

NOT THAT CLEMENCY IS OR IS NOT THE WAY

JEFF HARDIN

Early morning
and at the horizon
light brims,

then overfills
to find this valley
of cedar pantoums

repeating every few yards
toward the barn
which rhymes

itself in the pond,
both of them
perfect mimes

keeping to themselves,
at least for now,
their dreams

of hay and swallows
and spiders'
elaborate stratagems—

soon the robins and vireos,
having shaken loose
their names,

will give the noise
of themselves
in streams and streams

which—please forgive me—
I've always heard
as hymns.