

Dana Gilkes

SUMMER ESSENCE



Based upon the simplest thing –
the raw-sweet scent of rain,
guavas in a tray
at the fruit-stand
a couple blocks down

and suddenly that pond in the gully
next to the tier of trees
the fruit ripening
in their own incense,
plopping into the water
and continuing down
until they too had
fallen into

slow

disuse.

I missed that falling sound:
confusing
circumstance with pluck,
the trees powerless
to hedge their leaves
and stem
the drop.

I also missed
the shaky
after-silence...

Or could be
it was just girlhood
that I needed
to discuss
with myself,

the time-loss there
I could never quite recover
by fooling about

with reminiscence.