

**Poems from Whispers of Grace: Living in Rural Vermont
by Jeannie Lindheim**

SOUNDS

Crickets of the night
are they awake
or snoring?

WHEN I AM ALONE

inner worlds surface
when I am alone

thoughts pour out
when I am alone

creating in bliss
when I am alone

the pulse slows down
when I am alone

my friend is me
when I am alone

no one's agenda
when I am alone

a thrilling
when I am alone

the world makes sense
when I am alone

SEPTEMBER 15, 2011

They lead the cow
for her last walk
across the meadow.

Her killers chat by the wooden barn.

Deep into the night
her friends howl.
Their moos pierce,
stinging the night air
sorrowing for their sweet companion.

A CHOICE

Tiny yellow flower
chirping in delight
chosen from our meadow
in early morning
I bring it inside.

I return later.
Her lips sealed tight

with a stern face.

NOVEMBER 1998

Gray naked lady
of November
hides behind the silver birch,
masking her vulnerability.

PEACE

swimming seamlessly
in her own thoughts

quiet reverie
droplets drip
from her fingertips,
sunlight's rainbows
reflecting
through each drop

A brigade of buttercups
proudly stands on the shore,
little trumpets

their faces smiling
to the summer sky.

HUNTING SEASON

She didn't know
when she opened her eyes
this November morning
she would end up
in the back of a station wagon.

What if . . .
deer hunted man
and she said to her buddies
"He's a big one
160 pounds!"
as he lay open-eyed
on the forest floor.

NATURE SLOWS

writing today
quiet reverie
eight a.m. somersaults into three p.m.

the only way I know
time passes
is by skies fading light

time tiptoes
unaware of me