



August Night

Star fragments from Perseus
Linger in the white phlox and the Casa Blanca lilies.
They make me think of Japanese lanterns
Swaying gently from the crabapple tree —
A tribute to John Singer Sargent,
Or maybe something else.
We always seem to want more light,
Or more points of light,
To punctuate our perceptions and our beings —
Like the whistle sounding at Newbury Crossing
As the night train moves slowly up the valley,
Adding a note of poignancy to the tender riff
Sung by crickets and grasshoppers in the meadow.
Just the right touch,
That one, final dot of titanium white on the canvas.

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