

Midsummer, or Maybe Fall

You say you'll stay
but what does that even mean

The hummingbirds are fighting
in the salvia and even though my heart
thrills to the sight
of a red-breasted nuthatch--

And even though the solar fountain
bubbles in the yard,
the dove that comes
to drink from the edges is still alone

Last year's hawk having eaten
their mate, their partner

So I coo gently at dusk imagining
I can talk
to birds, imagining the bougainvillea's
fuschia blooms small fireworks

The sunflowers bow their heads and the kale
just isn't getting any taller. Is it midsummer or
maybe almost fall?

Irises have been long cut back
and browned
but the cactus keeps pushing out
tiny red buds like beads of blood and the aloe
shoots up a flower stalk

Daisies are blooming for a second time
and the jasmine that got cut back to the ground
dripping with small fragrant pearls
opening into pink petals

I haven't even finished my morning
coffee, and the sun can't decide on
clouds

You say you're not leaving

but the seed pods are already drying
on the cana, and I crush them in my hands--
maybe I will scatter them back
over the earth. Maybe I will
go