

WESTERN MEADOWLARK

An afternoon of brilliant yellow sun

brings visions of dry saffron wheat and dust
tinting the air with a peculiar fullness
that magpies, deer, and the raven seem to know.

And a stained-glass meadowlark

a resident, radiant halo

glows by the green moving river,

as it drifts past the mountains.

Daniel Boland

TOWARD THE CHRYSALIS

Yellow caterpillar
inches through its forest of grass
beneath the crimson king's branches.

Intimations of the harvest moon
rising cool over the field,
the oak table
and well-scrubbed pine floors.

Intimations of a basket of orange and yellow leaves
a conversation that changed you
through its expressive, vulnerable words,
food and wine.

Home is late-summer birdsong
the skylight in a clean, Spartan room
the incense of decaying leaves.

Home is the idea of a crocus
juxtaposed with flowering cactus on a January windowsill.

Daniel Boland