

To Alfonso, Gardener of Moon-dried Tomatoes

there are only so many sounds we can make

to imitate
flight
so he

wings it
goes out
on a limb
goes on
living
goes right on
living

like nothing else like nothing
I have
ne'er seen
you so
high

and by that I mean
unflappable
incapable of
being flapped

although

your hair
is blowing
round your
face like
a willow
leaves
cling to
trunk in
the on
going en-
core of storm
and song