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Oliver

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Oliver

OLIVER

What a lovely Autumn night in Denver
 Mary Oliver reads her newest terns and herons,
 seems to prefer the most common among them—
 dipper-words
 that dip their bills so easily
 you and I might be stepping the same stream among them.

FINDING THE CRACK IN SEATTLE

Start on the slope that pitches to the harbor
 on the sound side.

Stigmata hand grips the rim
 of a gutter rainwater cistern:
 "give me your grey water skies."

Answers back the singing drops,
 "we will not disappear into your storm sewers,
 let us glorify your urban mourning."

Just a narrow space between
 the sidewalk and the street,
 a series of sloping planted steps,
 spouts and ponds unbound
 from walking or driving on
 routed through a down gradient
 botanical garden.

Rebound ground under topographies,
 watersheds are where you find them—
 and leave them alone—
 or recreate them.

Inca, Andean fountains six centuries ago.
 Buster Simpson's stone and water art
 here in the Pacific Northwest.
 Heartbeats in vacant lots.