



POETRY PACK

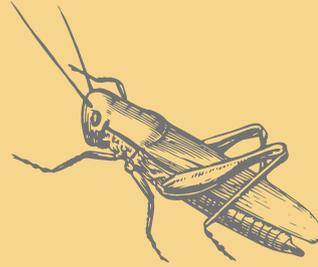
SUMMER



BAREFOOT
BODY
TRAINING

THE SUMMER DAY

by Mary Oliver



Who made the world?

Who made the swan, and the black bear?

Who made the grasshopper?

The grasshopper, I mean --

the one who has flung herself out of the grass.

the one who is eating sugar out of my hand,

who is moving her jaws back and forth instead of up and down --

Now she lifts her pale forearms and thoroughly washes her face.

No she snaps her wings open, and floats away.

I don't know exactly what a prayer is.

I do know how to pay attention, how to fall down

into the grass, how to kneel in the grass,

how to be idle and blessed, how to stroll through the fields,

which is what I have been doing all day.

Tell me, what else should I have done?

Doesn't everything die at last, and too soon?

Tell me, what is it you plan to do

With your one wild and precious and life?



PLANTING THE MEADOW

by Mary Makofske

I leave the formal garden of schedules
where hours hedge me, clip the errant sprigs
of thought, and day after day, a boxwood
topiary hunt chases a green fox
never caught. No voice calls me to order
as I enter a dream of meadow, kneel
to earth and, moving east to west, second
the motion only of the sun. I plant
frail seedlings in the unplowed field,
trusting the wildness hidden in their hearts. Spring light
sprawls across false indigo and hyssop,
daisies, flax. Clouds form, dissolve, withhold
or promise rain. In time, outside of time,
the unkempt afternoons fill up with flowers.



SONNET

by John Clare

I love to see the summer beaming forth
And white wool sack clouds sailing to the north
I love to see the wild flowers come again
And mare blobs stain with gold the meadow drain
And water lilies whiten on the floods
Where reed clumps rustle like a wind shook wood
Where from her hiding place the Moor Hen pushes
And seeks her flg nest floating in bull rushes
I like the willow leaning half way o'er
The clear deep lake to stand upon its shore
I love the hay grass when the flower head swings
To summer winds and insects happy wngs
That sport about the meadowthe bright day
And see bright beetles in the clear lake play

I KNOW I AM BUT SUMMER TO YOUR HEART

Edna St.Vincent Millay

I know I am but summer to your heart,
And not the full four seasons of the year;
And you must welcome from another part
Such noble moods as are not mine, my dear.
Not gracious weight of golden fruits to sell
Have I, nor any wise and wintry thing:
And I have loved you all too long and well
To carry still the high sweet breast of Spring,
Wherefore I say: O love, as summer goes,
I must be gone, steal forthwith silent drums,
That you may hail anew the bird and rose
When I come back to you, as summer comes.
Else will you seek, at some not distant time,
Even your summer in another clime.



SUMMER EVENING

Sandor Csoori

See, a hand sweeps stars
from the August sky,
as if my mother swept off the supper crumbs from
the table at home.
Her apron, slipping now and then, smells of parsley
and chives--
The sweet scent of her long-gone garden
sending me to sleep beside you tonight again.