SUMMER EVENING IN NEW ENGLAND

RANDY BLASING

To hear an Oriole sing
May be a common Thing
Or only a divine.
– Emily Dickinson

Before the katydids did what they do,
serenading nightly their lady loves
& leaving my ears ringing like a buzz-saw,
or, later, the crickets began ticking off
the seconds to the end of summer, the air
fell quiet as the calm between breaths held
while listening for an oriole, the early
evening as cool & sweet as orange sherbet.

The lawn lay at my feet, as flat & brownish
green as the nearby Atlantic at low tide,
in what should have been my fiftieth summer
passed swimming in the incomparable
Aegean & translating into English
the ancient world there, but at this late hour
I must get used to loving summer here
where I will spend forever, starting now.