

Essence of Pastoral

Like a lunatic somewhere are blinking
The famished lawns. The sprinklers silver
Are churning. The earnest grass
Meanwhile—but not ungraciously—guzzles and drop.
The seasons are turning; summer
Plumps in the suburbs. Look, O look to the sky!

But the oar-dinghies manning the sky
Sink like sunspots of somebody blinking.
The future, the past, the summer,
This blinking,—that special something silver
Is heir to but precedes,—all this drops
Down to, nestles in, transfigures, politely, the grass.

But is it anything, really, to the grass?
Are these saffron devices of sky
More than mere minstrelsy, than drops
Of rain or munitions, however well boxed? The blinking!
Stems from the stinging, which grows to a silver
Suffering at the root of summer.

O for society polite as summer!
The Social Graces themselves shall weave these stalks
grass
And weed through the weft of a silver
Loom, lunatic fates! And the sky,
Descending, upended, ever shall be blinking
Delicious dumb desuetude as it drops.

Standing and standing I drop, it drops
My attention. It is the same every summer.
No use to be blinking and blinking:
It is always the same. This grass,
The fence, the one tree, the dog-star,—dead; the sky
Merely mirrors my puddle, its putrid greyish-silver.

Where are the songs of summer, the silver
Linings, the shinings, the golden drops
Of cider, lightsome on the tongue? A sky
Somewhere is pealing, a summer
Is kneeling, root-broken, in its grass,
And here I go blindly blinking . . .

In a silver of blinking,
A sky, a summer,
Rustled, windless, still drops in the restive grass.