



Sheldon Goldman, *Dappled Riverbank*



Sheldon Goldman, *Ravine Path*

IDYLL

I could not sleep
in midsummer
for the cacophony
of bullfrogs and cicadas.
The wild was so close
to my window that I awoke
mornings with coyote breath
fogging the glass. If I did not
scrape aside the moss on
my windowsill it would carpet
my room in living green.
Summer nights were not a time
for sleep, anyway—nature
crept through the window
on soft breezes and milky
moonlight drew me out of bed
and onto the roof, where I
could see it all, breathe it all
in. I was the audience
before a stage of marsh
and woodlands, held captive
by the spell of the stars
and the moon reflecting
on the glassy pond,
the dripping of summer heat
down the small of my back,
the scent of earth before rain.

—Sarah Gane Burton