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.