

WAYNE MILLER

Lawn Chair Meditation (V)

Now that today's nearly over,
the yard's grown into its details,

just as the hibiscuses have opened
into tenors for the vehicle

of radar dish. I'll never quite
get how the cellophane bags

of water hanging from the eaves
keep the flies away, though

I love how the dusklight
blisters in them, how the water

mimics the air around it
in a thicker, more clarified way.

Jay Farrar's voice arriving
from a great distance—right here

in the radio—chords
beneath the lyrics now shifting

into clouds and light marbling
a bay. And now the passing

traffic thins on the highway,
and now the palms have almost

plastically begun to stir. So enter
the hummingbird: ruby-

throated flit of air rowing
around on the blur of its wings—.

Just as the coiled hose could
be a painting of the water's flow,

the impatiens grip their fists
of seeds, each fist just waiting

to burst into symbol, for what?—
the human heart? And when

I blow a dandelion's puff apart,
it leaves in its place the idea

of dandelion. It's the idea
I now keep lifting to my cheek

to feel a delicate whisper there—
and which, at the same time,

I find myself also longing
to blow apart.