

# **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.