

Lawrence Hetrick

*Under Dark Magnolias*

Someone in a tan raincoat  
Idles, turns, and disappears,  
Leaving the sloped lawn empty,  
Muffled by descending fog.

From a concrete bench under  
Dark magnolias I watch  
Rain pierce the fog. Drops clatter  
Overhead. Across the lawn

Some last reflected sunlight  
Silvers blood-budded branches  
Topping swamp maples. Then fog  
Recovers everything.

It clouds slow automobiles  
Droning louder, their low beams  
Illuminating each drop  
Exploding from the pavement.

Above, apartment windows  
Glitter gold, flickering with  
Blue, indefinite shadows  
Of you, them, someone, at home

After responsible work  
Before television sets  
In ordinary cycles  
I will never know again.