

Poems October 2002

Concordances

by Richard Tillinghast

You see a lightning bug and think Shooting star!

Trout rise to cadmium-yellow sprawls of bug-body and gossamer wing hatching at NBA playoff time as they do every year,

and slurp them off the brimming surface.

I cast to brown trout in the birch pool while uphill somebody stays indoors and watches the game.

Madison Square Garden
reaches me
through an open window.
The players, uniform on the T.V. screen
in blue-and-red, teal-and-white,
swarm to the basket like feeding trout.

—Richard	Tillin	ıohast
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Richard Tillinghast's five nonfiction books include *Finding Ireland* (University of Notre Dame Press).

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