No white noise, just fans.  
Summer rain past the window.  
A night for mushrooms

My dog is stretched out  
Turning the nightlight on as he dreams  
Crickets are singing to the moon.

The storm washed away  
the smallest ghosts and superheroes.  
My dogs bark at teens in the street.

Deceptive sunlight  
lures me out  
gloveless in the garden.

In Athena's park,  
a fox carries a peahen.  
Chicks scatter, dandelions.