

PASTORAL

Frank De Canio

On the whole, the singing for obvious
reasons is confined to the rural walk.
There, my uplifted soul's oblivious
to the insistent tone of idle talk
that grated on my brain in the little
cottage where my wife's mother still remains.
Here, acrimony finds brief acquittal
in the woodland voices that entertain
among fresh meadows and the rustling trees.
Enchantment's full-throated chirping of birds
commingle with the murmuring of bees,
until the crow's cackling caw echoes words
heard in tears; and as I briskly withdraw,
begins to sound like my mother-in-law.

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