

# THREE POEMS

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*by Pamela Light*

## ASCENSION

The black squirrel travels  
down a slender pine  
Crosses my gaze  
negotiates the red maple  
Then climbs one aged oak and  
in its punctuated way  
Ascends.

My gaze climbs  
out of myself  
Until perspective drops  
like an acorn:

Is it possible  
to grow disinterested  
in certain kinds of grief?

## JOY

Joy sits on horseback  
On the crest of a ridge  
Contemplating the expanse  
Of our separation.

She calculates the distance  
And charts a path.

After deep winter's thaw  
Rumors of her journey  
Ride on solar winds.

I uncork a bottle  
And watch for her approach.

Joy gallops across the plains  
Eyes wild, mouth open  
Hair unfurled and ragged  
Like a war torn flag.

## COMMUNITY

A net of starlings descends and captures the yard.  
At once each bird comes alive with activity.  
Kinetic bodies bash and shove, wings thrash.  
Jabbing beaks vie for water and seed in communal brutality.

Rude thread knits them together  
as one grey squirrel, defending his space  
zig zags madly through the flock charging the invaders.  
Starlings lift in unison and cast their net next door.