



moth, do eat a few
holes in this sweater
for the spring moon

fireflies
dreaming
of
fireflies
dreaming
of
fireflies

out-breath

grasshopper
jumps

tipping—
the paper ship
among water striders

grief. . .

a spider thread breaks
in the wind

that butterfly

I thought was a dead leaf—

Indian summer

bee dance:
tell them where
my nectar is

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Acorn, The Heron's Nest,
Hummingbird.

COLOPHON

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during the rising of the tulips
& the fall of the crocuses.

bee dance
by Sabine Miller

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