

Another poem about summer

The beginning of August. Summer
upturns like a giant whale,
landing slowly on its back, the smooth
body flecked with foam. A wounded
caesar. What to do now with the mounting
days. Really, what shall we do. Where
to go only in order to return at dusk,
damp-struck in a traffic jam. Our tired legs throb
as others no doubt cross theirs
on some white beach, watching the day's tail
slowly surf into the water, their children
licking ice cream whose accent is foreign. (We see,
we see the photos you posted.) Here the heat
drips like an insult to one's face, the news
has a long tongue, discharging the burnt and dusty smell
of parched buildings. What to do. Really
what else is there to do this summer. How to
push the day's punctured tires
toward the depot of noon,
toward sunset's pale pastel
on the terrace, toward the laundry,
chill and buckling
on the wobbly clothes line.

Milky Way

A man awakens somewhere
in a city at night to close some shutters
or cover his girls' feet
that stubbornly insist
on casting off blankets in the early hours,
and then he can't sleep.

He trudges dazed to the kitchen,
pours a glass of milk and sits, distracted,
with a glance at the half-shuttered window,
where the deceptive neighborhood air gusts in
on and off.

It's not far from there to the stars
shining now with all their force as the moon sets,
and on the blurred reflection of his face
waiting in the glass pane.

A sudden flinch, and the milk
in the cup quivers. After all he didn't plan to meet
the North Star, or the Big Dipper
whose ladle in all its glory pierces the darkness of the sky
before dawn. Nor, with a stab
of cool recognition,
himself.