The Frog Sings To Cicadas
RTSL, EB

Wave us away the strong infection of
Our mental strife.

Cold wind, so icy cold, as the sleek boat
brings me to the unimaginable Winslow cold.

The slab of rock
from this distance in time
it seems the color
of iris, rotting and turning purpler,

But it was only
the usual gray rock
turning the usual green
when drenched by the sea.

The rocks of the coast bloom wild
iris and plastic motor oil jugs—rainbow
blossoms in white and black and yellow.
Beyond, luxurious essential green
A veil shading the human iris and its mind.
That ocean where each kind creates—
Annihilating all that's made
To a green thought in a green shade.

I'm past purple and green of historical bruises
I never saw and like the sun-violated Rothkos
of Holyoke Center, where you lay ill at times,
where I lay ill, where we spoke of Browning.

Cold dark deep and clear
dark salt clear moving utterly free
drawn from the cold hard mouth
of the world, derived from the rock breasts forever.

Your syllables repeat impossible as a Baptist seal,
as that barking seal pack, summer after summer.
I tried to club them and I do and still
the rocky ictus returns, the bald assonance
the mottled alliteration, return to be clubbed on the rocks and return.
I could sneak up on them, out at high tide, quietly behind the wind
but they are the scholar gypsies and I am immersed, subsumed, converted.