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## Time

In a scant four weeks:

the pollen is gone and the cones are setting;  
the flowers have gone from snow  
white and scarlet to gold and indigo;  
and the twayblade<sup>1</sup> is but a shadow of its former self.

The mid-July light rakes more sharply than the solstice.  
In its afternoon rays  
the tumescent Devil's club<sup>2</sup> calls in the birds while  
pendulous salmonberry hang heavy by the stream.

And now:

my eyes are keener  
my soul, lighter  
and my voice, quieter.

