

Jeff Hardin

These Trees and Nearby Hills

Let's begin the day with snowfall,
the tease of time
somewhere past these trees, these nearby hills.
Think of how the old timers walked their world,
knowing daybreak quiet
and bridge board echo.
Even the roads have all been straightened now.
Even our talk has lost its tentative music.
Flakes fall faint against the sycamore.
A question stays lodged in the owl's deep throat.
I still believe
what I've never known to be.
An always-elsewhere draws me further on.
Perhaps of late my only thoughts
have been distraction,
narrowed and shaken, forgetful of their role as gift.
Nevertheless, I'll ask another hour's breathless verge.
I'll exit myself
through a back gate left unlatched.
I think I'm cared for most by a breeze I've never seen.