Gordon Anderson

JEREMIAH'S NATURE POEM

The rain draws circles
around me. A chameleon
hides under my foot.
My vision is blocked by a hawk
riding the early morning air.
I can hear only two bluejays
calling me names
my friends have forgotten.

JEREMIAH'S DREAM

In my dream I flew with crows
to a barren place, surrounded
by seven mountains.
Two men--I think
they were neanderthal--
brought sticks of fire,
touching me with them.
For awhile I was the sun.
Then the crows returned,
dressed in the white of a virgin bride.
They took me back.
I awoke then, feeling like an immigrant
from the land of fact.