



## Shadows in the grass

The air of evening pulses as a  
million cricket voices sing,  
vibrating echoes in the mind.

Flat tops of thorn trees  
float like ships upon a sea of dust,  
their trunks obscured.

There are shadows  
in the grass  
where trees eclipse the sun;  
in negative  
they fold and curve upon the  
humps and hollows of the earth.

In the shadows  
it is chill,  
like the place grown cool  
where somebody lay.  
In the night the wind is rising,  
bringing a sweet scent of rain  
in the morning.

Flo Montgomery

*Frontiertours Ltd.*   
*-Vi ses derude !*