
GARY LEE ENTSMINGER

The Scarecrow

Before All Hallows' Eve I wanted to say something and searched for the words and incantations. I found this book—and while the poets slept, lifted their lines becoming their voices.

A morning early in winter: half asleep, I lay as I had too often done before, gulled into thinking life was back to normal.

To house the fragments of my life I've built a small museum, making room as handful by handful fills with winter then with distances. Tonight the sky will stay clear but all the stars will hide.

It's more difficult to acknowledge the limits of human perspective, to consider the definite possibility that life as we know it is illusion. An old blues riff, a memory still blazing, half of what your heart is.

Rain plays at last on my roof, a sound I prefer to any other, except your voice. Niñas know how to receive you. They know what to make of your spiked tail, tongue and ears. The willow droops, but does it weep?

Everest—mother goddess of mountains—sheds unbridled tears of ice and snow. Snowflakes break against brick. The courtyard is a well of wind. The city beaches are covered in snow. Is the message new or old?

The scarecrow is an image of all man's green delusions, his hollow eyes the price of visions, and gold, his careless straw. Beads glisten on black branches bowed from rain in the night; not even his dreams are in color.

Spring again, as usual, though early. The old poet and I walked the trail. Again the question: what is reality? Here is memory, secret treasure, here is a needle to sting your heart to song.

He covers the owls with his cup. The sun is rising, making holy smoke windhorse prayer.

