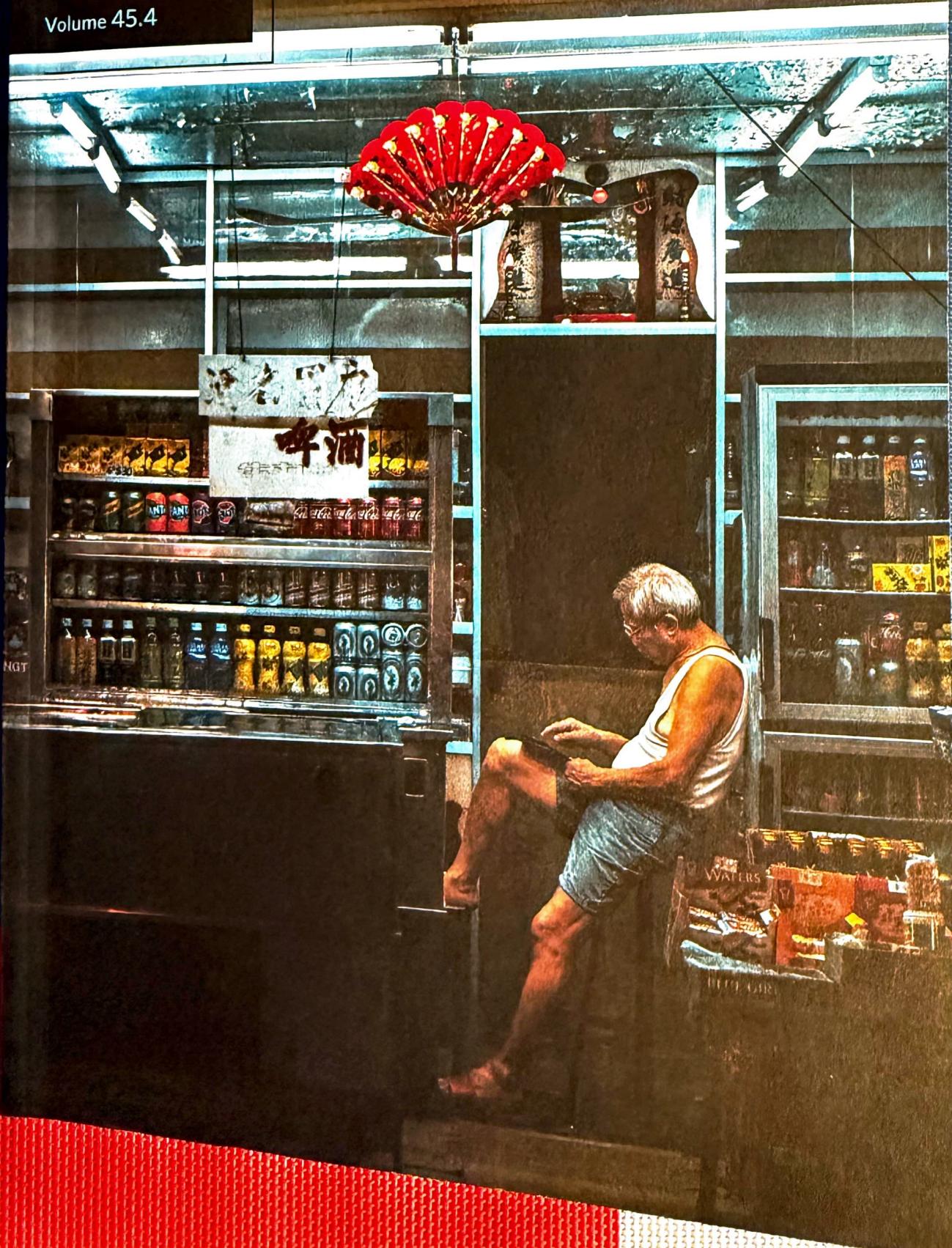


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ndefinitely." Yes, I
nd, took my son's

Burnside Soleil

In California for Your Birthday, We Saw a Coyote at Dawn

Outlast Humanity,
Kruger talking about
//www.thebroad.org/
urden. I cite Michael

I lived my first life wrong,
or much of it, which I realized
crouching in the hollow of a tree,
a "goosepen" some call it,

a place where a hermit once dwelled
with a wood stove chimney'd
through a cracked husk.
Bay laurels ribbed the fogged trail,

roots scalded to stone glyphs.
We watched the redwood bark
plait and then constellate green.
I've sometimes wondered

if I will recognize the end
of things, and if this could be
a study in recognizing my own
end, which isn't to say purpose,

though that, too, must be the meaning.
A doe, later in the foothills, appeared
among oak and ivy that draped
like a baldachin—or we appeared,

and with your boot bleeding your left heel,
you had to keep walking to the shore.
I sat on the trail, though, I'm sorry,
waiting for the deer to decide enough,

which she did, bounding up the path,
but there from the brush, a fawn

crouched and considered the creature
I am—another come down from the peak.

In the one photograph I have
of them, I see now they weren't doe
and fawn but yearlings, their summer
of forbs, ranging hunger hidden

in thickets, not foundlings
within the care of my attention
or my memory. I tell you everything
and will, always, or try,

so they were deer and then just deer
by the time we made it to town,
past all the bleached houses
on the few blocks, and I couldn't

say what had happened, not yet,
so we stood together on that beach
embanked by a cloud where two fishermen
cast lines as if for hawks.

Notes on the Second Horse in Charles Ray's *Two Horses*

One might think of heaven as pure
mathematics, the abstraction of a falcon.
Or back then, an actual falcon bristling

through pine, his departure signaling
sparrows and chickadees to trill
like a mind slowly roused.

I never liked sleeping in my own bed,
so sticks scaled and crinkled
with woodlice—I could pretend to like it.

The forest, darkling, was tender.
Paradise is remembering before anything
happens, so—tired near blue beeches,

I imagined myself older in the tundra,
low birches, harebell and campion
like a theory of color.

But that wouldn't be autobiography
from which I could return.
In these woods, I

could be found, a recollection
like cotton grass, blown, becoming itself.
You tell a story twice to hide the first.

This is the one that we need to know,
that a boy had climbed the trees,
calling me back to the lake,

our tent like a sail. I don't know
what happened to him, which is almost
the end.