

Regret · *Maxine Kumin*

The field's no longer simple; it's
a soul's crossing time. —Roethke

All those elusive berries
that run like hen tracks
through this field of daisies
through this field of larks' nests
paintbrush, quack grass;

all those tag ends of human
speech the insects imitate
hanging their odd inflected
buzz, free-standing and misheard
in still air over this field;

all those annulled connections
all those missed chances
and time running out untested
hot and headlong like the voles'
slim tunnels in this field

running out like summer
into the mouths of immense frogs
into the blowing field and leaf clatter
calling to me and me crossing over
as if nothing were the matter.