

Contours

by John Riley

The oceans have no sides only
constantly shifting contours
we call coastlines
which may mean,
I almost wrote must mean,
all things once moved by magic
have a need to exist
that is not established
by the container in which it sits.

The smallest poplar grows away from its roots
the deeper the roots dig into the soil.
Dreams like flowers need pruning too.
All living things need constant shears.
Shall the shear prune with steel
or by the cycle of the moon
is of less import than it be precise
in how it cuts and how it breathes.

