

## ANN ROTH

### *Assuming There Is Such a Thing*

In the woods, it's the tree tops  
learn the wind. Wildflowers only guess.

West of the house dandelions go to seed.  
And so come the bobolinks. They know when.

Kids tumble the lawn when supper's done.  
Rabbits, a dog, six twining cats.

Sandburg believed contentment to be  
the irreducible minimum of hankerings.

May day, a hot one. Garden grew an inch.  
A bird whistles me down to the orchard.

### *The Pulse*

June drop thins  
the apples while I  
lose myself in Roethke,  
Snyder, Jung. The stir  
of a story just beyond  
consciousness.

Winds slight and variable  
shifting scents. Without  
sight I'd know what blooms:  
multiflora, clover, the grapes  
just ending.

The catalpa easing  
into blossom, fluted bells.  
The wild rose's fragile pink  
every year of memory, vetch  
purpling the banks. All  
a matter of lifting  
my eyes.

The speech of natural  
objects, the silence.  
Here I lie more than ever  
aware of their numinous  
presence. A reach past  
nothingness,  
a breath.