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Something to Do

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Something to Do

I followed my father
around the garage
until he shouted,
“Find something to do!”

So I scuffed the unmowed
grass with the toes
of my bare feet
across the bright backyard
that summer noon,
skipped down the ruts
of the lot car path,
jostled my meandering way
through the prickler patch
into the woods where
the deer flies circled
my head, and then I
waded into the clearing
where the lingering dew
steamed in the shin-deep moss.
There, surrounded by the safety
of sugar maples and scotch pines,
I stripped in the dusty heat
of the spot-light sun,
while the chickadees
applauded from huckleberry
bush to bush. I got
down and sank into
the damp moss bed.

All around me the breeze
waved ferns big as fans.
I explored the clouds
that floated like
helium-filled mountain
ranges cut off neatly
just above their snowy
timber lines until a
lonely crow called
me back to earth

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