



ASHFIELD SUMMER AFTERNOON

From Bird Hill Road's southerly end
off the Williamsburg Road,
we leave the dirt road, pass the stone wall beyond
five headstones dated the 1830s in the Guilford Family Cemetery,
they died of the consumption,
climb over the trunks of trees left from the ice storm
littering the forest floor,
trudge downhill, Marie-Claire in the lead,
Bootsie, the Welsh Corgi circles behind,
reach the meadow above Ashfield,
where tiny red salamanders dart around in the heat of day so fast
a glimmer of color leaves me wondering
are they the vision of the last flash announcing
a seizure in my head?
or the world's end?
it happened once to someone else
I worshipped from afar,
My momentary glimpse of calamity is now past
but I am only halfway there,
we have to double back to the house,
twice the distance from the beginning,
an uphill climb.