

Driftwood

Driftwood balances in the garden—
solid, gravity-grounded,
striated limbs pointing toward the sky
and a hawk-like eye glaring through a knothole.

Trees grew improbably out of dunes,
shifting pines needled the sand into stasis
until roots were washed away by unknown tides,
storm-sent hither, yonder,
finally drifting ashore here, planted now
in sharp spring-light,
finch-sung garden.