



an ecology of the moment

km rowe



# forest moment



there are colours here  
and shapes, all sorts of sizes, oh  
and smells—sharp smells and deep smells  
the kind that are the result of your moving feet

all crunchy pine needles  
and soft moss and the sound of water

all those things the colour of forest  
all those things the sound of trees  
all those things the feeling of loneliness

without being lonely

we make house shapes with the forest  
we make shapes like home or shapes like lost

without being lost

because being lost is impossible here,  
in the ecology of the moment

where time is concentric circles made  
around the marrow of each long breath.

# lake moment



lakeside and idle-wise  
all the shape of water and  
the colour of mirror

all skyward and wise words  
all insect captain, ant on a leaf

all grasshoppers as bate and  
brown trout on the line

yep, a shy guy and a fish fry  
don't forget the skillet  
better with butter

let me leap into the lake  
let me swim under blue sky

let me lure little fish  
let me lakeside laze

if not fishing, lying in  
the hammock just moving  
with the easy afternoon breeze.

# desert moment



busy me biznaga  
my dusty footprints

blood moon at  
witches rock, all  
black wool and white salt

we whip in the wind  
we wander and water lust

desert birds on  
burros back, and  
dry chiles and desert flowers

the purple and red evening  
divided by an adobe wall

this side is ours, by the  
old crumbling church, we  
make tortillas the colour of the sun

we make living shapes  
some form of puppetry

an odd number of knives to forks,  
the pantry is empty but a can of beans  
and our bed is full of sand.

# hillside moment



adiós azucena  
holding onto the hillside  
telling nighttime stories

pretending the stars  
pulling light towards  
your tiny little hearts

where hillside histories  
hurry downhill, children  
chasing a lizard

grandmother left her  
scarf in the tree, white  
patterns embroidered in

white wool, not a flag  
of surrender but a  
woven dream

we wild like rivers  
we worldly creatures  
leaving our words

in holes on the hillside.

# city moment



so much cement  
so the climate  
is so different

and although we are  
beautiful, and  
the city is too

we might remember  
the desert, we might  
remember the slow day

we might recall the  
time we recoiled at home  
the earthquake knocking

at the door

and this city is a costume  
we all like to wear, we  
drink our money here

we stand in lines  
we plant sad gardens  
we brag the city

though it doesn't seem to  
care about us in return.

# prairie moment



grow me up  
grasslands

either green  
or golden

either wind  
or rain  
or maybe  
gas and oil

red-breasted  
robins on pumpjacks

green wooden  
grain elevators

rusting old  
train cabooses

on a black iron bridge  
above the frozen river

write me or rot me  
i was raised like a barn

among tiny yellow flowers, on  
a roadside mustard seed farm.

# river moment



ripen me riparian  
or carry me current  
and currently, i am  
oxbow lake, lately  
abandoned after  
meaningfully meandering  
my boots are full of mud  
skin pocked by  
mosquito bites  
barely enough time  
to take another breath  
before under we go  
with the undertow  
and the river carries  
me strong, and i wear  
the river and it is  
aware of me, birds  
make trumpets and  
a dog plays near  
the shore by the  
willow trees, i am  
with water and it  
holds me, and the  
fly fishermen make  
cowboy shapes as  
i drift by, always  
drifting until the  
river runs dry.

# tundra moment



bore me boreal  
and that is why  
you must end

but believe me  
better with  
borealis or berries  
into jam, just  
liken me to lichen  
and grow me on a rock

grow me green  
or grow me and  
throw me, all

tender me tundra  
howl like a wolf  
tender me between  
moon and earth

tender me tundra  
as tempting as it is

make my body a  
temple, buried beneath  
the rocks all airy and alpine  
all treeless after trapline  
saxifrage and lupine.

# valley moment



volley me valley  
from mountainside  
to mountainside

supposed to be  
a prairie boi  
but no longer

look for me in  
valleys be they  
yellow or green

tempt me tendrils  
and we will climb  
the cathedral wall

together, we will  
drink from the well  
we will dance with

the grasses and  
collect insects and  
draw in the dirt

with our fingers  
little circles always  
little circles.

# animal moment



animate me animal  
not so amicable  
a million mammals  
making sound

and i am drawn  
the way you see  
me, drawn to you

a person like you  
a person like me.

# rancher moment



write a poem  
or ride it, and  
i will be inside it

every word, every sound  
righteously ranchero

but don't get me wrong

i don't write poems  
i don't speak em,  
but some folk they  
seek them, and

if i may i might  
i may just sing for you

a tin can cowboi's song

leather boots en denim,  
plaid that way is that  
whisky or just me and  
a buckskin hat

rancour me rancher  
a pitchfork a painter

not poet, not writer.

# astro moment



too many stars  
and too many poems  
about them

and too many words  
to confuse and go on then

no more poems  
just chants and  
chants will be

a chance for you  
a chance for me

we colour the  
conscious all cosmic  
and nauseous

we spin at 460  
meters a second

sorry not sorry  
another little  
space story

astro or astray  
i am here to stay.

