



Image from Vermont Public Radio

Hilary Sallick

Two Poems

In the Garden

It had stormed earlier The iris
held water droplets

Peonies petal upon petal
were wide open
all their density revealed

Now the sun unclouded sinking
was beaming straight across
into the garden

Light came through
the poppies translucent
gold at the edges

The sundial a precise shadow

Its narrow arm against the sun
showed six o'clock

It was early in the summer

The flowers were just beginning
though the garden itself
was very old

Child in Library

Time passes.
Now and then a sigh, a cough,
voices murmuring at a distance.
Writing words on a page,
I can barely look around me today,
barely notice
the actual people here.
Then a child flashes by,
tangled blond hair,
brown eyes, about three years old.
The child is running,
confidently, noiselessly,
in a green unzipped coat, hood hanging down
under wispy tendrils of hair.
I watch the child
peering over the balcony,
walking the perimeter of the room
(room of light and secret corners and vistas).
One small hand trails the rail, attentive
to the long, straight, smooth, and continuing
line of it.
The child loves being
wherever he is, is never just waiting.
Beyond the arched windows – evenly spaced
around the room and far taller
than the child –
branches of trees divide the air.
Flakes of snow and ice are beginning
to drift up, down, sideways, revealing
currents.

Hilary Sallick's poems have appeared in *Exposition Review*, *Ibbetson Street*, *Muddy River Poetry Review*, *The Inflectionist Review*, and elsewhere. She is author of the books *Winter Roses* and *Asking the Form* and vice president of the New England Poetry Club.