

still light, still shadow

Kevin Hull





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a selection of tiny poems

Kevin Hull

White Heron Poetry Series Number Five



a world of dew,
and within every dewdrop
a world of struggle

Issa

*body is the shadow
cast by an obstacle
that doesn't exist*

after so much death . . .
the clarity of new grass
across the charred hills

unreasonable joy -
one foot in front
of the other

the laughing children -
a shower of jonquils
on the flowing stream

in every house,
behind every door:
the same person

isolate prairie . . .
in the solitary oak
a riot of crows

learning when to let go -
that cool deep water!

unconcerned . . . tiny
winged crawler crossing my hand
crossing the flower

*mind forgets itself constantly,
free awareness narrowed down to delusion -
emptiness dissembling emptiness*

folding the dropcloth
a tiny lizard dashes
into the woodpile

fly in the window
curled on its back in sunlight~
a world beyond reach

cat-leap -
the firefly
extinguished

neglected garden -
a tiny watermelon
among the thin vines

"I" am the barrier
life seeks to overcome
like a river returning
to the sea

Identity

sitting inside the window of my skull -
calling *your* name

O ant! in such a flood
there are no strangers

first snow . . .
the dark patches
where she rolled

fragrance of woodsmoke . . .
guided by my half-filled tracks
in the moonlit snow

to another life -
a songless shell, abandoned,
clinging to the trees

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