

## Threat of Frost

*Ken Meter*

The sky has opened to light  
After days of pouring itself onto the land.  
The sun clears its eye, descends.

Gathering flowers before a threatened frost  
I bask in the glow of the sunflower,  
Beaming for its final day.

Cuddled into its sweet rays lay a dozen  
Bumblebees, curled like drunken embryos,  
Immobilized by cold, sweet nectar, and gluttony.

Collapsed into each other like spent lovers,  
Clinging to a bed twice bathed by sunlight.  
Legs curled, they lay serene in their essence,  
Monks in full bloom, awaiting death.

Drawing my face near this radiant star,  
I ponder the long night ahead,  
The cold that will uncoil my grasp  
Of this sunny field.

Lke them, I will be drawn into the light of lights,  
Plummet into some shadowy ocean,  
Descend to nurture a future garden.

*Blue Mountain Center, New York  
September 29 & October 17, 2002  
Mallard Island, Rainy Lake, Minnesota  
August 17, 2005*