

Arioso on Wings

I am still confident of this: I will see the goodness of the Lord in the land of the living. Psalm 27:13

A trumpet trills like the throat of a lily,
Vibrato on a bumblebee's tongue,
While *Arioso for Brass* plays and I watch
Sheep grazing on the knoll,
Moving clumsily along every few minutes
Like leaves in a lazy breeze,
Bumping into one another, head
To wool-wadded rump. Blackbirds dart
In and out of the cherry trees, drinking in the ruby
Juice like Bach's melody imbibes smooth
Intonations. Beneath morning sun,
Last night's rainwater sluices
Through the creek bed, a swelling epiphany
Spilling over the hillside. Nearby, the neighbor's dog
Digs a hole, plunging his nose
Into his earthen bowl. In the pasture, geese
Splash in puddles as the cows
Dip their necks and in perfect harmony,
Tug at the wet blades like notes on a soul.
One cranes her neck toward her flank, shoots
Out her tongue to lick at a fly-
Induced itch, her black fur rippling,
Tail twirling. Another lows like a tuba.
And it is goodness, isn't it?, here in the land
Of the living, riding on this silken air,
Sliding like a trombone through the whorls
Of corn, pulsing like green,
Iridescent on the hummingbird's wings.

-Julie L. Moore