

Evensong

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In the late evening, a mourning dove cries
by the liquid well of hills, near the dipping
throat of a wood thrush close to a nightjar,

the toad chorus in a marsh, a blackbird's
flick of his red shoulder before a storm.
The tallest reeds hum their dry rhythm

under the ringing pulse of northern lights
witnessed as far south as this glacier lake
with ancient, watery songs of provision

pouring out *psalmody, psalm, melody*.
The aurora borealis blesses the vespers
of river mist, praying a new greenery

in this wingless hour of a dove's coo
in the holy, kindred welkin of God
offering quiet hymns at evensong.