

Marshchurch

Shaking the grassfringe the greenfrogs startled
drumbeared and spearsharp jump in and ruffle
the brownwater bog while boy who I was
sits on the shoreline halfway in dozing
dreaming the meaning of birdrasp and wail,
of rainpatter on peltmarsh, of barespike
swamp snagtrees tautjutting who stand there with
beaver-chewed belts to serve the blue herons
and redshoulder crows as nestperch and mast,
of the round riverstone turtles baking
to stoneshell hardness unyielding on logs
mossrough submerged. That's how a boy dreams—like
he owns all the meaning—as around him
suckflies come clouding to sip their small sips.