

DUNES; THAT DAY

for Sally Landis

Rugarose hedge
flat faced sand dunes,
a moving thought of rusty wind.
I wind and wind a string from a kite
blown through a cloud with a hole
in my thinking
it could be moved as
even the rabbit with the cotton swab
in orbit through the yard
out to the edge of the humming mounds
soupcons of sand lifted
came as they did you, Dear
to take you away.
We stood by the hedge and could not think;
it was your yard, your rose thicket with rabbits
we loved your mind you said
with holes
no longer able to hold.
Outside we couldn't see the dunes move
but they had.