On The Lawn At Three A.M...

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Cover Page Footnote

This poem is available in The Angle: https://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol1987/iss1/15
On the lawn at three a.m.,
Feeling blades of grass under my hand,
I turn to see all that surrounds me.

A tree trunk on one side,
And a boulder on the other.
Areas where the grass was worn away,
Animals' burrows under it all.

It's a beautiful night.
One probably not viewed by many.
The clouds are sacrificed for clear star visions.

I feel comforted by nature.
Some are frightened by the darkness.
The cool air cleanses my spirit.
The drops of water glisten in the midnight sun.

For a solitary
Moment, the world ceased to spin,
Trout leapt in the brook,

Crickets in concert
With the stars above
Prayed their nocturnal

Vespers, my soul
Was joined to this harmony
By the spectral arms

Of the spring-ready
Oak. This sphere 'f tranquility
Gave spring to my win-

Ter weary spirit.
One foot treadeth softly 'mong
Emerald roots 'f nature.

As for th' other foot--

A passing truck reset the world to spin.

Chris Tanner