

May Orchestra

By Carmel Quinn

In the farmyard, high up in the ash tree
Or maybe the apple tree, sings the blackbird
Clear and resounding. Perfect acoustics
Permeating the fading light
The coolness now creeping in, not a cloud in the sky
Could be frost tonight

In the farmyard, high up in the ash tree,
The blackbird continues to sing above everything else
A crow with a low base caw
The distant barking of a dog
And the passing traffic, a mild percussion
Drinking it all in on this beautiful May evening
After a roasting heatwave day
So thankful for my senses