

The Old Now won't be old

You might know it as *yesterday*.

It currently sits in a back room
knowing its moment wrinkled

like water over creek stones
then passed thoughtlessly away

so now it holds vigil
elbows propped on the windowsill

studying rabbits and how
they topple forward in small leaps

to bury tiny scissoring
teeth in tender clover

sensing the seeds of return
somehow live within this gesture.

Michael Bazzett