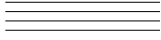


T H E H E M L O C K G R O V E



M A U R A S T A N T O N

after Charles Burchfield's watercolor

Ghost haze floats across the grove in tatters
Transforming trees, obscuring as it scatters.

Leaves scuttle. Snags are alive with eyes,
The loose bark itchy with wintering flies.

The damp ground smolders under sprays of twigs.
Mist crowns the tree tops like powdered wigs.

Living and dead trees enduring, weathering —
Here fog shapes wings, a neck, a feathering

Out of nothing, out of the paper's ground,
The nothingness the artist saved, not found

As his wet brush conjured a vanished swan
From two dead trunks. Today I saw a fawn

Gnawing a pumpkin, and thought of Burchfield
Striving to uncover what we want concealed.