

David Gross

WHAT WE NEVER HAD

tel-let
2004

Nature always has the last word.

—John Stewart Collis

winter night

ring of axe
echoes through frosty hills

particles of ice
ring around
a full moon

April

green feels its way
through the river valley

all afternoon
watching a chickadee
clean out
last year's wren house
twig by twig

moonlit pasture
into pines
shadows deepen

along the fence
scent of basil

your candle
at the window

September

sun lies low
over fields tinged gold

bent heads of grain

comb heavy with honey
inside a busy hive

bread cooling
on the kitchen table

a line of swans
passes overhead

remembering
that slow dance
with you

winter grasses
twisted
& knotted
as our lives

night
takes away
what we
never had