

LAVA

I think the chaparral
grows at night, starkly

violating the laws
of photosynthesis; for

in the moon's stringent
light there are only

vital signs — this splurge
of wild animal fur,

glistening green-black
off the pale hills' grass

ground. What life, owls'
haunt, the refulgent, oily

blackness of a bee swarm
on the way to a new hive.

The chaparral is moving,
the chaparral may be

moving, unseen, hollow
to hollow every night.