

Early Summer / Sonnet

I guess May is still the ladder end of spring
reaching for the roof (summer, of course)
cherries rolling carelessly off the stucco hill,
landing crushed on the tattered lawn.

The nectarines and apricots are next
heftier, more a pelt than a roll they come—
I try to keep my teeth from prying them open,
tucking them away from the falling fruit,

As they whisper the sweet promise
that rain is not just weather for making love,
but that there is something in the soil
that will make all this digging worth it.

So keep burying your nails into the walls that will turn wet
With sun and languor. Linger in that glow. Let the earth be met.