

Heatwave

The watering system shuts off in front and switches to the rear
hillside,

sun appears over the tree tops and floods the yard with another
day of 100-plus temperatures

steam lifts up from the soil, the outline of every plant quivers in the
motion of warm water-laden air rising to the skies

in a few weeks the water will return in downpours, the water table
will rise and plants that survived drought with our aid will run the
risk of drowning

there is little we can do for our garden when the rains come

birds go quiet whenever the heavens descend into their lives, they
are afraid to utter even one vocable

the rain must remind them of predators

sudden downpours and we all go soft
trees will rot from the inside and need to be taken out
the house will need to be scraped of mold and we will check to see
that no pools of water have formed around the foundations

the longer the house survives, the more remodels it will have
each owner in his or her own way pursuing
ideas of maintenance, safety, comfort, clarity

the play of sun and rain will continue, the pulse moving
everything, within which every soul comes into being
hope, imaginations, adventures, alternatives

this week's burst of warmth could be a honeymoon drawing me
into my hammock dozing and waking with a veil of sweat

a baptism as the heat draws from my flesh a gift of salty water not
unlike the waters of the River Jordan near Bethabara

where John plunged all who imagined that they could be as eternal
as the engines of life, into the waters of the Jordan,

fresh waters declining each year with the seasonal heat
flooded with the flux of the salty Dead Sea
fresh and salty combining in the circulation of liquids
a pulse that awakens seeds and turns old growth into mulch

without desiccation there is no refreshing, no sweetness
no transfiguration of fire into liquid

the water system turns off, the last part of the garden has received
its portion
another scorcher today
we can expect rapid growth of the plants as long as we water them
roots replenished with a rationed share of moisture
heat infusing everything with a baptism of kisses and dreams
pushing the profusion of bushes, grasses, and ivies higher and higher,
denser and denser, up towards the sky.

heat surrounds us
we are children again racing through sprinklers
picking flowers for our lovers to wear
golden sun fills our eyes with yellow and love
we crave happiness and enjoy contentment
in the pulse of water rising to the skies
falling back to earth

cleansing our spirits

salt rinsed away to build up again