

THREE OWLS AND A BAYONET

In the same week – three owls and a bayonet.

The snowy owls on fence and field, their ghostly plumage
easy to spot in this snowless winter. The bayonet
in the middle of a road, as though shucked from a soldier's rifle
that day, when it really belonged in the first world war.

Tempting to make something in a symbol – the owls good luck,
the bayonet bad. Or the opposite – the owls messengers
from beyond the grave, the bayonet about keeping boundaries.
This is how we make our stories and our lives, from what
appears before us, from what we find by accident. We are made

up of history and nature; of the past that is built on top
of a past we cannot see; of the lake and woods and sky
that surround our town. Who we are is altered and added to
every day, by what we notice and what we discover,
and by the story we shape to tell about it.

--January 1, 2015