NEARLY FORGOT

This cannot be
this gray falling mist
Yesterday's heavy heat pushed
upon pavement, oozed
black asphalt from under rock, wilted

tar shingles and still radiates

waves like Marilyn Monroe's dress but
now this incessant mist lingers
drips from laughing leaves, drunk
by brown grass and giddy dandelions
and flowerless dogwood
Has there ever been
such a welcome intruder?

I’ll wear wool in winter

sludge through puddles and ponds, oppressed

by leaden clouds and need

consolation and care by November

but now, now I swing

on my easy porch glide with daughter

in arm and listen to light

paddling plops from leaf to leaf

and we laugh, we revel
in this happy mist, this
sing song this patter, these
august waters