

The Clearing

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Deep and distant draws the blueprints,
plans and projects for tomorrow,
take your poems to the mailbox
for the postman walking by.

Is he happy in his travels?
Does a paycheck buy his morning?
Do the letters of a lawyer
mark the distance of his stride?

Hard faced doctors earn their lifestyles,
put a quarter in the turnstile,
take a subway to the river,
for a final running through.

So just how devoted are you
to the dollars of your father,
and the gardens of your mother?

Are you growing where they plant you,
are you groping for the sunlight
with the trees so tall around you?
Can you find a patch of soil
where the fertile earth will bind you,
hold you firm till you have grown
to be as tall as those around you?

We are from a different family
but we find ourselves together
for a moment in the clearing.