



POEM TOWN BRADFORD

Grass Circles

The meadow grasses
and the hayfield
hold secrets in the
deep greens and flowers
amid the hawkweed
yellower than a child's drawing of the sun
amid the asters and the last joe pye
are circles where the deer sleep

the grass is flat there
matted down by flank and hoof
the deer sleep hidden
in the deep green
and they dream
under the whirl of stars
and the passage of the moon
and the flight of moths

moths sail on white wings
across the dark meadow
angels to the
sleeping deer
carrying their dreams
into the light

how — if I caught a moth
circling the door lamp —
would it tell me the secret
or is the burden of dreams why
they throw themselves
into the silencing fire?

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