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## A Field

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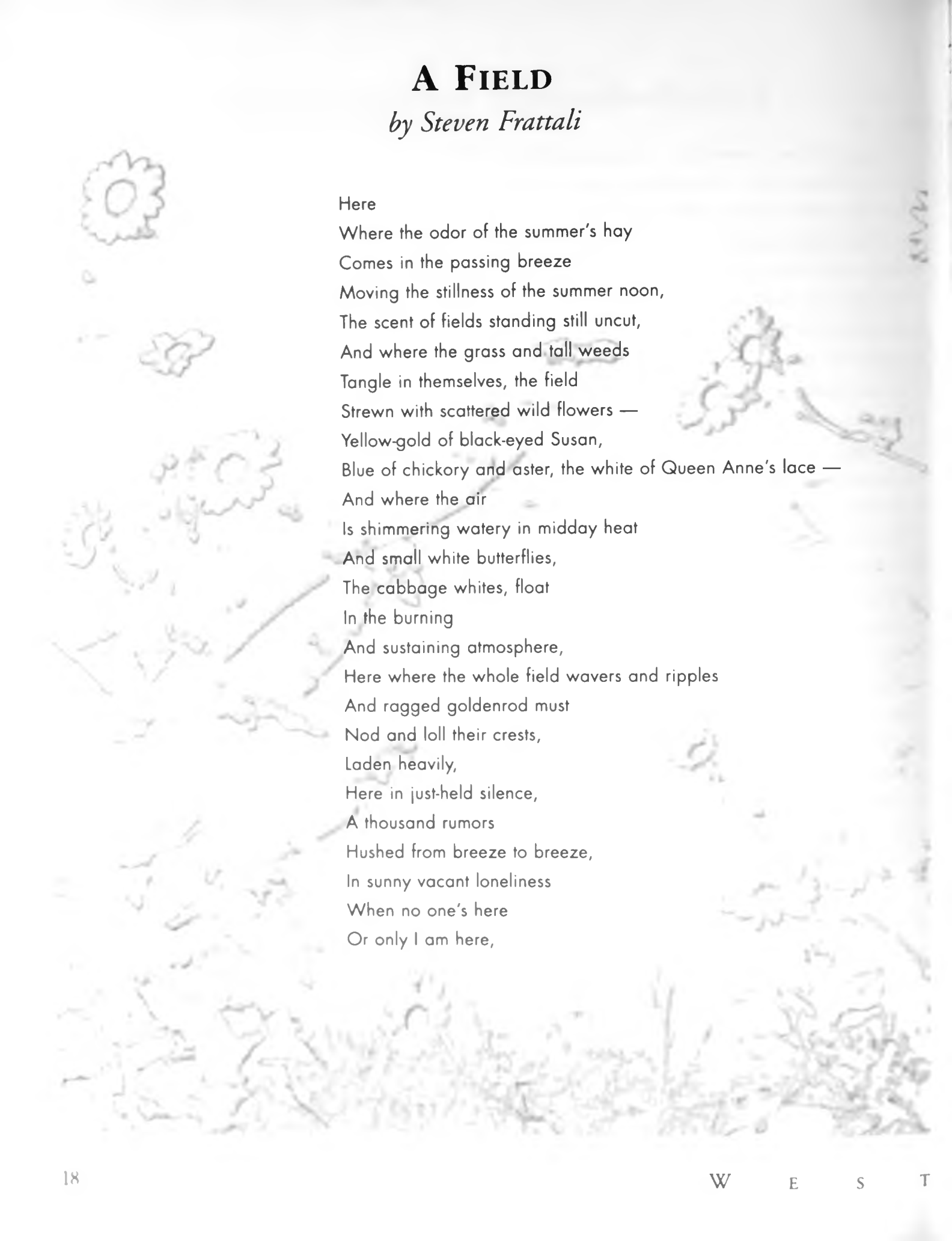
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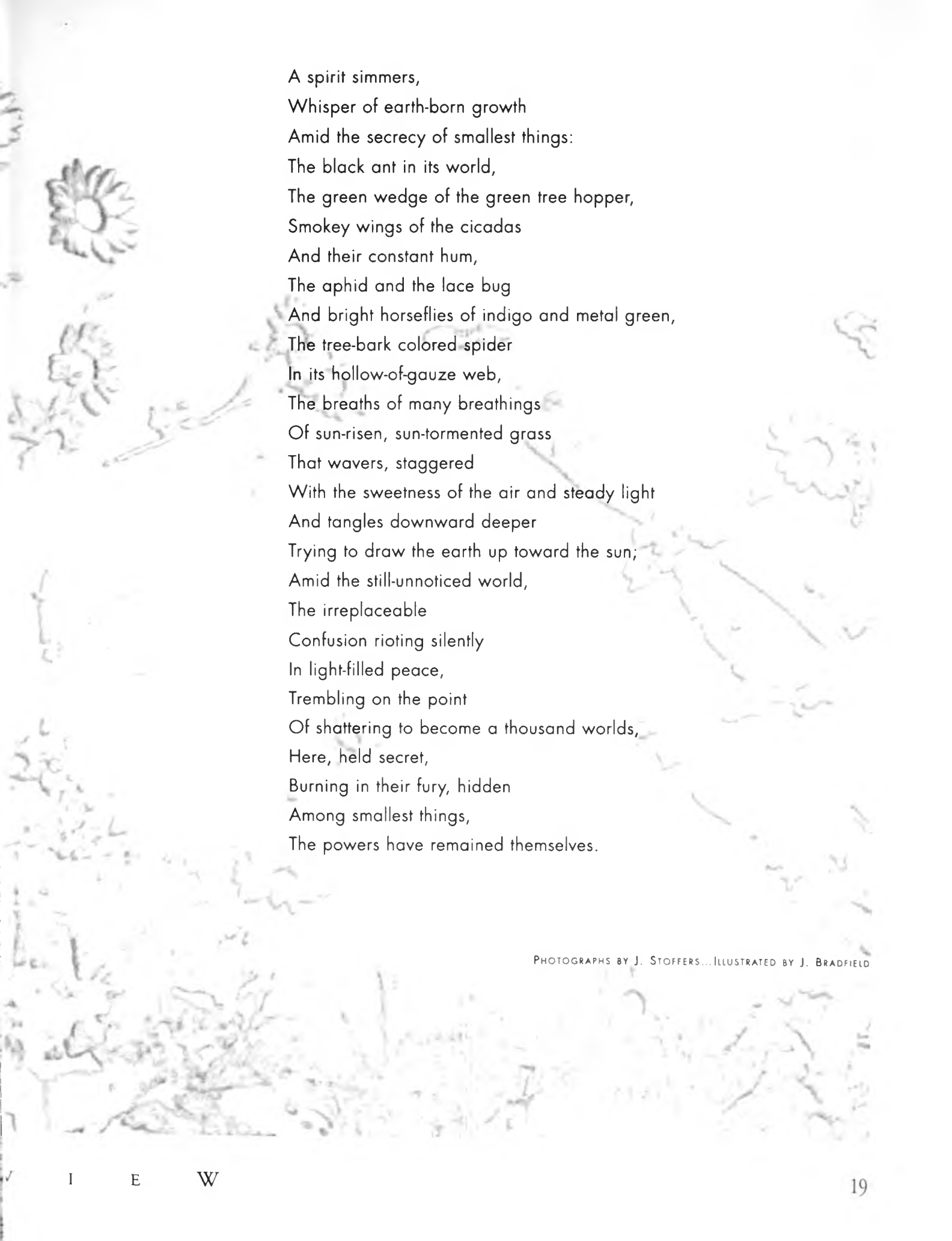


# A FIELD

*by Steven Frattali*



Here  
Where the odor of the summer's hay  
Comes in the passing breeze  
Moving the stillness of the summer noon,  
The scent of fields standing still uncut,  
And where the grass and tall weeds  
Tangle in themselves, the field  
Strewn with scattered wild flowers —  
Yellow-gold of black-eyed Susan,  
Blue of chickory and aster, the white of Queen Anne's lace —  
And where the air  
Is shimmering watery in midday heat  
And small white butterflies,  
The cabbage whites, float  
In the burning  
And sustaining atmosphere,  
Here where the whole field wavers and ripples  
And ragged goldenrod must  
Nod and loll their crests,  
Laden heavily,  
Here in just-held silence,  
A thousand rumors  
Hushed from breeze to breeze,  
In sunny vacant loneliness  
When no one's here  
Or only I am here,



A spirit simmers,  
Whisper of earth-born growth  
Amid the secrecy of smallest things:  
The black ant in its world,  
The green wedge of the green tree hopper,  
Smokey wings of the cicadas  
And their constant hum,  
The aphid and the lace bug  
And bright horseflies of indigo and metal green,  
The tree-bark colored spider  
In its hollow-of-gauze web,  
The breaths of many breathings  
Of sun-risen, sun-tormented grass  
That wavers, staggered  
With the sweetness of the air and steady light  
And tangles downward deeper  
Trying to draw the earth up toward the sun;  
Amid the still-unnoticed world,  
The irreplaceable  
Confusion rioting silently  
In light-filled peace,  
Trembling on the point  
Of shattering to become a thousand worlds,  
Here, held secret,  
Burning in their fury, hidden  
Among smallest things,  
The powers have remained themselves.

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