# Mike

Crossing a buzzing late morning meadow,
Flowering goldenrod white and yellow –
Long strides / a book / dark glasses,
Fingers slipping through the grasses.

Careful his wake / he loves this field,
Afternoon blanket time left sealed –
Lately he's been thinking things over,
Aside the Sun a hawk comes to hover.

Adaptable / talkative / gifted with saying,
Words for what's going down / now playing –
The story he's writing close to the end,
When suddenly it takes a bend.

Breaking open / coming down from the clouds,
Beyond the believable a novel's allowed –
Could it be the Deliverance long waited?
The swords into plow shares anticipated?