

I Load Rocks. Raven Rides the Wind

I blade the dirt road, pull up rocks,
lift them into the tractor's bucket,
tractor them down
and dump them on the rock pile
near the stream,
blade and rake the road smooth through camp
across Lone Pine Creek
and around the loop below the lodge.

Fierce mountain wind blows down a big pine tree,
blows a picnic table against a tree and shatters the
table,
blows the door off the latrine in tent site two.

Raven watches me every day.
Some days, the wind doesn't blow
so fiercely.
I rake, lift, load rocks,
cut up a blown-down tree,
build a picnic table,
repair the latrine in tent site two,
watch Raven.

"A smooth, rockless road is necessary, Raven,
so I can plow the road clear of snow in winter."

Raven never loads rocks in cold wind,
never noises up the day with loud tractor,
roaring chain saw,
never makes explanations for existence.

Raven glides above me on lazy wings
quarters away from the wind,
soars black above silver water in Pine Creek,
soars black above grass of the meadow,
growing green
in the cold wind
of spring.