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From Fisk's Knob

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AMY PATTULLO

FROM FISK'S KNOB

Look over Michigan:
Her udder's full.
Trees so green . . .
(You would wear that green
In velvet
To make like being sensuous. And in Canada,
They would weave it into Hudson's Bay Blankets.)

The crickets—
Singing their round tune,
A lunging tune that surges
Like the boat of a muscled rower. (Singing it in high
Grasses that tremble like the fledgy water trailing from
that boat.)

A wet peach, that ripe sun,
Is dying over the corn,
Over the locusts and bees, the catbird, wary
In the long shadows,
On the virile sumac,
And, too, on the mad bats.

This land is heavy with rich milk.
(Devonshire cream.
And tea cakes, and short bread.)