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From clouds the sun in roofbeams,
Stayed home with the moon it seems,
One Cape Cod Saturday morning –
Like that, she arrives no warning.

An obvious beautiful something going,
Glittering glowing electric knowing –
In improvisational raindrop ways,
Cats and tiger tailed lilly days.

She makes everything stand out clear –
Summer looking fire seer,
Angel out to get her wings,
For the seashells and the pebbles sings.

But what's the weary paper on the floor,
All the disorder the garbage at the door –
"Hello?" she says. "This is paradise, ain't it?"
"Keep trying," the operator, "please be patient."