

*David Baker*

## Dogwood Mist

Sometimes I just want to sing long and alone.  
 Early this morning down where the pale green trees  
 deepen into woods made deeper this morning by the  
     rain,  
 all the rain which had trumbled fragrant and pure  
 all night long began in this barest of light its old  
     ascent  
 back to the clouds through some thin, delicate leaves.

It had taken its time, to be sure, falling all night.  
 It trapped the window like wings and hushed us to  
     sleep.  
 But now the tree frogs accompany its slow rise  
 back to the clouds, and from lowground by the pond  
 some more answer with their song so like a heartbeat  
 it's almost not there. But it is, but it is, but it is.

Sometimes I just want to say what I'm thinking.  
 I'm thinking the dogwood drifts white below those tall  
     trees  
 like a cloud itself or the rain turned to mist creeping  
 back to the sky. The candle-tips of new growth  
 on the cedars seem to be lighting the way. And it's  
     enough  
 to be here singing with the frogs, waiting for you to  
     sing back.