

The Poems of Summer

I get up early in high summer.
In the mist, poems wait,
Thirsty for human thought.
In the mornings of once-upon days,
We thought of them as the fairy folk,
Sneaking out from their deep dancing among the trees,
Or maybe out of the trees themselves,
(where trees are there is a difference)
To laugh at us and make mischief.
But now, we know better, we suppose, but
Though the world we make today
Would go its way without them,
Winding on to darker and darker ends, mostly
There is, where poems come from
Something that can't or will not let us be:
You can feel it deep in the trees,
Mostly in summer,
Something that loves us
In ways so deeper than we can fathom,
That only the poems can make us feel
And in our misty morning clumsiness,
Guess at.
So, I rise early,
And will catch them, such as I can –
The sweetest ones, though, they –
I will rise earlier.