

Bronzed Cadences

LaBerta Bobo

I hear faded trumpet sounds of summer
and fill my arms with sleepy wildflowers,
hold them close, feel the damp,
smell the last fragrance.

I stop to gather sounds of grasses
blowing, building waves of sunlight
on the folded slopes where ducks
dart shadows on the frosted pond.
Dry leaves spun with rust
ring bright against the hills.
Dove's wings
homeward bound,
magnified by silence.

LABERTA BOBO was born in Minersville, Utah, and has written poetry from childhood. The mother of four, she is a member of the Utah Poetry Society and has prepared a volume of reminiscences.