

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.