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Landing on the Trumpet Vine

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Landing on the Trumpet Vine

LEADERS

Sand bar makes the river go round and cut deeper
channel trout hang in trailing eddies
drift feeding;

Fisher people need sand bars by which to gauge their
standing River's been here much longer
will be;

Trouble's what we mostly concentrate on shovel gravel
into streams as furious as we're able
shout more loads;

River will talk us along if listen we hear voices calling
come out of the trees brightly tie your
leaders.

LANDING ON THE TRUMPET VINE

If you invite, I would send hummingbird
Your way. Upon a perch she dances words
With honey-water wings, O you will hear
A buzz uplifting, not the gossip leer
Of today's reported soon-forgotten
Scandal! Does not feed on nectar rotten,
She will sip on brightly-sprouting bluebells
Hung, alluring, upon those fragrant smells
Ladies put upon themselves for drawing
Forth delight at moment's dearest calling.
Ah! Her ruby throat and sheen, snowy breast,
Dark and piercing eyes, petite-muscled. Best
At long-distance traveling if you can
Book her for a sojourn in Mantzalan,
Rocky Mountain/Sierra blue river,
You will never greet a fairer giver.