

Michigan September, Higgins Lake,  
I Release the Black Bass

If each day we leave behind our living,  
each moment racing toward the known unknown

in the certainty that moments have flown  
like autumn flocks scared skyward—what grieving,

what beauty can untangle the rough snare  
pulling me along in its ropey grip?

What wonder, what wildness poised on the lip  
of what might-yet-be, what daydream, what dare

large as the Grand Canyon or Katmandu,  
small as Darwin's beetle or Wilson's ants,

will rescue time, amber the light that slants  
through the rag end of the day, each "now" new

then gone: morning fog in the near marshes,  
call of the heron, dew on the rushes.