

MICHAEL CUTLIP

Bird on a Wire, 2012
Mixed Media on Panel, 40 x 48 in



COURTESY THE ARTIST

THOMAS CRAWFORD

Earth Art

My heart I had to approach
with wheelbarrow and pick,
and the impossible task
of believing in what I could not see.
So, when the Yellow-bellied Chats
showed up in a line,
upside down, hanging
on the grape arbor
for the fat, black grapes
in my backyard I knew
my old hands out ahead of me
were on to something more
than hope, that every poem,
if you kept at it, could be a bird
coming into view, but also
a wave, or, if you like,
a particle, thanks to those waffling
physicists who can't agree
on what's real. But I already knew,
young, I could choose, if unhappy
(because we do need solace),
my very own god.

Thomas Crawford's poetry books include *If It Weren't for Trees*; *I Want to Say Listen*; *Lauds*, which won the Oregon Book Award for Poetry; *The Temple on Monday*, winner of the ForeWord Book of the Year Award; *Wu We*; and *The Names of Birds*. He has received a Pushcart Prize and two National Endowment for the Arts Fellowships. His new collection of poetry is *Caging the Robin*. Cedar House Books.