

SCOTT ANDREW CHRISTIANSEN

CREATION (COME THE WIND)

the wind—
in repeated gestures
of breath,
 as though
 the baby
 were to be born
 here,
 party to my tea—
seizes the scold
from
my beverage
and returns, tepid
tasting the innocent vapour
in all its
pushing humidity.

last year, here
at the cabin door
we winked
warning waves
in rolling admiration,
in gardens
of sweet arrival,
in furrows
of
faint breezes.

REACH FOR THE ROBIN'S TOE (TWENTY MINUTES ON A ROOFTOP)

wind, breath of mine,
hallelujah
of the high pine,
your sweeping skirt hem
blouse between boughs
murmuring leaves
wave to your twirling whimsy.

*hands, they are
these leaves—
clapping,
and
reach
for the robin's toe
waltz on this arm
amid musical air—*

sway, my stormy hemlock
drop your hands, october hardwood
see the pleat gather
sweet maple, your clouds
counting sigh-steps
atop the timid trees.

SADDLED BRANCHES

signaled
 by
 a
 local gust
 the
 locust
 preens his mandibles
 as though
 the
 breeze
 were
 some
 symbolic gesture.

as if
 the day
 could sleep
 without night,
 as if
 the tree
 could
 convince its leaves
 otherwise.

branches saddled
 by multiple spurs,
 abdomens
 twitch
 to the
 unsung
 hum
 of
 a gathering
 twister.