I wanted to gender the lupines
but the further up the path I went the smaller they got.
Something to do with bees. The Mission Blue butterfly
becomes more and more endangered every day:
this isn’t a loss I notice automatically, something I breathe in
with the sea air and coffee in the morning.
I admit I’ve started getting my news from the trailhead:
which quadrupeds are allowed, which not.
Something is always being banned
or else something is always taking root,
some invasive species. Busloads of schoolchildren
from exclusive academies come to repair the damage:
they howl at the moon, at each other, at the thick green vines
they tear from the laurel and the bay.
In a sheltered cove along Rosenstock Road
the last of the shooting stars are blooming now.
I walked out this morning just for them, but also,
as it turns out, for the horsetail ferns on the fire road.
I’m faithless. This is beyond dispute.
High above Hwy. 101 I scuffed my boots in the metamorphic
dust
and enjoyed it, I was laughing as I approached the guy wires
that line the path on either side of Rodeo Pass,
laughing as the crosswinds slammed my body.
I was wearing my old hat, my I-don’t-care-if-it-flies-out-into-the-Bay hat, but nevertheless when the breeze took
me
my left hand flew to its tattered brim.
For a moment I teetered, and considered
the dreary lives of the naturalists living in the former military housing at K-Park. When we purify the language of our own tribe we speak of naturalists in the abstract collective. I don’t spend too much time with any one species so as not to blur this useful line: some days it’s enough just to think *flower,* the little orange flowers as opposed to the medium-sized pink flowers or the rank fleshy bouquet of the cow parsley.

According to the signs I am not supposed to trespass into the hayfields because of HISTORIC EARTHWORKS. They look like dikes and ditches to me.

What I really want is to get the tidewater goby into a dialogue with the Mission Blue, a sort of End-of-the-Line confabulation, though what with the Linnaean fracture I doubt whether they’d do more than stare out into the surf as I do, on the evenings when the seals play elsewhere, the grey of the batteries almost as pearl as the spine of the dirt-grinding tide.
I walked out on the roof to clip my fingernails.  
It was a quiet night. The stars shone.  
Soon the clippings made a small but noticeable pile.  
I went back in, showered, went to bed.  

By morning the pile was larger.  
The next day the roof began to sag.  
I took a snow shovel to the roof  
and pitched them, hand over hand,  

into the dooryard below. This became a daily task.  
The grass, the lilacs in the dooryard died,  
suffocated for light. The first-floor windows  
filled like apothecary bottles.  

There was nothing shocking or disturbing about this.  
It was what we’d been wanting all along.