Island

In the heat of that summer
there was a crazy growth.
Decent trees obscured farm houses.
And the naked children
were a mere slither in the tall grass.
Gradually, the dirt road
disappeared
into the fronds of the wild sorrel.

A walker there

parts a tangle of tendril fingers,
the purple vetch pea searching
like an eager lover
in everything.

Day after day
the haze and the soft wind
and the scent of the muskmallow
heavy
on the dreaming voluptuary.

—Anne Compton

Men and Women, Remembered.

The cool rooms of summer houses
fern plants casting shadows
down a long hallway
sideboards and banisters
and the women, solid and moving.

And down in the dusty yard,
shoploft, well-house
pumproom. Words
unused, unsung in me
and the singing of the men.

—Anne Compton