

Glint

In a valley of carpenters
early autumn mornings
have the golden smell of sawn wood.

Today,
anticipation
of the disk-saws whining
and the ring
of arhythmic hammer falls on
the drums of joisted house frames
echoing between ridges

make this silence

sing.

From Spacious by Trudy Myrrh Reagan, Palo Alto Friends Meeting (2018)