

# N I G H T T U R N

IN LATE SUMMER AFTER THE DAY'S HEAT IS OVER  
I WALK OUT AFTER DARK INTO THE STILL GARDEN  
WET LEAVES FRAGRANCE OF GINGER AND KAMANI  
THE FEEL OF THE PATH UNDERFOOT STILL RECALLING  
A FLOW OF WATER THAT FOUND ITS WAY LONG AGO  
TOADS ARE RUSTLING UNDER THE LEMON TREES  
LOOKING BACK I CAN SEE THROUGH THE BRANCHES  
THE LIGHT IN THE KITCHEN WHERE WE WERE STANDING  
A MOMENT AGO IN OUR LIFE TOGETHER

—W. S. MERWIN

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PUBLISHED BY ALFRED A. KNOPF

