

**Small Pieces of the Whole**

Drops congeal;  
a leaf becomes an insect canoe.  
He speaks his oak age  
like rain

drips from drain spouts, opens  
like the butter yellow blooms,  
lectures ceaselessly as the wind  
that blows the flower buds.

Wet jeans stick to my legs,  
blisters slide along the roof of my mouth.  
He talks on. . . about  
whorled milk-wort, aromatic aster,  
the brown smoothness of a fallen buckeye. . .

Transforms  
into Rattlesnake Master,  
this Jack-in-the-Pulpit of Biology,  
whose whip-like tongue of bamboo  
breaks the soft stickiness of spider-web bridges.

I wish I was in a blue hot air balloon  
over an aquavelva sunset  
on an island in the middle of a marsh.

Seagulls swoop to catch bread pieces,  
I see through a dwarf iris,

hike in the plush thickness of grass,  
stand under a toad mushroom,

the rain  
like the sting from a strong shower. . .

and he goes on, like a big cat on catnip,  
about the square-stemmed monkey flower,  
and how the cougar's nipple is but a small piece of the whole.