

The Avocet Weekly

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Still-Life

No breeze this evening:
these oaks so still
they might be painted
against the pastel sun.

Beyond that inanimate canvas
a screech, distant and inhuman:
a hidden world there must lie
into which owls awaken -

a world beyond,
fixed and forbidden me
except as a prisoner is wont
to ponder life beyond his wall

and I the hunter, or the hunted,
tucked in a tree or concealing grass,
eyes dusky,
mind talon-sharp -

Dark haven, glints of light,
pregnant sound, subtle movement,
backdrop deep as existence,
soulful as death and delight.

In hidden owls and painted trees:
dualities of dusk and deliverance.
Perceiving beyond my reach, I am
but a still-life canvased with trees.

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