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I Walked up the Hill

behind the house
in morning sunshine,
visited with a large black spider
on brown, dusty ground.
She watched me from multiple eyes
but wouldn't tell me her name

There's so much power in names,
some cultures reserve them
for private occasions
of great spiritual weight.

I visited with the burrowing wasp
who finished digging,
has established her family
underground
and keeps her name close, too.

I walked down to where someone had written
on an abandoned concrete driveway,
"Chispa, Andy, Kanna are fags."
Weeks ago, Laura picked up the chalk-rock
and changed "fags" to "fabulous."
I like it better that way,
and it looks like time does too,
because it's lasting.

From up the hill, I heard
the garbage truck
circle the neighborhood
down the hill on flat ground.
I was lost behind trees
and didn't get to watch
the mechanical super-hero
on the side of the truck
grab our plastic garbage can
lift it high
and dump it into the truck.
Sun shines down on juniper trees,

pine trees,
dusty ground,
A brown grasshopper jumps to my shirt,
rides with me a ways
as I turn toward home,
then jumps away into its own day

Wild seed heads stick in my socks.
I sit in shade under the last tree
before home
in sunshine
and slowly
pick them out.