

POST CARD

Breadloaf Inn, Vermont

The birches stand white as piano keys
sectioning the sugar maples and pine
on the long tree line skirting
the field spreading out from the inn.
This morning, I broke through them

going down to the river at daybreak
into Frost's woods
the first rays of dawn caught

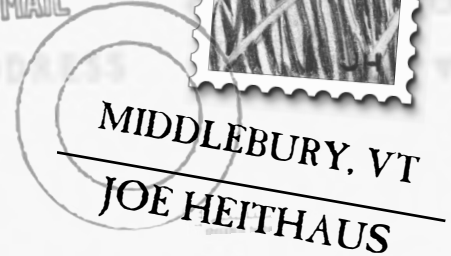
a tree just shattered,
the jagged points of splintered
pine pointing up like spires
on fire in the golden mist. You could

hear the river crashing against
granite and feel the first cold
of September and all the old things

in the forest – fern, a dew speckled web,
the moss – seemed strange and new.



AIR MAIL



TO: NORBERT