

**I Pray Less Each Day**

Last night I slept in frustration  
 And woke in anger  
 At too early an hour.  
 Going outside to let  
 The cool morning breeze  
 Wash some of the anger  
 From me  
 I watched the robins,  
 Early morning diviners  
 Of subterranean movement,  
 Peck living nourishment  
 From the earth.  
 And I thought of how  
 Nature sleeps in contentment  
 And wakes in anticipation,  
 And of how the earth  
 Sustains.  
 If there is to be faith,  
 At all,  
 Plant it firmly,  
 Here, in the earth  
 To sustain the body,  
 The soul can never truly  
 Know sustenance  
 Nor ever have peace,  
 An unrelenting will  
 Beyond comprehension  
 Condemns it.

I

**Death For The Robins**

1.

*It would be cold today  
 The snow behind the wind  
 Means death for the robins.  
 These winters sustain no one.  
 I took a last searching look  
 At the sky  
 No great sign appeared,  
 No suddenness flashing redemption,  
 Nothing but the grey dawning  
 Of a meager morning  
 The only portent a possible storm.  
 I felt empty like the sky,  
 It was cold and too early  
 And I needed sleep.  
 But this is the season,  
 The time of migrations  
 When life is stirred  
 To seek salvation.  
 I went inside. . . .*

2.

*You came back to me last night  
 In a dream  
 But made love to someone else  
 While I stood by and watched.*

*You delighted in disdaining me  
 In this way,  
 And afterwards laughed and drank champagne,  
 Toasting me, with your lover,*

*Amusing him with stories from another,  
 Broken dream.  
 Then assembling a crowd you stood naked  
 And committed the final betrayal,*

*You confessed to the existence  
 Of the map  
 Outlining the only way back,  
 Handing over to them that last chance.*

*I tried to fight through  
 To stop you  
 But as always I was too late  
 And I woke into the cold, alone. . . .*

3.

Something lifted  
 Into the hollowness of the morning.  
 I had begun my ritual  
 It was not much  
 But enough for a cold morning.  
 It was quiet in my room  
 And I watched the vapor rise  
 From my cup of tea  
 Vaguely thinking some beginnings  
 Do start this way.  
 You may never come again  
 In the night.  
 And I may remain stranded.

II

**I Take Less On Faith**

All living things are mortal  
 Robins are living things  
 Therefore robins die.

III

**More Has To Be Confirmed**

1.

I thought about the snow.  
 First the snow  
 That came suddenly,  
 Silently, during the still  
 Night hours . . .

*The white sun found our town covered  
 Its early rays winter heavy  
 Sunk deep, absorbed into the silent snow,  
 Linking earth and heaven.*

*And I a child from window sill reflected  
 On this clean white world  
 And these radiant links  
 Beaming with excitement I knew*

*In my young heart these were the smiles  
 Of our Blessed Lady,  
 Shining in the early morning,  
 Scolding her naughty angels, last night's snow makers . . .*

2.

The rain pitting  
 Against the tin roof outside  
 My window  
 Broke into the poem,  
 The forecasted storm had arrived.  
 I went to the window  
 To watch my robins,  
 They stood like uncertain statues  
 Not knowing what to do  
 In the rain.  
 The sky had not lightened much,  
 It was low and thick.  
 My thoughts returned  
 To the snow  
 No longer whitely silent,  
 But that will come fiercely,

Howling winter's meanness,  
 Severing life from earth.  
 The house is colder,  
 This ritual darker,  
 Yet for the moment  
 My robins and I  
 Are lucky,  
 This storm brings only rain  
 And we can continue  
 To peck  
 At the earth  
 That each day  
 Hardens. . . .

IV

**Christine's-Fall**

*She chases the sun south in her mind.  
 It is the season.  
 The withering weather already  
 Works its way deep inside.*

*Slowly each damp day thickens  
 The ground grown cold hardens  
 As does her heart  
 The chill icing through.*

