

## **New York, Upstate, One Day, Three Thoughts**

I don't expect to see a pheasant on the road,  
and as I slow to watch it go  
my heart accelerates a tiny bit.  
Then further on a fox's fleeting face  
starts me to wonder how the hunter's heart  
within that canine chest might race  
should self-same pheasant cross its path—like mine—one day.  
(The bird's breast would, I think, feel much the same,  
though different instincts surely are to blame).

The water falls across the Massachusetts line  
and crashes (cool) into a pool  
reflecting green-topped granite cliffs. Its sun-  
drenched ripples flowing out proceed untamed  
into New York, to cascade back along  
the easy trail on which I came.  
The trees and rocks, this waterfall are here, I note,  
since long ago (how quickly we forget)  
When these two states had never even met.

Some wild raspberries will soon be growing here,  
for I can see the bumble bee  
whispering sweet secrets in big purple ears.  
Perhaps, returning in a week or three,  
I'll find these soft red drops of paradise  
have ripened up sufficiently—  
but no, so close along the path they'll all be gone.  
So I decide: If berries be my aim,  
I'd better wait right here and stake my claim.

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