

Mouse in a Furrow

Sand-dappled mouse in a furrow,
His past, his small burrow;
His present, three wind-scattered seeds;
His future—obscured by a tangle of weeds—
A sleek, silent falcon,

To whom the small, scruffy-silken
Brown body's a knot in a skein,
Its unwindings quite plain,
For, from just under the sun,
His past-present-future's all one.

Jeannette Morrell