

*Natural Law*

On a blue-green lake in the first acute angles of spring,  
we set our nets, illegal as incest,  
take quite more than our share—  
a lesson to others  
on evolution.

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When the summer green acres are ripe, we light our fires  
at one-mile intervals across the scorched  
dry forests—jack pines  
will later germinate  
in the ashes.

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Then in autumn's arrogant display at death we hunt  
the deer together, never touching  
the lovely corpses—  
rotting enriches  
the soil.

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When winter comes we are at rest  
And love all night in the white waste of each other.

From *Love Is A Grave* by Ken Stange (1973)