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.