These Small Songs

George Keithley
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Suppose we are unaware of time passing. And all our hours are expanded passing into time. Let it seem so. Soon, it’s summer. This green evening strung with cicada song.

A boat droning across our violet sleep. Let it seem to. We’ll wake and walk into a warmer morning. We are passing into time. If only on the stoney shore where we are.

Where pines will hold one pose hour by hour against an unblinking glare,

their rare restraint visible since noon in that reflective light in which they lean toward dusk when a blue sun floats over Rock Lake and noiseless they dive.

Splash-

less shadows lengthen,

swimming far from shore.

Swimming their darkness over the water not like a leaky net drawn by a droning boat. More like night itself which catches and holds
the soul's attention. Utterly still

but for the boat. And these small songs
the cicadas sing, constant as clocks
that tell of something passing. Let it.