

## RICHARD TILLINGHAST

### Solstice

A breath indrawn  
opens the afternoon.  
A hawk buoyed by thermals  
peers down  
over these ridges and valleys.

How still the day is  
this late in June.  
With a word  
to no one  
a leaf exhales.

There goes the I'm-alone  
call of a dove.  
The chickens, their day's work done,  
speak their small syllables, then  
pomp-and-circumstance toward their perches.

Not a dog barks, not an engine  
turns over. Not a nail is hammered,  
not a match is struck  
or a string plucked.  
Not a shirt is hung on a line.

Just you and me up here at the end  
of the road at the end of the day.  
A big moth flutters  
from under the overhang.  
Everyone has gone away.