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#### Walking and other poems

#### Gigi Marks

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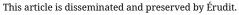
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## Walking

#### Gigi Marks

An older grove of maple, beech, the stream that runs through it, the shiny pockets of moss that disappear in the hazy new undergrowth, clouds tucked among the opening of branches where the canopy has not closed yet with leaves; still there is green everywhere, even before leaves, before May has come. One gray trunk after another, and all the wood that holds up a tree is dead, while a thin skin tells us what is alive, what runs up from the ground and fills with sun. There is, also, a fine network of spring bloomers on the ground, and while the stream trips the water into waterfalls over rocks all those flowers shake and shiver, petals pale and dark only here a moment longer.

### The Wake Robin

#### Gigi Marks

To find the smell of green bud and red flower, the low-hanging stink that doesn't leave those inches near the ground, you couldn't stand above and look: you'd need to be near enough to also find the smell of leaves that haven't turned to dust and mould yet but are as much like dirt as dirt is in the way it settles on the skin of your lips and tastes like dirt.

You would need to be sister of the ant who nimbly, always ready, climbs inside the flower, or child of the spider who has set a web from leaf to petal, who looks like nothing at all until you are eye-level and you are there.

# Cloud

### Gigi Marks

Hundreds of black flies
heated in the sun
become quick and make
a hum and then turn back
and forth in the air,
make a cloud around you,
with a single one caught
in the feathers of your
eyelashes, blink, blink,
it stays there until you
rub it off and the flying
of the others stays with you,
walks you home, eye closed.

### Unseen

### Gigi Marks

There's the mirror on the lake
that reflects the great fringe of the forest
and single overhanging trees, the sky
unbroken by clouds, then a cloud swinging by,
then several geese that take the waterway
as theirs to sail over and on. I see the mirror
that doesn't see me, as if I were lost in the trees,
as if I were caged in places far away when
I am here and close, so near and close.

# Altogether

### Gigi Marks

six or seven ants moving over a bare patch of ground, the tight red cones (the flowers) of spruce opening becoming pink, and no kingbird on the pitchfork's handle where one perched yesterday, wind stopping so that some of the blown off seeds from dandelion heads just hang in the air. Will they descend now or wait until this breeze starts blowing and the yellow jacket comes buzzing in my ear?

### In Pasture

### Gigi Marks

I wouldn't need to think about the pale moon projected into the day's blue sky. Its half round shape, its flatness that belies the orb. If your gaze was closer, near the braided land of my skin, finely furrowed and unplanted, soil-brown in the unshaded sun of long reaches of pasture around us, the green rush of grass like the sound of wind. So like yours, if I was close enough to see.

# Gap

### Gigi Marks

It isn't much, the open window, the screen with thinnest gap to let them through, just enough clear light up high to call a moth, to see another flutter and another touch my hair and another settled on a chair. It isn't much at all, the way they find the bright est room and disappear when all goes dark except for how they move, the smallest shiver in the air that says they're barely there.

# The Edge

### Gigi Marks

Once, we caught our feet together in the surf walking the line, the edge of tide, of sea, and another time, you drifted off. Nowhere else do we matter so littleeven the tiniest grain of sand and crushed shell will stay here longer, joining the others. ButI still noticed, once, your closeness, once your distance, even while waves crashed at my feet and filled my ears and the salt spray crusted on my lips, and the sea wind blew around my face, and seemed to me to hold me there.