



***Looking through Woods Making an Hour Glass Shape***

*Tomorrow's unreadable  
as this shining acreage;*

*the future's nothing  
but this moment's gleaming rim.  
Mark Doty, from "Atlantis"*

I look at the V of sky, above—  
lacy leaf of ash fronds  
in the spill of it—  
pressing into  
the blue,

and below  
a golden oval of hay framed  
by cedars to make a perfect hour glass  
as if holding the intimacy of discrete moments.  
I hadn't noticed the shape until now, with everyone gone.

Can you hear the echoes? I tell you,  
in foreground we were laughing  
at croquet and silliness  
coloring the who  
of us

you don't  
have to believe  
the white-throated sparrow  
repeats *sam peabody, peabody, peabody*.  
It's enough to see the hint etched into the photo  
of a forever that feeds us,  
as time runs out.