

JUDITH BAUMEL

The Frog Sings To Cicadas

RTSL, EB

*Wave us away the strong infection of
Our mental strife.*

Cold wind, so icy cold, as the sleek boat
brings me to the unimaginable Winslow cold.

*The slab of rock
from this distance in time
it seems the color
of iris, rotting and turning purpler,*

*But it was only
the usual gray rock
turning the usual green
when drenched by the sea.*

The rocks of the coast bloom wild
iris and plastic motor oil jugs—rainbow
blossoms in white and black and yellow.
Beyond, luxurious essential green
A veil shading the human iris and its mind.

*That ocean where each kind creates—
Annihilating all that's made
To a green thought in a green shade.*

I'm past purple and green of historical bruises
I never saw and like the sun-violated Rothkos
of Holyoke Center, where you lay ill at times,
where I lay ill, where we spoke of Browning.

*Cold dark deep and clear
dark salt clear moving utterly free
drawn from the cold hard mouth
of the world, derived from the rock breasts forever.*

Your syllables repeat impossible as a Baptist seal,
as that barking seal pack, summer after summer.
I tried to club them and I do and still
the rocky ictus returns, the bald assonance
the mottled alliteration, return to be clubbed on the rocks and return.
I could sneak up on them, out at high tide, quietly behind the wind
but they are the scholar gypsies and I am immersed, subsumed, converted.