

## These Small Songs · *George Keithley*

Suppose we are unaware of time passing.  
And all our hours are expanded passing  
into time. Let it seem so. Soon,  
it's summer. This green evening  
strung with cicada song.

A boat droning  
across our violet sleep.

Let it  
seem to. We'll wake and walk  
into a warmer morning.

We are  
passing into time. If only  
on the stoney shore where we are.

Where pines will hold one pose  
hour by hour  
against an unblinking glare,

their rare restraint  
visible since noon  
in that reflective light in which they lean

toward dusk  
when a blue sun floats over  
Rock Lake and  
noiseless they

dive.

Splash-

less shadows lengthen,

swimming far from shore.

Swimming their darkness over the water  
not like a leaky net drawn  
by a droning boat. More  
like night itself  
which catches and holds

the soul's attention. Utterly still

but for the boat. And these small songs  
the cicadas sing, constant as clocks  
that tell of something passing. Let it.