



Michele Root-Bernstein *Wind Rose*



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Wind Rose

mapping myself a garden somewhere south of old lady

sheltered by sage
and time . . .
the sitting stone

dappled light
holes held together
with spider silk

petal fall
the life I imagine
longs for me

scent trail
of a red fox . . .
where does desire go?

42 north and some latitude for the faded rose

in changing light lilies changing light

that poesy ring
lost in the loam—
circle of coneflowers

keeping to myself
the inner curl
of the calla lily

west of yesterday
the voices of my children
playing in the wind

trembling
at the speed of dark—
heart-leaved bindweed

it dawns on me
the morning glory's
open secret

due east
a blue so pink
so yellow

mushroom bracts laddering to heaven knows why

wingshiver
of a golden leaf beetle—
the good enough life

midges scribbling in the morning light write me

rock

rose

rain

all the place I am
belonging for

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