

ROBERT FLANAGAN

Indian Summer

A white moon, white houses, white barns,
mercury lights pulsing like hearts;
and a mist hanging sweet as long sleep
over fields of shocked corn.

Nobody moves about the pale farm yards.
Still as possums, houses await daylight:
barns groan with the weight
and aching of the dreams of animals.

Breezes cooled by moonlight
stream like silk over my body.
Filled with being in the night,
I move as if tranced down gravel roads

to sink my feet past time in the Olentangy.
Scrub oak behind me gives off a small noise.
Belonging to its shadow, an owl hoots
softly three times like an Iroquois.