

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