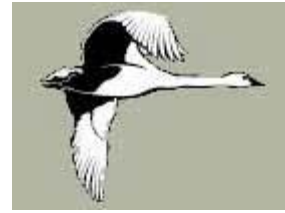


The Trumpeter (2001)

Poetry

Chris Anderl



CHRIS ANDERL is a student of philosophy and religion in San Francisco. He grew up in Idaho and still returns to learn from nature in his childhood surroundings.

Circles Turkey vultures wheeling against a transparent-blue sky, as if shadows of one another turning in opposite directions, their dark forms tracing out the celestial spheres in measured geometry; electrons spinning in the atoms of their wings; spinning birds, turning globe, whirling planets, all churning in the original orbit circling the imagination. T o Heron and Egret I. I think I saw a Taoist master in the blue heron wading through the misty grass, black tassel bobbing behind that keen gaze. II. Sly fisherman with the surgeon's tongs struggles with the squirming catch, trying to parallel a flipping minnow with a precision bill. Crafty old bird trolling the pond's cement edge, picking silver shiners one by one from the olive water, a tipped-bill sip to wash them down.

The Trumpeter

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