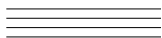


S U M M E R   E V E N I N G   I N  
N E W   E N G L A N D



R A N D Y   B L A S I N G

*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.