

IT'S A CHALLENGE

to be a poet and be happy. Must
we always be melancholy, lost
in our last malaise ? Or
should we yield to hydrangea
and trumpet flowers, to stray cats
and sympathy for cart horses ?
No one is calling my name yet
I feel present as more than
myself. Happiness like the drug
of a white crescent moon over
the June Dobrusa vineyard beguiles me.
I can't help it. Happiness like
cicadas is singing under the
double rainbow after sweet rain
near Drăgășani.

Tess Gallagher

June, 2013

Dobrusa