

Jnana Hodson

LISTENING TO CRICKETS

Another mossy forest stirs up
the glen, the ravine
at the back of our farmstead
in New York mountains
now within me.

Something within summer woodland aroma
revives my first jaunt down that evergreen glade
when I rented a room behind blueberries.

Add to that piles of decomposing mown grass,
a brush pile, and a hay barn. I've learned
a farmhouse smells quite distinct
from an inner-city apartment.

Maybe a different kind of rot sets in,
or it's a whiff of fruit and grain
unlike a city's urine and dry rot.
Especially the way I hear crickets.

ON MILTON LAKE

beyond the rope line
stroking, as they say,
in over our heads

to the circling raft
and there drifting, eyes skyward
or to the shoreline

in a slow rotation
of cumulus clouds
how long you can sustain this

before running to dive or leap
in a rivalry of friends
circumscribes youth or adulthood

as much as the ducks gliding past
she tried to catch
while swimming back to shore

SHINY RED BARK

as a decaying hurricane
a thousand miles offshore
stirs exceptional surf

it's fair to question the origin
of an unfamiliar shrub
discarded beside New England gulls

a possibility torn from the Bahamas
three days traveling the speed of wind
along with the sound of dog barking