

Look at the Trees

Rebecca Turner

After the cows have gone to the stable
we sit on our rickety wooden porch
by the buzz of the lantern light.
My parents and I, cards in our hands,
play Uno, play Go Fish, play Look at the Trees:
the trees and shrubs that separate us from the cows,
covered in the shine of lightning bugs, smiling flashes in the night,
a million little sparkles in the brush, like Christmas in July
all yellow glow and stars in the dark as we hold our cards