

Another Boy's Voice

Sometimes it captures a fragment of sound,
stopping, staring here and there, soft doubts
between whatever can be certain, or maybe not.
And the stronger voices, reflecting surprisingly
between the griefs and the hidden wonders, even
smallest of wonders, as if all roots can be hidden.
And we can find selfs building their own selves,
as if all the wild things could be coming to crash
through the suburban thickets, arriving at once,
helplessly, there in the over-loaded back yards.
Asking, answering the routes, the murmurings,
timed so slightly, all may possibly be postponed.
But boys' voices will still gather their music,
the fragile mixtures of cricket calls and katydids,
surprising, across days and nights of loudnesses
of the cicadas, in early evenings, and silences of
pine-cones, radiances among all the finely colored
pebbles, trinkets muffling deeply in lofty driftings,
and boys, inside the fuzzy hours of all thoughts,
all the times I have striven somehow to know,
but surely can never know, and then, just when
the busiest boys come here, again, come here,
guessing, come here, seeking, thinking, again,
again and again, and wondering.