

PUMPKIN

Mount Eerie

In the middle of November smashed on the rocks
At the edge of the island
A bright thing caught my eye, it was a pumpkin half

I walked to the bookstore in a rain that silently filled the air
All the lights were off or dim and there was nothing to do
But walk to town and back

In every ordinary moment looking at trash on the ground
By the bulldozers in the dusk I forget myself
And see universes forming

Pulled back out from a dream of rolling landscapes
I face the moment

Looking at garbage pretending the wind speaks
Finding meaning in songs, but the wind through the graves is just wind

Crawling over the wet rocks with dark sand in my shoes
To where the orange pumpkin I found cracked open in the waves
Its emptiness loose