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Warm Wind

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WARM WIND

After four long months of snow
deep snow and
winds mainly from the north
what a pleasure to work again on the soft ground
Early this morning I split some larch
clean to the fresh honey
glow of pitch
the wood inside a dry red-orange
fresh as coffee
fresh as bright shafts of new straw
On the road to town water runs all along the cliffs
and when I stop at South End Wrecking
four boys stand over a mechanic
cleaning lifters in a big can
At first no one moves
absorbed against intruders
absorbed in a world
ancient as working the first crude wheels
or pulling dead weight of a kill
over rolling logs
Smell of gas and oil seems so old
the old tires
a big rubber hammer
and brown drums lined against the wall
In old garages
love for the slow is never lost
. . . that slow talk
The work is slow and
everything here seems dug from the ground
On the way home
purple willows lace the slough
There's miles of no one else on this single road
and that old clapboard house on the cliff
so still . . . see how quiet now
on that high salmon colored stone