

Three questions

by [Julie L. Moore](#) in the [November 8, 2016](#) issue

1.

Along the Beaver Creek,  
lobelia clings to the soil,  
foiling its every effort  
to sneak into the stream,  
which ripples over rocks below,  
aerating the water that fuels  
the wetland where a dragonfly  
squints its blue, bulbous eyes,  
spying mosquitoes mating,  
then steers its body  
to reach their next move.  
Do you dare, while traipsing  
this trail and glancing  
milkweed blossoms,  
to covet anything  
your neighbor may have?

2.

Six months later,  
and a mile away,  
on a lime-dusted field,  
a singular tree,  
its leaves shorn  
and humming in wind  
somewhere south,  
waits.

Winter will bear  
a crop of snow,  
which will deepen

with the season  
and wrap around  
the stoic oak. No one  
will amble by for months.  
Driving by, will you  
sing your praise  
purely from the road's  
safe distance?

3.

In between, where there is so much time,  
when inspiration won't spread its wings  
and raise its crimson head,

when nothing but mud dominates  
the wetland, when tarnished tin  
is the only color the sky can muster,

what then? Will you savor the age-old scent  
of the now-and-not-yet, sense its tension  
in the toppled tree, damp and fungus festooned,  
as you take each successive step?