To Cross

I can go *far from the near* or draw *near to the far.*

— Edward S. Casey, *Getting Back into Place*

be

tween two trees'
intricate conso

nants

a passing

man's shape
frail as a

vow
el

on all this
moor no

fence nor
wall to

cross yet
this

lone
rust

ed gate

way re
mains

c

lose

d

so be
yond

fields' &
woods'

edges

high up
& out a

small dark
hut held

in mass
ive hands

of silv
er snows

dreams
y o u

through

holes
in a

woods'
ground

some
one /

thing

saw up
as

down
.

       shining

       through a levered-up root-plate
       a cathedral-light

the troupe
of pines

stand on

the knoll near
the stone bridge

and plan
no journey