At Noon

By Reginald Gibbons

The thick-walled room's cave-darkness,  
cool in summer, soothes  
by saying, This is the truth, not the taut  
cicada-strummed daylight.  
Rest here, out of the flame—the thick air’s  
stirred by the fan’s four  
slow-moving spoons; under the house the stone  
has its feet in deep water.  
Outside, even the sun god, dressed in this life  
as a lizard, abruptly rises  
on stiff legs and descends blasé toward the shadows.

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