

The Nearing of the World

Hannah Craig

I move the magnets to spell *milk*, then *eggs*.
Rain picks up. A slough is firming
outside the small side door
where I've gone to move the chairs.
In and out, all summer, they've been drawn.
In a week or two, I'll weather them away
for the dead season. A hawk sits there, unmoving,
close as a wood pin on the line. She looks hard.
And hard again. The visible is always
the most invisible. When I tell this story I'll say.
*There was this herd of sparrows
in the sky, but instantly they were gone.
And then I saw the bigger bird.*
I'll drop it like a stone. Conversation will jut
around me, pick back up. I won't say
how Thomas Jefferson brooded over
the New Testament, taking out
all the miracles, leaving just
the *how* and *why*, the teaching
instead of the reaching. That seems
the kind of thing I have been engaged in
all my life. And honestly, just now, I left out
how bothered I am by the weather—
unseasonably cool, dark, the earth rotting
out of kilter. The latest polls show
that 90% of Americans don't even want
to have a country anymore. I don't want to start
feeling *settled* again. To have something endless
ripped right out of me at the end.
Because someone was looking for a sermon.
Because someone just wanted the facts.
Because I spoke to you and felt the firmness.