

SIRIUS RISING

by

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In August afternoons, moments drag.
White heat impales motion
On spears of fainting indolence.
A dog barks once in leaden air;
A sunflower rustles dry leaves
With reptilian whisper.
No creatures dare the burning glare
And smoldering heat of August day.
Grasses droop in deathly pose,
Languidly waiting, edges searing,
The shimmering day star's receding.
No cloud damps the blinding hot
Nor sleep relieves the endless hours,
The blue-fly-buzzing aeons
Of fiery dog-day afternoons.