

Summer Discoveries in the Land of Birdbath and Beyond

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First, the molecules rush to boil.
Then, there's the slow perk of the coffee pot,
like the sound of waves rolling in from the lake,
and all the rushy-twittering of leaves in the wind
that brings the smells that make the dog howl,
and a bed as hard as the floor, floor-hard, and
then there are all the uses of *beat*:
the drum, the wife, the cake-batter. We
walk the beat, sail the beat, beat it.
And the lyrical bracken fern that filters sun,
the exclamation points of the tall grasses
making a painting, Chinese.

Things pop up when we're not looking:
mushrooms, pimples, wrinkles,
freckles, warts, moles,
no-fat hotdogs, trashy magazines.

Fireweed burns on the side of the road,
the turtle skips on the river like a stone;
it's the bullfrog who grunts,
the green frog who twangs.

Strange chants wake us.
A giant bird sails over the road.
At night, the shadow in the outhouse
is a tiny bug on the lens of the flashlight.
The sky hammers rain, the dog is exhausted,
and untamed, weedy eyebrows run wild and free.