



DAVID ANTHONY SAM

Returning

Along the brash
waved shoreline,
a mallard corpse
rocks limp resignation.

Old oaks rattle
their bones
of leaves in winds
pregnant with seed.

Dryads in dirt
rise in forest fern.
Feathers and flesh
rebecome

the detritus
of the unborn
ancient young like
mudborn tadpoles.

My bones crack
spring jonquils
from mulch of
last summer's dying.

I am made to eye
anew old soil
with jonquil faith,
to ache sermons

from the solemn
words made earth,
to rise miracled
in green shoots.