

Not Quite a Summer Evening

I sit in our back yard and listen
to the breeze rustling the leaves,
wrestling with the maple for
 their loyalty,
and as this final evening falls
before the summer I find
my mind anticipates another season—
 coming soon—
when wind will win
that timeless tug of war.

And yet the tree, I know,
quite heedless of its fate,
will simply stand a wintry watch
 —and wait.