



*Firey Trees #1, The Virginia Center for the Creative Arts
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THE TANGIBLE ILLUMINATION OF SUMMER

*One morning I sank into summer and summer sank into me; unexpectedly,
the trees, double thick outside my window
and the bird song heavy on the humid morning air stuck
to my damp skin, every bird note entered
in through all my pores.*

*The leaves bent and spoke a little,
but just a bit; they barely moved
in the heat, languid, they whispered faintly among themselves
and were still again.
They did not speak to me;
still,*

*I felt happy to be among them.
I knew there was a wall between us --
in their depth was a center I could never reach
but yearned for. So I whispered
my invitation: "Come in, come in"...
among themselves they nodded, dappled green heads assented,
in slow agreement we leaned towards each other; I thrilled to them
and felt a shiver of creation.*

*Oats, milk and orange;
I could eat these all year,
but this morning they were different,
into me they entered thoroughly,
their taste was now a part of me, their flavor
inside every cell.*

*There were no meadows near, but still I knew
myself to be a part of meadows, their dirt was in my hair,
no matter where they were I did not have to be separate from them,
their openness, their vastness, their big-heartedness
were all mine.*

*How could I have not seen clearly
this was the case all the time? What blindness veiled me,
shielded me from the tangible illumination of summer?*

*What in my soul made a wall that needed to be cracked
then breeched?*

*I knew that the way the leaf lay heavy on the branch
was equal to the way I lay
languid on my couch, still and ponderous in the heat;
the trees gathered round, lulling me, their rustle
shifting me between worlds
like the leaf suspended between elements,
the cave of sleep narcotic-like,
but filled with the tangible illumination
of summer dawning inside me.*

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