

Heat Wave: November in Vermont

MITCH LESCARBEAU

The world's askew:
there should be packed pads
in the snow, clawmarks of wildness
around the white birches, not
these honeybees lazing and gnats tonguing my arm,
the air soft as a ghost's breath,
a single peepfrog peeping
in woods emptied of their leaves last month,
the sky the sweet blue balm of June,
and just now, my cat Alice, companion
in our indolent afternoon, pawing the air
on her hind legs, heraldic as a coat of arms
in the buttery sunlight.