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Like Leonardo, Like a Dog

I'll sit by the ditch this morning like Leonardo da Vinci and celebrate water come to nurse the thirsty rubble. I have neither the painter's eye, nor the patience

of an engineer, but I'll sit on these ten acres one erratic at a time, not to own them, but to know the game trails where timothy's broken

by cloven feet, the stumps dismantled by bear, the riparian zone where aspen huddle near river birch that cover the rumbling thumping grouse.

I'll follow the counsel of hawk and crow, of grain-grinding grasshopper, repetition's pleasure, inadequate personality, the steady wisdom

of flow and flow again. I'll drink a bowl of coffee among the secretive rocks, soak away the meanness of a year's duplicity. No one can reach me here—no human voice.

Do other animals tire of their own kind? Sometimes even singing wears me out. I'll wash my long legs and crooked toes in frozen water

let it rivulet down hairy flesh. Oh the power of the body to refresh, to lie down at night and wake again among the harebell and bees, the ten kinds of clover, the lichen-speckled boulders. Wading upstream on hands and knees, I'll bite the icy percussion like a dog. Once, before we become pets

each animal has sharper features, our complex behaviors are more complex, and those of us least afraid of being eaten—sleep best.