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Naked Air

Maybe looking in the wrong place

Maybe

the hologram come-and-gone glint just above

the dragonfly's wing

the old woman's voice cracked porcelain

the girl's freesia and rain

Maybe underground

the earthworm's rummage through the roots

The white curtain breathes out

the dark blue window

Stones lighten the masons' Spanish whistle-songs

Bay and madrone blaze and extinguish late

afternoon across the creek canyon

From the deck redwood's long limbs

trail spider strands

Maybe the re-leaf

branches adagio

and lentissimo

Under the invisible baton

sky a backlit reliquary lucent with red-shouldered

hawks

and the scissor glitter of swifts

Maybe a shadow hiding behind

a shadow

Carolyn Dille

Carolyn Dille's poems have been finalists in the *Poetry Society of America* Emily Dickinson Award, *Many Mountains Moving* and *The Sow's Ear Review*. For her poetry and her collaborative work with an artist, she has been awarded Artist Residency fellowships by the Jentel Foundation. She holds an MFA from Vermont College of Fine Arts and leads workshops and retreats in writing, creative awareness and meditation practices in the San Francisco and Monterey Bay areas. www.carolyndille.com