

RALPH J. MILLS, JR.

ONE HUNDRED / THREE

one hundred
three degrees
a wall of
heat

no over-
coming it

little wind late
in this day sun
among trees
glances

leaf to

leaf

& crows quiet
a while in cemetery
grass

shimmer their
black backs lifting
into scorched
air—

FROM THIN CLOUDS

from thin clouds
open
sky

—is it blue like
dog violet,
close to chicory
or maybe flagged
iris—

now trees release
sparrows, a string
of them

sun
draws up the full leaves—

SWEEP OF

sweep of new
march snow, its iced
fringing—

whatever this sky
owns at light's
start

submits
to wind, goes for a
fast closure—