

Frank Jamison

Watching The Perseids

It is the short end of August and already the days are
truncated,
winter's asterisms wait offstage in the tree branches.
Orion with his silent dog has his bow drawn. Castor and
Pollux
search for their golden fleece.

Meanwhile, those glib characters of summer follow the
ecliptic over
the escarpment to the West.
I love them with their cold light, their cold hearts and their
cold tales
of hot love and retribution.

They mix those two with ease, something I can't do,
bystander watching
bolides scud across the dark after midnight.
It looks like Perseus is flinging them at us, and perhaps we
deserve it,
the stoning I mean.