

# Listen

Winging *like wasps*

*through the expanding  
span of my attention  
come the rasps*

*of tractors in the summer concert*

*of their cutting. And a chain saw  
somewhere down the road snarls  
driving its teeth through a fallen branch.*

Echoing *in the trees*

*three blasts from a neighbor's rifle—aimed  
at groundhog or mole. Woodpecker jack-hammers.  
In heat, a cow groans in the field.*

Children's voices, *too*

*waft through the air  
like the scent of lilacs, the mirth  
of their molecules mingling.*

*And what of this tiny spider*

*inching towards me?  
Acrobatic on its tight  
rope, it balances peace with the fury of its spin.*

**Julie Moore**