

MARCH 2007

From the road you
Can look deeply into
This evenly wooded lot.
Most everyone speeds by
Barely glancing toward it
Too busy going on
to somewhere

I've noticed how
The land slopes sharply
To a small brook flowing
More freely now
As winter air retreats.
Late afternoon light
Projects
A soft gray hue throughout
This stand of sugar maple trunks

The surrounding ground
covered in smooth snowpac
Just now beginning to loosen
And thin
around frozen root balls

Perhaps tomorrow
Sap gatherers will
Discover this plot
And walk it;
Leaving heavy bootprints
As each tap is set.

Until then
This narrow slice of forest
Will sit here,
Largely ignored -----

Quietly waiting.