

ON THE ROAD TO BIG TREES

Fields of Black Angus graze, drifting with oak shadow
backbone high, skeleton arched, head down,
feeding on brown, brittle grass.
Utters hang full, ripe—like summer fruit ready to drop.
Earth, cow, man—we are all fed by pregnant possibility
inhaling and exhaling our options each season
shifting and being shaped anew.
Look there, see the Redwood—gripping toe into ground.
Dinosaur toe curls Babinski back.
The portal of the past is a most primitive reflex.
Bone thin hand, cancer's cousin,
my mother's memory reaches from the grave.
Who can hold us, frail tendril in the last age of life?
We amble slowly like a cow to slaughter.
Forest curtain is drawn each eve to silence, to sleep.
Look there, lit by the sun—a silk web
5 sided star—a crystal ornament suspended.
We are slender bobbles, creations
woven tight into and by Earth Mother.

—Bonnie Raingruber