

## ETUDES

### 1

The forenoon sleeps peacefully in the heat  
of the vast stupefying sun. The fruit trees  
and green plants in the orchard bleach and suffer  
unthinkingly and still there blows no breeze,  
but carries to us gnats and stinging flies.

The parched air permits no murmured thought,  
and light beats down, while the earth mutely fries. . .

In the intense silence time flows unseen  
from the glistening ether over the hot pale green  
of the motionless fields.