

JULY WALKS IN

July walks in and
settles in his summer's room.
Up on the cliffs of green

the orange-breasted tatlars
still wake their lute librettoes
at pink dawn and after.

I know the dry, hot weeks
will soon sag gray
across the thirsty grass.

Then worms, sucked dry by
too much commerce with the
dust, move down from peck and

seek the safer pleasure of the
deeper moisture. Then, in that
August drought, I'll

miss the robin's gurgling chant,
the lushing leaves and petals
paused from growth till wetter weather.

—*michael K*