

In Place of Danger

I'd play the title phrase with the same appetite
a storm has.

When you've mastered the quickened pace you'll win
respect of the hawks.

And sometimes it's not and sometimes it is summer.

When that's over I might call a sheriff to give him
an inkling of my thoughts.

I've got this—my orange tool box kept stowed and secret
next to the bird's nest

with its spruce webbing and twig thatching.

I could hold up in the hollow of a tree avoiding capture,
avoiding
dreams of a drift down the creek glinting in sunlight,
entirely the color of the old czar's summer home.

And then the captain would order me to count the rations.

Just a few minutes on the road and I'm out of town
carrying a great dish forever.