

Inland

Between solstice fog and frost,
between berry and tomato season,
between sweetwater seas and
the funky swelter of marsh rind,

behind the blunt ridges that
collar the right-coast capitals,
before the broad uplands' austere
climb to the knapped sierras,

here where the impassive plains and
fat rivers relish their dreamy screw,
where the bunched towers stand
and gnomon our green horizons,

here in those cities where crickets
saw each morning to flake,
where traffic traces the contours of
the watershed and floods the bridges,

here where we forget every little
thing that slips thru the holes in our
pockets but count each and every
peach that a summer may yield,

out here where everything
important happens elsewhere,
we thank the verges that climb
our knees and pull all our ideas
about the oscillating stars to ground.

—*Andrew Vogel*