

Timid as Any Herd Animal

That bright of the blue sky variety
raising every racket of mower
and blower, backhoe and whacker,

not to mention every street's hatch
of after-school slammers and high-pitched
trampoliners. O just a while longer,

a day, maybe three, give them
a rest. Have the hammocks hold fast
and the bark remain in the dog.

Have the thinnest veil of dusk,
fog, or drizzle, call stillness
near, her sister, silence, here.