

Forest : Waldeinsamkeit
by Ellen Pober Rittberg

Carolina wren I beg you
Show yourself
Your liquid pure sound
From highest arch
Has song ever been this clear
This sound discernment
Not like the mockingbird
Tail high, prone to pronouncement
Why imitate at all when your repertoire
Is so varied, piano player in large hotel.

There's a special place in my heart
For fungus spectral white or buttercup yellow
scalloped capped or cupped
And clouds that hover devoid of omen
And rocks ragged jagged
Some composite
Once pyroclastic
Waldeinsamkeit
My natural juice
My equipoise