

Bobby Pinkham

Ondawa

[in the foothills]

She opens the door for us—
The land, back unto itself,
Licks its wounds
And drinks the arsenic
And pisses out the microplastics
Into the Batten Kill.
The war is on,
The fox, unready and ill,
Gears up
Without complaining.

{~}

[at the corner hickory]

The neighbors have loud dogs
That eat the deer,
My people!, she cries.
We have a funeral of
Hippie soup and nice cheeses
Atop the hill
Equinox looming in the blue distance
Guarding the horizon
Watching for hounds

{~}

[mt. equinox]

Once you get up top
The slender apertures of the dome,
Tucked away into the crevices
Etched by glaciers and quick water,
Cracks open
And reveals the cool heaven
This way, the green
That way, the green
Seeing thus,
How do we keep right on?

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