

Benjamin Gantcher

I FOUND A CACHE OF ACORN CUPS

I found a cache of acorn cups
in the room at the bottom of a tree,
a mossy couch and birch-bark papers.
I would like to be this neighbor,
tucked away in a tidy nook,
a very small person who is me.

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AT THE HOT CENTER OF THE PARK

At the hot center of the park
a harp with strings of water
plays the playground blacktop.
The sun plays it with a million chisels.
I play it with my bucket,
I play it with my back.
I would strum it with the shadow of a leaf.

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NOON

Enter the gate in the old wall.
The noise of trucks is muffled.
Follow the curving path
dark with hedges.
Dart through a little wood.
Across the ring road
—you are almost there—
see the lake of grass,
rippling?

On the far shore
a ball is skipping away from a small team.
On a blanket
a girl is drifting with the story in her book.
A red kite's tugging at a boy in the shallows.

Hiding inside the wind
the bells of the ice-cream man
land in the trees.
Fluff comes sailing with the current
like laziness
lighting on your laces,
your lashes,
your hand.
You are floating, too.

This meadow is summer.