

Untitled
Christine Oliva

Rain gone away;
chrysanthemums now dewy
in damp terracotta skirts.

That dirt smells
clean,

the world smells
healthy;

wet
grass,

green and good.

I lean on woody trunk
and watch the nearest pine tower,
spread wide over a charcoal sky.

The moonlight outlines me,
my white dress and bent elbows
silhouetted on tree branches.

I feel autumn within and
without.

I'm enchanted by stars,
the cool
night,

and my shadow.

I
want

to make rabbits' ears
and flying
birds

dance...
as if I'm six again, singing

for robins and squirrels...

My shadow smiles at
me,
even if I can't see it.

Because this must be
how Peter Pan felt
even

had he grown up.