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