



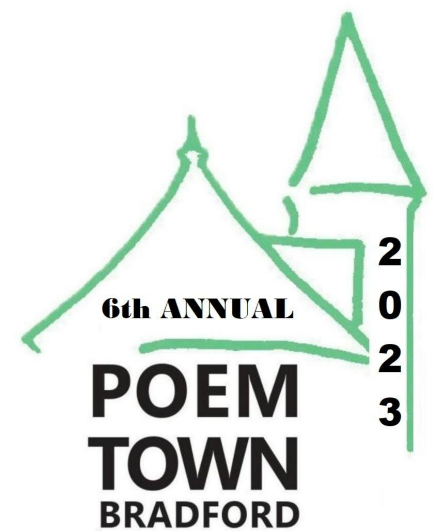
### The Prevaricating Day

Summer in the North Country,  
A warm breeze, briefly noted.  
Through pine and hardwood,  
Crossing fields of corn and  
Unmown grass portending hay  
Cutting, courting, cunning  
Teasing, testing, trimming  
As if intending to remain,  
Yet only taunting.

June days, behind us now,  
Beckoned us out, out  
Out to shake off winter.  
Stubbornly liberating spring.  
A month of April showers,  
Ours for but a pair of days.  
Dried to hard baked soil by May  
Constraining wildflowers  
Still pushing, prodding, poking through  
Heralding summer's silken start.

Now, even as a warm wind blows from the west,  
Turning winged wind turbines  
Rising from the ridge  
Leaves of red and orange burst forth,  
From windblown maple  
Peeking, peaking,  
Flaring, fusillade of fall  
From a tableau of green and blue  
A warning beacon, summer is fleeting!  
Autumn lies just beneath the surface  
Of the prevaricating day.

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