

LESSONS IN BEING ALONE

The wind begins:
offering oak leaves
ascent, whether
I look or not.

Next fire and cold
conspire for a
chaplainsque turn:
I learn vine stocks
catch on quickly,
and the long half-
life of coals under
astonishingly
white ashes.

The past does its part:
A borie, a round
tapering stone
hut, is empty, save
a small stone table.
I imagine
a shepherd stretch
a hide across
the opening.

By their rare
red: the wild hips.

Baguette and air:
It's hard to eat up
a loaf before
it dries. But magpies
swing by, there's trout
in the pond, and
bread gives body
to soup, or toasted
serves tapenade.

I: arrange my
daily treasure
on a white plate;
cuttings drying
in a shotgun
cartridge; three

kinds of tree snails,
two myrtle fruits,
one truffle.

Wind, my teacher,
returns: today
I am someone else,
mistral; I will
teach you to move
intently, you
don't need clouds.
Under blue skies,
I give you
clairvoyance.