

Logs

For a week my heart has pointed elsewhere
Robert Lowell, "The Charles River"

No river runs under our window
and soon coventry will come
in the form of a countrywoman.

I love logs
& light one after another
thru all seasons.

They catch:
till wood burns white as the Cliffs of Dover; white as
chalk, or the star in the center of a filly's forehead.

These logs are individual failures
burned:
the mis-diagnosis, intractable pain, failed operation

the asymmetric, but steady, searing
like stars, cutting within.