Harvesting

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HARVESTING

We begin by loving excessively
no plan in mind, no elegance.

There are parts we must tear away
lush and ambiguous

like the piles of abandoned hay
scattered around the fenceposts.

What is left, works. The rakes
touch and whirl and we follow

feeling out the steps
of a stately and beautiful dance.

We are not saddened
by a cow nudging against the fence,
or a tree straining at the edge
of pavement. In their naivete

in their impetuousness
they too ask for definition.

See how the grass grows stronger
after it is cut, how the heart

rallies under the bone. We celebrate
and turn together in our usefulness.

Inside the chest is the sound
of a waltz warming up.

The caterpillar or the seed
crouched in eagerness

to become something brighter.