

WOODMERE

gaye gambell-peterson

Around the wooded pond
a mown path beckons,
weathered benches wait.
The trick, I said to him,
is to sit silent for a time,
and let the wild grow accustomed.
 We do.

We take in the slant
of late afternoon sun greening in the water,
shadow edges creeping cool.
A symphony begins.
 The prelude: a frog note—flat and deep,
the twang of an untuned banjo string.
 The chorus: castanets in rapid rhythm
from our left, answered by the same frenzy
of cicadas from our right.
 Then a pause deep enough
to highlight a grace note—
a streak of cardinal red
across the vernal shade—
a visual soprano trill.
A carp plunks his silver circles.

The coda comes much later—
in the moonless dark with galaxies gleaming.
A whip-poor-will glorifies a stretch of time,
new dark to pre-dawn, and faeries
drape grass with woven shawls.
Web and dew the final wrap.