

Poetry

Daniel Boland

DEMETER

You came in my dreams
carrying a basket of chaff and husks.

Your smile was sad and knowing –
full of the world.

And so I rose very early
on a rainy August morning

Found a puffball in the cemetery.

Daniel Boland

A BEECHWOOD POEM

The afternoon is encoded
in lemon juice messages
that only appear
when held to candle flame

like the faint rustling
the trembling aspens make
along the cemetery path.

You'd swear someone was walking
behind you:

perhaps Lampman offering a few humble words of
encouragement
or a well-to-do lumber baron
demanding that you pay heed
to his enormous Victorian angel.

And on this afternoon of headstones,
pileated woodpeckers, and blue spruce
we discover fossils
among fragments of quarried rock.

A pre-historic butterfly
returns to the light.