will wish to forget,

savor each hour of sunlight
when it permeates the sky,
streaming through you

like music. Listen to the glittering
wings beating within
the engine of your heart.

Police Say Roving Cows Drank Backyard Brews

A roving group of cows crashed a small backyard gathering in a Massachusetts town where they bullied the guests for beer. Boxford Police Lieutenant James Riter says he spotted them in a front yard while responding to a call for loose cows on Sunday. The herd high-tailed it for the backyard and then he heard screaming. When he ran back there the cows had chased off the young adults and were drinking their beer after knocking the cans over on the table and lapping up what they spilled. He says they even started rooting around the pile of empties in the recycling bins for a few extra drops.