

Days Beyond Measure

Wind bounces branches
as I climb to the highest reach
of an apple tree and rest there
scanning flat farmland from
my secluded perch.
I squint at the sun,
bite fruit,
imagining

a short walk down a dirt path
leads to a secret tear in the fence
almost overgrown with twisting vine
I squeeze inside
to enter the dark solitude of woods

wander along the edge of a stream
shafts of light angling through trees
and glistening on the scales of a carp.
I slowly float my hand in the cool
waters, fins splash
vanishing.

I close my eyes and bury myself
in a pile of leaves
inhaling the rich, damp scent of earth,
an aperitif for standing silent
near a swarm of bees.

Cicadas wait as I pass.

I lie on my stomach,
tracking ants
on their march to invade
a newly fallen, broken bird.

At the edge of the trees
someone has made a swing
from ropes and wood.
I square my brown shoes on the seat
and pump
until I'm high enough to see
long rows of corn converging,
perfectly
with the horizon.

Air is cooling as the sun lowers.
I hear the whistle of my father, calling.
Untangling slowly from my nest
shadows of my future stretch before me.



Peg Quinn © 2013
From her micro-chapbook, *An Aperitif for Silence*

