

August

Across the weather map,
dark orange spreads:

The tough yellow petals
of black-eyed Susans
are brittle to the touch.

The dog abandon's her food bowl
to swarming ants.

On cracked mud,
a black bee faces upward,
legs crimped.

Such things happen. I remember.

Do one thing:

Tip the bird bath
—a heavy ceramic plate—
so the dank water pours off.

The slim copper pipe,
with a fresh supply,
refills drop by drop.

Theresa McCourt