

Thoughts while watering flowers

by [Donna Pucciani](#) in the [June 3, 2020](#) issue

Quiet.

Even the locusts have vanished,
taking their strange invisible castanets with them.

Where are the birds? Too silent, for June.
The longest day was yesterday.

Darkness descends from now on,
sidling in like some hairy beast
with an eye that glitters in the twilight.

The first rush of flowers, potted
at the back door: silver mound a backdrop
for red geraniums, and lavender spikes
raised in blessing.

Daily rain for months. The green
glows neon. The fox a russet flash.

Palpable stillness, a throbbing nothingness,
swells like a choir of cloud. Momentarily
the rains will start again, but meanwhile,

a robin nesting atop the drain pipe
waits. I imagine the pulse of her russet breast

warming the blue eggs
that will soon crack their way

into the now.