

Open Door Policy

A quarter century in this same spot—
forty acres of flat surrounded by thousands
more of the same—and still it's the surprises
that keep me going. The dark swarm of bees

seething first thing this morning below the latrine
lid. The diamondback inside the shower.
That roadrunner's tender, solicitous mew,
a note not heard before or since. The bobcats

unseen for twenty years suddenly at
the greenhouse door, snarling, growling from under
the solar collector where they had their kittens.
Those three pelicans coasting and flapping

overhead, hundreds of miles off course.
The coyote waiting calmly while I freed him
from my neighbor's legtrap, just standing
there even afterwards, watching me

watching him until I waved him away.
The white fringe of the skunk's upright tail
shimmering like a ghost on the dark path.
One night for one instant the windmill lit up,

an eerie golden glow against the sky.
The way the north half of last month's blue
moon rose red-orange as the flesh of a bruised
ripe mango when the skin is peeled back.

The way the mice don't nest in the cupboard
as long as the door is left open.