***The Starbog Road***

The Starbog Road is an easy right

just past the crossroads at Deerpark.

It begins with fieldstone walls

yew alleys, daffodils

then builds to a crescendo

of ridgeback eskers

raked glacial rises

the cairn a sunsplit crown.

The tamaracks are a surprise.

Sprung in hunched encampments

their new growth

crests the bog.

We’re up to our knees in Easter snow

when you tell me about the Hudson

how when the war was on it flew

square into the mountain’s flank

how as a boy you learned

to model planes to scale

launch and fly and land against the wind

each one a soul tethered to nothing.

I tell you about the fireball

that gave the place its name

– locals thought they heard a swarm of bees

harvest time nineteen and two –

but you’re tuned in

to higher frequencies

their equidistant silences

transmitting

windshear warnings

a propeller’s earth-deserted whine.

Late springs like this bring cold fronts

Siberian inflections.

The pickup truck is snowblind blue.

I know you want to leave it here

the key in the ignition, the doors unlocked

and walk on up the Starbog Road

the snow laid out in unmarked sheets

all the way to the western ocean.