Spring 1967

In the Silence of Flowers

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Recommended Citation

Brinkerhoff, Jim (1967) "In the Silence of Flowers," Calliope: Vol. 15 : Iss. 2 , Article 15.
Available at: http://scholarworks.wmich.edu/calliope/vol15/iss2/15
IN THE SILENCE OF FLOWERS

THE DARK MOON FLOATS DOWN
to bloom serene in the silver green
silence of acorns and moss on damp loam.
In a land of no wind,
where sand sits haunched
on ice waves surging out to sea, lurching
in the warm March sun.
I sit, not far above the sea,
not far below the dark moon blooming.
On a tuft of green in the brown grass
with black earth flowing below;
the spring tinks and trinkles its residue
in cycles as if wave and wind were all
and gone now to the sun. The water into sand,
it flashes back in dreams
when I sifted water into sand,
I made mountains, valleys,
I made castles and roads to follow;
gone now as winter withs
and the dark moon blooms
in the sea.

JIM BRINKERHOFF

Being that subtle grayness that surrounds me
Seems to be enough right now
The web of gold that the spider caught me in
Has turned a bitter lemon

The black tree twigs scratch a window's back
And mother sits in a rocking chair
Shaking a silvery knitting needle at me
My mind is glass, my face porcelain

Entwined in clouds of sleepless goals
I try to knit as my mother did
But I am not a spider and my long arms
And legs make knots in the yarn

Just being that subtle grayness
Seems to be enough right now
But knowing that the world of forever is full
Of spiders, I hope that I can learn to knit

KRISTIN FRANK