

While I might brook my days  
nettled 'til I'm bushed,  
I simply marsh through the mundane.

Just doing what I'm toad.

Finally I bulrush out of doors  
no longer out of patience and bugged,  
something stars to get me going.

Much to my daylight.

I admit some black bears me down  
and seek the evening of my breath.

Then ... owl night long,  
in a land I find so deer,  
I leaf behind the castle and it's stone work.

Forest times like these  
tree, four times a quarter,  
I moon over my good fortune.

Neither whip or will are required  
to brush away the day's fatigue  
and settle me among divines.

It's by habitat I go,  
snow one makes me stay.

As when a nighthawk his armor  
feeling waitless as he otter,  
icing of the night sky.

Lightning my own burdens.

I paws to gauge the distance  
Rush, spring, runnel ...  
landscape those fears

Down by the cricket seems  
I am berry even aware  
of the repose I gain beaver  
time's flowing daylight rains.

**Owl Night Long**

Roger David Hardesty, ©2010