



SUMMER SOLSTICE

It's raining
on the longest day
of the year,
a disappointment
because I love marking
the sun's extremes
in a one-man festival
of noticing.
I climb the hill where
I work out my heart
each day, rising toward
a circle of firs,
a natural woodhenge
where twenty years
have taught me how
looking becomes seeing,
how seeing becomes feeling.
The rain plays its rattle.
The peak is cold.
Clammy wisps of breeze.
No view of the sun,
but the blackberries are
in blossom
and the tall spring grass
is going to seed.

—Paul Telles

Gustaf Fjaestad, *Spring Rain*, 1929