



Karina M. Young Through the Lupines



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Through the Lupines

early mist . . .
a towhee's call rises
above the field

rolling hills
the dog runs loops
through the lupines

hopping along
the sunbeam
a sparrow

more petals
than the dogwood
Sierra stream

spanning the creek a blue heron's wings

looking up
from the book
sun-dappled sycamore

chasing sticks
on Kite Hill
ghost of a dog

field of mustard . . .
wondering where my life
will go

beach dune
grains of sand
on the ladybug's wings

from driftwood
a great egret
enters the sky

jasmine breeze
her touch still
on my skin

summer hills
a hawk slides
into the sun

Big Sur
all the stars
in my dog's eyes

our bare feet
touch the lake
ripple by ripple

mid-sentence
a flock of geese
in the evening sky

yellow aspens
a horse grazes alone
in a meadow

long ride
the moon beside me
through the night

overnight
the acacia trees
blown bare

in the shape
of the Pacific shore
weathered sagewort

dawn
birdsong riding
the winter waves

calling me outside
on a cold day
crows

heirloom quilt
we mold
each other's form

deep
inside the snow
white moon

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