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A Field

Steven Frattali

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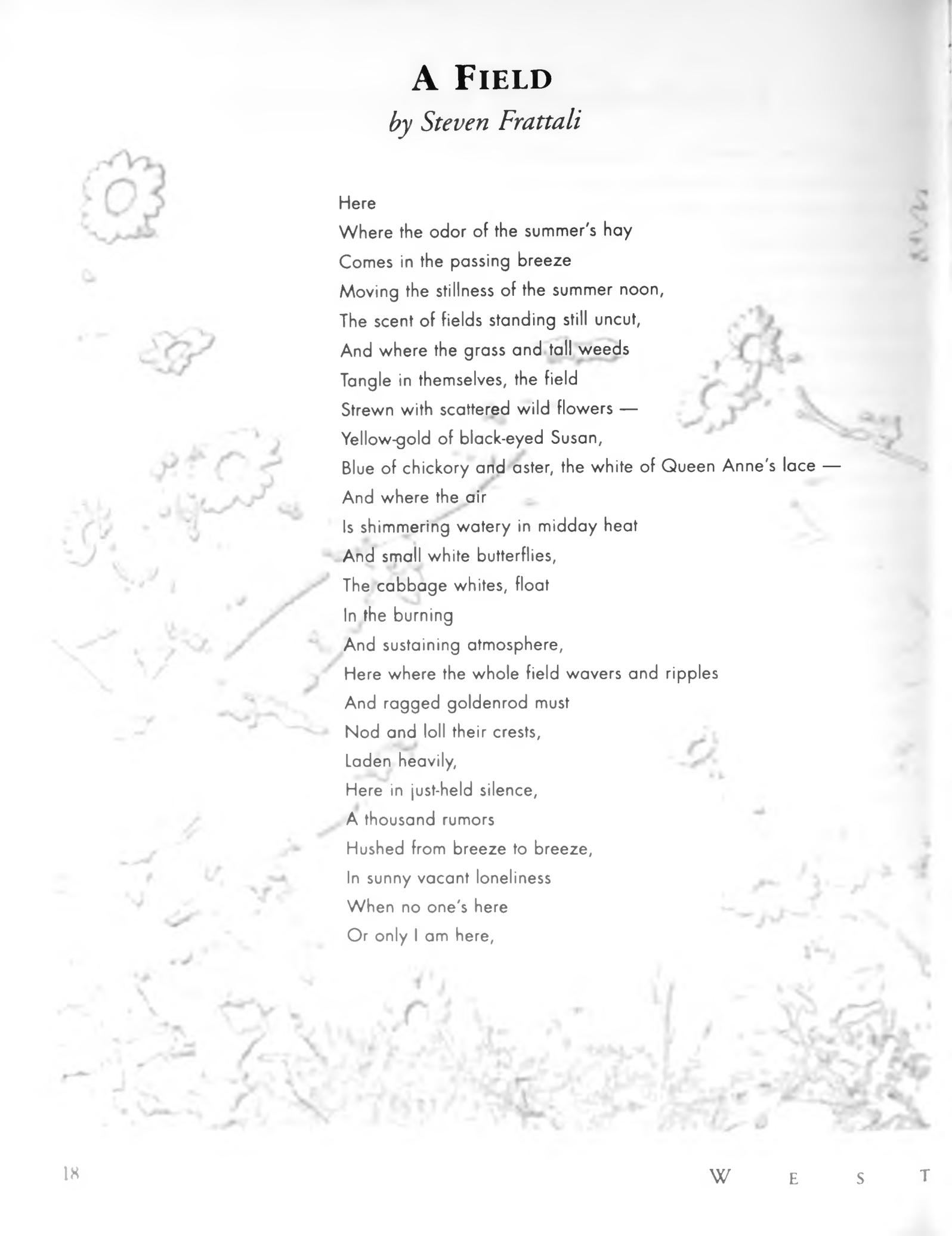
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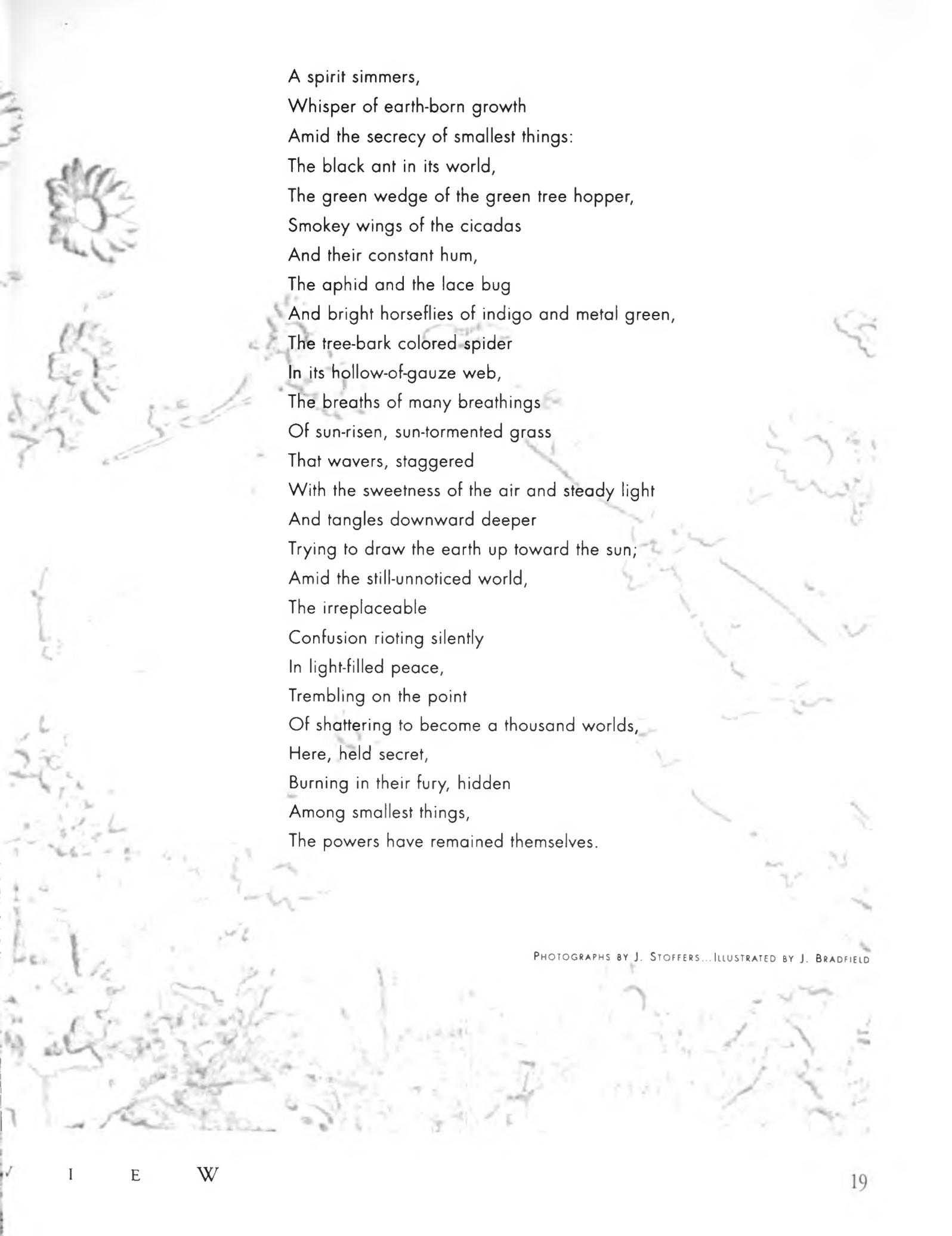
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A FIELD

by Steven Frattali



Here
Where the odor of the summer's hay
Comes in the passing breeze
Moving the stillness of the summer noon,
The scent of fields standing still uncut,
And where the grass and tall weeds
Tangle in themselves, the field
Strewn with scattered wild flowers —
Yellow-gold of black-eyed Susan,
Blue of chickory and aster, the white of Queen Anne's lace —
And where the air
Is shimmering watery in midday heat
And small white butterflies,
The cabbage whites, float
In the burning
And sustaining atmosphere,
Here where the whole field wavers and ripples
And ragged goldenrod must
Nod and loll their crests,
Laden heavily,
Here in just-held silence,
A thousand rumors
Hushed from breeze to breeze,
In sunny vacant loneliness
When no one's here
Or only I am here,



A spirit simmers,
Whisper of earth-born growth
Amid the secrecy of smallest things:
The black ant in its world,
The green wedge of the green tree hopper,
Smokey wings of the cicadas
And their constant hum,
The aphid and the lace bug
And bright horseflies of indigo and metal green,
The tree-bark colored spider
In its hollow-of-gauze web,
The breaths of many breathings
Of sun-risen, sun-tormented grass
That wavers, staggered
With the sweetness of the air and steady light
And tangles downward deeper
Trying to draw the earth up toward the sun;
Amid the still-unnoticed world,
The irreplaceable
Confusion rioting silently
In light-filled peace,
Trembling on the point
Of shattering to become a thousand worlds,
Here, held secret,
Burning in their fury, hidden
Among smallest things,
The powers have remained themselves.

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