

## **As You Daydream**

**by John Cantey Knight**

This vast rounded rock, granite smoothed by weather, encompasses acres to end abruptly in sheared cliff face. The view of the valley can't be measured by feet, but in miles as a crow flies, or purple shadows growing by hours. Moss beards stone on peripheries of half-light where grasping laurels hold to the dirt. Birds sing in the morning's first glow to make wonder at the world and the end of night. Darkness had been different, still simmering stone of early evening beneath the soles of feet. A stray thought occurs as you urinate, away from the campfire's circumference, that the residual heat would feel just as warm to a snake's belly. There are sounds that confound propriety as a can of beans is digested. In the quiet, decibels of crickets become memories as the mind wanders down where yesterday a springhead washed the face of sweat in coolness to linger like the time before dawn caught in daydream.