

## **Some Kind of Ripening**

Day woven to night in braids. Street stones hold flaxen light to bursting and joy is as high as temples. Thick rivers of sorrow slope through honey hills. Your city is as lonely as your country.

Just across my shoulder are long bellies of green land. The beekeeper sometimes forgets to pick his blueberry bushes. His grandson shows us how with sun-soaked fingertips. Remember your hands like butterflies and giggles that tumble and rise in their easy pride? Yes, July days know they can sing for eons. Fruit and grass and bird-calls of safety. A boy learns his quickness of pulse in summer dresses and flaxen hair. But childhood wants no innocence. Happiness, too, is a burden. The smallest bears her inchworm cut as a prize.

Tonight they tell of open water. Boundless blue. Dark crests of glory that cut the wanting air above. What is the sweetness of summer without her thunder, swelling and true?