



Karin Johnson

First Poem

At first we played hide and seek
wrapped in countrified dusk
while the adults communed inside in
what seemed to us a terrible
confinement —circling the dining room
table after dinner, drinking coffee.

I tucked myself between sleeves
of cornfield, perched in the shadows
of corn rows and held a moment
alone. The full moon hung close,
its light silvered dirt pathways
and bordering oaks; July's dense air
caught Earth's low reverberation
as the crickets pulsed.

Slight breezes ruffled bobbing heads
of corn stalks; silk beards still
young and sticky clung to my skin,
green shucks flapped and needled
my shoulders. Night grabbed and shook
me,
and I dropped all other purposes
than to watch it, wide-eyed, with
no one to uncover me.

An armored beetle wobbled over uneven
terrain,
and above a magnified breath,

all hovered. Emerging
stars hurled words, to catch like fireflies.
This was the place where the ink met the
page
before you were found.

Karin Johnson lives in Massachusetts.