Hilltop with Voices

Harry Humes
No, not the lake with its white sails and cliffs and how it shines for miles above its deep gorge, but first the cry of the red-tailed hawk above the timothy and then as though fetched up from the moment just after a black and tan dog has turned behind the mulberry tree, this:

a mule and wagon and their slow procession up a wooded hill, and the house below, the door off its hinges, sheets and pillows neatly piled on the bed. And then a shadow that pulls like plow points across gallberry bush and dog fennel. Yes, like the clearest of water, the voices on the hill, Oh Ancient of Days, Ancient of Days.