

SANDRA KOHLER

Directional

How can I describe the beauty of this morning
which has no particular beauty? The muddy
risen creek, leafless trees, fields of dead grass,
the alley gleaming black with rain, fallow earth
waiting, the small drops suspended along the edge
of the porch railing as if they'll never fall, the mist
which does not attain to the mystery of fog. On
the roof next door, a flurry of small birds lands
and takes off, a baby starling alights on the porch.
Overhead a symmetrical vee of geese, silent,
synchronized. Yesterday in a cornfield beyond
the sewer plant on the island, hundreds of tundra
swans landing, a distant white flock. The old yellow
dog who never barks slept on the mud outside
his quonset doghut. Today he'll be back inside.
Thirty-six degrees but the grass is turning, fields
gone greener than a day ago. Sun breaks through
a stratus bar; cumulus masses, soft edged, forget
their boundaries. One thing leads to another.
Sun falls on my hand, a gleaming landscape:
hills of sand, desert, miniature rivulets,
curved striations, tiny golden strands of light.
Every day I forget that I'm going to die.