SCOTT ANDREW CHRISTIANSEN
CREATION (COME THE WIND)

the wind—
in repeated gestures
of breath,
   as though
   the baby
   were to be born
      here,
      party to my tea—
seizes the scold
from
my beverage
and returns, tepid
tasting the innocent vapour
in all its
pushing humidity.

last year, here
at the cabin door
we winked
warning waves
in rolling admiration,
in gardens
of sweet arrival,
in furrows
of
faint breezes.
REACH FOR THE ROBIN’S TOE
(TWENTY MINUTES ON A ROOFTOP)

wind, breath of mine,
hallelujah
of the high pine,
your sweeping skirt hem
blouse between boughs
murmuring leaves
wave to your twirling whimsy.

    hands, they are
    these leaves—
    clapping,
    and
    reach
    for the robin’s toe
    waltz on this arm
    amid musical air—

sway, my stormy hemlock
drop your hands, october hardwood
see the pleat gather
sweet maple, your clouds
counting sigh-steps
atop the timid trees.
SADDLED BRANCHES

signaled
   by
   a
local gust
the
locust
preens his mandibles
   as though
the
breeze
were
some
symbolic gesture.

   as if
the day
could sleep
without night,
as if
the tree
could
convince its leaves
otherwise.

branches saddled
by multiple spurs,
abdomens
twitch
to the
unsung
hum
of
   a gathering
twister.