

Away

I count to twenty
and back.

The first day of the world,
light slanting through the trees,

though cities have been
built and destroyed
and rebuilt,
pollen and lamentation filling the air.

Not here. Quiet reigns.

A carpenter bee
on the window sill,
bent like a broken hinge—
sleeping, or more likely, dead.

Now and then a moan
escapes the sheep
in the field behind the hill.

Jewelweed, beloved
of the hummingbird
who seems a twig from here,

a breeze in the gills
of poplar leaves—

a breeze, a twig, a beak, an eye.

Past the old blast furnace,
the wheel of August touches down.