

Benediction

When last we stood beside this mountain pond,
Spring's warm breezes bristled with the rapid calls
Of waxwings; brash blue swallows swooped upon
The air in sweeping arcs of rise and fall.
All through the new green shoots of meadow grass
Grew pale pink strawberries ; blueberry blossoms
Drooped from burgeoning branches. A beaver passed
Its morning on a sunny bank across from
Us. But now it's November. The wind is cold
And damp. The sun's shadow on the pond
Is brighter than the sun itself, all rolled
Up in clouds. The berries and swallows are gone.
Deep in the hemlocks a late robin plays
A grave postlude amid the wraiths of May.