

Linda M. Fischer

Early July

The rain pauses again after daily downpours
and the scattered rumblings of thunder,
distant lightning banking the horizon
in an unholy glow—an unwonted game
of stop and go for a week, leaving the ground
soaked, the grass high. Cicadas fill the auditory
void between stepped up rounds of mowing.
Tawny daylilies suddenly seem to be everywhere,
adorning lawns, flanking telephone poles.
Fireflies maintain their nightly spirited vigil.

The year's mid-point, the start of high summer—
the second since I stood bereft among family
members, friends, your colleagues and listened
to their eulogies, astonished by the depth
and reach of your influence—a full flowering
of appreciation and love to ease you out of life.

This morning, denied the consoling sanctity
of my garden retreat, I watch vaporous ribbons
writhe wraith-like from the peak of a neighbor's
garage. Bright sunlight paves the surrounding
canopy of trees, every wet leaf ablaze.
A black sheen coats my driveway, slicks
the street's rough macadam. Water drips
from the rooftop and gutters in a steady
tick...tick as I feel the minutes slip away,
hobbled by the past, uncertain of the future.

Linda M. Fischer's poems have appeared in *Atlanta Review*, *the Aureorean*, *Hotel Amerika*, *Ibbetson Street*, *Iodine Poetry Journal*, *Potomac Review*, *Roanoke Review*, *Valparaiso Poetry Review*, *Verse-Virtual*, and others. Twice nominated for a Pushcart Prize, she has two poetry collections: *Raccoon Afternoons* and *Glory*. Her website: lindamfischer.com