Somewhere on the Verge

Trees bobbing under the weight
of what cannot be seen.
The wind that carries the lilac
scent splays the leaves and
now we catch a glimpse
of golden feathers.

My hopeless and relentless pursuit
of the perfect photograph
the image always there late
or a second too soon,
the focus slipping away, now
gone the way of river water.

Or summer's wild strawberries:
star-white blossoms become tiny fruits—
hard, green, white, then poof. Stripped
by the birds who leave us just a taste
a pail bottom full of ripe red longing
each season, years on end.

Like the children's loud voices
crowing "I'm ready!" until dusk,
when you come in from cutting
too tall grass, fists full of flowering
garlic mustard—seed heads ready
to populate our whole gaseous planet.

And the striped-headed bittern freezes
bill pointed skyward, masking his presence.
Timid, teasing—it doesn't matter. Each yearning
held, keeps me, spilling words in pursuit,
like late night snoring from the back
of your throat takes me all the way to dawn.