

Sonnet Scroll

Vespers

By Thomas DeFreitas

Cooke's Hollow is my *Book of Common Prayer*:
its gnarled and skimp-leaved trees, my psalmody;
the mirthy burble of the old mill brook
a litany of gratitude to heaven.

Forsythia sings its yellow alleluia
to robin, bluejay, oriole, and sparrow.
And *let us pray* urges the splashless glide
of green-necked mallards as they paddle past.

This meagre strip of nature, snagged between
police headquarters and the Eversource plant:
my chapel *en plein air*, where I can clear

brain-haze and cobwebs, nettles from my head,
rest for a spell, and watch the ribbon of water
whiten as it twists and rushes by.