



Michele L. Silva, *Guincho's Child*

AUGUST LIGHT

The last days of summer have a certain kind of light.
The sun's rays, softer than the piercing ones of June,
seem strongest late, as afternoon gives way to night.

I watch them glance off water, catch a wind-borne kite,
move in ripples of shade and sun across the farthest dune.
The last days of summer have a certain kind of light,

sweet pleasure. We gorge on just-picked corn, ignite
a barbecue that sends its smoke across a rising moon.
Joy's strongest late, as afternoon gives way to night.

Chilled from holding a tall, iced drink, I fight
a faint nostalgia for summer pleasures not yet gone.
The last days of summer have a certain kind of light,

sweet regret. As starlings start to flock in flight,
swirling into racing clouds, my sense they'll migrate soon
is strongest late, as afternoon gives way to night.

Mornings now hint at autumn's cooler air, not quite
here yet, and with it these fine days' inevitable ruin.
These last days of summer bring a briefly blazing light,
strongest late, as August days give way to night.

—Patricia Behrens