homeplace

My grandfather lived

in a rustic house near a sloping cool branch with slipery stones

and verdant woods

I walked slowly toward the treeline where

mystery lay

and there in the shade of autumn’s bough

i see darkness rising

close of day.

but death,

a far

closer

angel visited then and will and again because

it is unchanged, like the virgin nest of the wip-poor-will

though unwelcomed

tender unforgiving visitor on the side of the hill

where i last heard his voice.

away