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David E. Howerton

—When you begin paying attention—

Empty street, does and fawns
feel safe eat figs until full.

Small brown finches hop looking
for careless insects to eat.

Turkey vultures ride thermals
into blue sky dodging small white clouds.

Step out of kitchen coffee in hand
steam tickles nose, mouth waters, I smile.

Wind picks up tosses a few dead leaves
that get caught in my shoes
beetles run away shadows mock them.

Been too long walking concrete jungles,

return to wooded hills where creatures are seen
each day through trees getting ready winter.

David W. Howerton, as well as writing poetry, designs type and carves soapstone, takes walks in the woods, and collects dragons as well as a growing library of science fiction at his home in the American River Canyon. He also does landscaping, sign painting, jewelry making, and programming.