

Soon to Be Licked Up By The Thirsty Sun

~~27 August, 1967~~

Soon to be licked up by the thirsty sun
The puddles after rain
Quietly reflecting heaven's depth
Call as from another shore

Sometimes we wonder whether the New York Central
Will make it from Oberlin to Chicago.

The apple tree is laden
With a full term pregnancy.
A cluster of amber rocks
Immobilized for a million years now finds itself
Exposed to wind and time.
The singular twist of a heifer's tail
Is photographed ambushing flies.

Burnt and corroding piles
Of once-adored fenders,
Broken windshields, inert crankcases
Chrome and wire
Now sleep as refuse
Beside a lost river.

(7 August, 1967)

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