

Night-Piece

Deep under the leaves,
a stripe of sound:
the moist cicadas.
Shades break and rejoin
as lanterns stir
their lilyponds of light,
and bells intone
the dead of night.

Birds home from the air
lie couched in wood
and steeped in breathing.
Flowers hark to the breeze
above their heads
and droop with heavy time
and speak of sleep
in pantomime.