

## 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.