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Drawing the Line

The wild turkeys
Loping through the woods,
Carrying their ponderous wings
As if they were ancient tomes
Under scholars' robes,
Seem to drop their books
And gain speed when they notice me
Yards away but close enough
Even though I am standing still
As they cross the path
And head into the woods.

They head in this direction,
Not that,
With decided steps
That know the ground.

I watch and learn:
The turkeys have a place to go—
A tree that is their own.
They know these woods
As they know themselves
And claim a part of it
Well away from this path
With its certain ends
Of electric light and heat,
Humans behind closed doors.

Away from this path
They draw the line
Between what I know
And what I cannot.

I see it.
As I said,
I am standing still,
Rooted.