

## Humid Evening

I finger gently the meshy steel diagonals  
in our manufactured backyard fence  
as lightning bugs dazzle a slow-dance  
in the swimmy summer-wet air.

The therapeutic pendulum of a breeze-driven  
willow branch entrances me, and merely glancing  
at our telephone pole mutely poking into the yellow  
setting sky flares a human fragrance in me.

Grasp me by the arm and try to feel  
my feelings if you can, as flimsy and confused  
as the evening sounds reflecting about our  
house and joining the silence of grass.

Praise the Lord of Emptiness as evening's first  
star suggests its way through the stratosphere,  
retinas all over the city tickling with its improbable  
light. Breathe the whole slippery sky with me.

Kings have died failing to acquire a splinter of our  
well-being. Look at the grass and the fireflies and the  
fence, all swimming in a soup of quaintly offered  
love from some source unknown despite knowers.