

# Circuit Breaker

Brandon Krieg

Tick on Ez's belly from our hike,  
black ember

I pick off, toss to fireflies  
signaling summer dusk.

The candle-flame stands up tall, sits down again.

Seeking not-seeking is not not-seeking

I hear philosophers saying, with their long strings sadly  
angle by angle cutting through blocks of clay.

Strings pulled from guitars  
once packed with dirt and buried deep in earth,  
whose silence is crickets stop all at once.

All of the sunflowers in the field today were bowed but one:  
Ez stopped many times in front of me  
turning back to see it again.

When seekers miss the path the same way,  
they wear the ground to look like the path

intoned the philosophers in the sad unison of my skull.  
Ez stopped in front of me halfway up the hill and said,

"When it is hard, I have a switch inside me  
I turn to the Earth; when it is easy,  
I have a switch inside me I turn to the sun."

# Tipped Past Equinox

Brandon Krieg

Earth's obliquity  
catches a pond up

in a ring  
of after-frost reflecting  
yellow falling into themselves  
leaves

so thing  
and thought  
touch and dragonfly off

decreasing surge,  
sudden absence of all

water that ever went into  
rounding a stone in the road.

# Touched by Arctic Air the World Turns White

Brandon Krieg

My touch  
stolen by  
buttons, keys.

We drive to where the white-capped  
wasp nest hangs  
from a tiny hook not having

had to learn trust.  
The squirrel doesn't  
lecture us

for leaving acorns where they fall.  
In woods snow  
falls into deer prints in snow,  
my words

should be careful  
as your hand brushing  
flakes

from my eyelashes.

# Sudden Open

Brandon Krieg

A horse  
rips grass

along the high road,  
the only sound along the high road,

and, pleased at the sudden open any only sound  
leaves the moment it ceases,

I recall the nest  
discovered behind the oven, its mice

long ago returned to the fields.

# Garden Unguarded

Brandon Krieg

Gourd on the ground  
at the gate of the storm:

two posts wired to a split  
and pounded-in oar, un-

sound. The unsaid  
breaks in, lifts

the silver undersides  
of leaves wind lifts

just out of reach of  
belief. But to unsay

the unsaid? That  
is to hold all

the protective reflection —  
cd blanks, holographic

tape — fastened  
around this plot

up to cloud-shadows'  
search-darks.