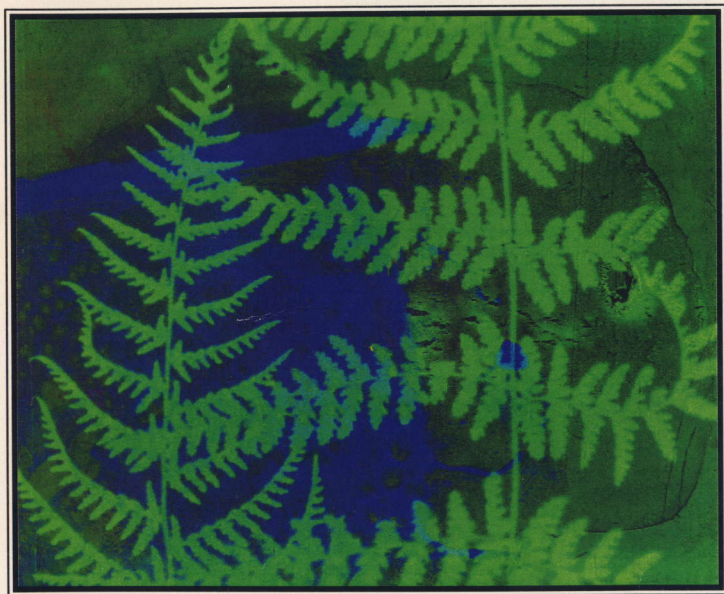


# Avocet

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A Journal of Nature Poems



Summer 2011

## On Seeing a Rock-Cut Tomb

30

A square rock cutting  
Enough for a man  
alive or dead  
to go down  
    into rock's chamber,  
    ancient tomb.

Square hole, plumbing depth,  
bodies' ashes lying  
deep, deep in the rock

seven steps to the  
body-chamber tomb  
a ladder of  
seven rungs, the spheres

Soul descends to  
dark below the moon  
ladder, steps,  
lead down and up.

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## Might Fills the World

Lightning bolts rip the sky,  
Thunder bursts, explodes, roars,  
Wild winds whip,  
Earthquakes chasm,  
Split the ground open.

We puffed-up, self-important mice,  
Strut alongside mammoths.  
The old man's snoring deafens,  
Earth yawns like Gulliver,  
Stretches and like a wet dog,  
Throws us in all directions.

Storm air turns solid,  
Firmament descends to earth,  
Solid ground isn't.

Beneath our feet the earth-crust crumbles.