

To Alfonso, Gardener of Moon-dried Tomatoes

there are only so many sounds we can make
to imitate flight so he

wings it
goes out
on a limb
goes on
living
goes right on
living
like nothing else like nothing
I have
ne'er seen
you so
high and by that I mean
incapable of unflappable
being flapped

although
your hair
is blowing
round your
face like
a willow
leaves
cling to
trunk in
the on
going en-
core of storm
and song