

Look at the moon's reflection on the water — a blotch of white, gleaming, changing shape, sending out streaks of light after skating insects; spots and lines of light in their wakes, flashing towards the image, merging with it again, or gone.

There is a straight gash of red farther out on the pond from that light that has risen now far above the trees and is arcing overhead, speeding past stars. A plane, a jet; you can see clearly the flame streamers of the jets and hear the thunderous roar that is following miles behind it. Just a jet.

It is already falling, diving into the northern horizon, passing stars, slower and smaller. Then down, nearly out of sight in the trees, and Venus sparkles whiter in the darkened West, surrounded by a myriad of tiny glints of light.

And if, in an hour or two, there were a growing, formless splash of silvery lights spraying electrically all around, fountain-like down from the zenith, kaleidoscoping colors, mother-of-pearl, you would not see or hear much else until it passed.

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In The Summer

In the summer,
The grass on the hillside is powdery silvery green
And speckled with gentian and white and blue phlox.

It comes to me,
Down the slope, running and tumbling, stumbling, bub-
bling down
To the dusty path, waving and bowing, calling in whispers.

I step from the path,
And it flows all around me, shimmers, fondles, trips my legs,
And I drown in the depths of a sea of summer grass.

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