

First Nite of Summer Vacation - 2006

It was way past ten

Yet the stars

Were all washed out

Victims of a full August moon

Reflecting a stately Silver Glory off

Wispy strands of cloud

Clear night air

Cooled warm cabin walls

Still I slept poorly

Up and down; back down then up

all night long

 I stared out at one

 At two I paced

 by four the clouds shielded

 waning vestiges of darkness

In bed I lay wakeful and listening for

Time to slip toward morning

A steady rain ended by seven

Where had I been when the showers broke hours of silence?