

Three Poems from *Bamboo Equals Loon*  
by Anita K. Boyle

*Bamboo Equals Loon*

You need no heaven  
and expect none,  
even would find relief  
if there were none,  
were only the crowded  
imaginings of the solitary.

Even the loon lives  
camouflaged as night.  
And bamboo under stars  
can be stiff as a dead loon  
in the daytime.

When you leap into the dark.  
you may discover wings,  
beautiful tapered wings,  
or you may fall  
to your death  
when there was no need  
to jump at all.

Bamboo plus windblown  
darkness equals the universe  
on the back of a bird.

*Scent of Lavender*

The woman in Levis  
and a John Deere cap  
cut a handful  
of lavender from her garden,  
handed it to me,  
then took a shovel,  
cut the bush in half,  
put it in a bucket  
in the back  
of my old truck.

It's hot.

The little flowers  
are fragrant and hard.

*The Warrior*

Once, I was a warrior.  
But I've retired from that.

In this life, I stay away from the chaos  
of battles I don't understand:  
    obedience of mind,  
    sand versus dog,  
    the naming of areas,  
    color cannons....

There are others.

Don't worry about me.  
I'm harmless. Even if  
you see the glint  
of sword in my eye.