I sang my harp on the sun's deck
Here at the water in the cool unblossomed year,
And the light notes clung at my hair roots
Like bird cries gathering.

All the day's time leaned
Into lengthening shadows
And moments clung like fresh leaves
On water.

Wind crossed the pond
Leaving stripes and crosses
As though it rolled and cast down,
Cast down its shape for vision.

Wisteria hung for lavender
In a blossom of perfume,
And on the stone a toad
Settled in sunlight.

Is this saturation of senses enough?
Living together between a time frame,
We creature and non-creature
And I among them.

Susan McCord (Contact Magazine, 1965)

To communicate is the beginning of understanding.