

THANKSGIVING

S. E. Sprott

Latour three hundred summers gone
 Scythed here and starved, and bending on,
 Cut both deeds fresh, and not content,
 Planted his sickle, and it shaved
 Ten generations that it saved
 Wherever they to taste it leant.
 Why now should tongue-tied sons recall
 That dogged man whose reaps thin Fall?

The day floats in its ocean's lull.
 Sharp moon-shaped eyes through cloud won't hull
 When rage tilts up to overflow
 From night. Now undertake the calm
 To magnify the scene's clear charm;
 Hook your sun eye in trees and tow:
 Salmon leap to the masts in leaves;
 Copper hangs, rolling down its sleeves.

Globules of shed-stacked apricots
 Lade shoal-thick round elm boughs and knots.
 Feed fast, for feeding is in thanks!
 The blessing oak with arms outspread
 Will father leaves across your head,
 Unburdening his windy shanks.
 Loose coins, shaking in memory's hand,
 Will crackle dry and heap the sand.

From biting in the present tense
 Latour buds lips to recommence
 And sap to strip for the bare round
 To which his eye's cold honour hauls
 For instant satisfying falls.
 Eaten in objects as their ground
 Things thanked unique, whole, and at once
 Unskin the prize to summer's dunce.