Drifts

Benjamin Harnett
To live in a meadow at the waning of the year is to live in great drifts of days—they pile up like clouds, then stream away. It is to stand under the fullness of the glittering as the cool air clears; to be eyed by Jupiter at the rising of the night; to walk with the insects scattering, field mice darting dark through your path, shadows of a thought that you just couldn’t grasp. To have the dry grass rustle; their sharp heads bowing, sparrows flit between.
To live in a meadow at the waning
is to feel the late life flower.
One day it’s teeming
with ladybugs. Now the air
is thick with drifts of milkweed seed;
silken puffs, they seem to tug
themselves from the pods,
then sparkle up into the millions;
they are all around us;
the sun is beaming.

Such sudden fecundity, profligate,
overflowing, then
gone.

To live in a meadow at the waning,
but the moon
waxes
on.