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At the Summer Solstice

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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.