

1986

At the Summer Solstice

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Recommended Citation

Kenyon, Jane. "At the Summer Solstice." *The Iowa Review* 16.2 (1986): 67-67. Web.
Available at: <https://doi.org/10.17077/0021-065X.3386>

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AT THE SUMMER SOLSTICE

Noon heat. And later, hotter still . . .
The neighbor's son rides up and down the field
turning the hay—turning it with flourishes.

The tractor dips into the low clovery place
where melt from the mountain
comes down in the spring, and wild
lupine grows. Only the boy's blonde head
can be seen; but then he comes smartly
up again—to whirl, deft, around
the pear tree near the barn. Bravo . . .

bravissimo. The tall grass lies—cut,
turned, raked and dry. Later his father
comes down the lane with the baler. I hear
the steady thumping all afternoon.

So hot, so hot today. I will stay in our room
with the shades drawn, waiting for you
to come with sleepy eyes, and pass your fingers
lightly, lightly up my thighs.