The Prevaricating Day

Summer in the North Country,
A warm breeze, briefly noted.
Through pine and hardwood,
Crossing fields of corn and
Unknown 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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