

Lost, Long Gone, Forgotten Records presents

Migration

by Kerry Trautman

Side A
Migration

Songs through the window—
some wavering between insect and bird.

It is a fault in me
that I can not identify the vocalists—
these kinfolk, yard- and shrub-folk.

These few years I am here,

the least I could do is know
who sings their weightless souls
through my air.

Migratory maps like
capillaries across Ohio.

This morning's late frost
melts with dawn,
pussy willow catkins dropping
like pollinated sponges.

I hope they got what they needed
before they fell.

Can I trust that the songs
will keep coming?

Originally published by *The Fourth River*, 2014. Included in [To Have Hoped](#) published in 2015
by Finishing Line Press.

Liner Notes: It's the age-old story of looking up at the night sky and feeling small in relation to
the universe, but with birds in place of galaxies. Nature is impossibly vast and only partially
knowable, and that only if you commit to knowing. And it all persists despite ignorant us.

Side B
The Grass that it is

As if February weren't bastard enough,
Lake Erie rejected my father's ashes—
strewn, blown to dinginess atop the ice,
refusing to swallow, to digest,
to feed what lies below in the cold rhythm.

In my childhood garden,
he snipped asparagus and zinnias
into a bait bucket together—
green thumbs and electric petals.
He taught me to harvest night crawlers
for the weekend's fishing.
He knived swelled tomatoes,
fed me the warm wedges.
plucked sugar snap peas,
tucking them in my pocket for
an afternoon's worth of nibbling.
Hauled crates of zucchini and crooknecks
to his coworkers—grateful and befuddled.
Plunged fists into the soil for jeweled beets
to slice with Lake Erie perch,
and picked strawberries for shortcake,
enough to all the neighbors over.

Today, February rains a glaze of ice
to my brown lawn, my frozen garden mud.
I chop a waxed grocery bell pepper,
peel the fibrous ends of a pound of asparagus—
revealing itself as the grass that it is.

Included in [To Have Hoped](#) published in 2015 by Finishing Line Press.

Liner Notes: Few of my poems are as autobiographical as this. I often wonder where the ashes ended-up. I often wonder how he found time for that garden. I'm often disappointed I can barely manage a tomato.

Kerry Trautman

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The Lost, Long Gone, Forgotten Singles Club #8

Lost, Long Gone Forgotten Records #8

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You can buy Kerry's 2015 Finishing Line Press chapbook, *To Have Hoped*, in which both of these poems appear, [here](#).