

## East of the Old Brickyard Quarry, Eden

A snake rattles the thorns and is gone.  
All shadow inclines toward light.

The quarry pond, a diary without incident,  
Offers mere surface: stagnant, flat gray.

Wind frets and lingers, lingers and frets.  
One hour and then the next silts in.

Distance leads to an edge, a limit,  
A slumped chimney in need of tuck pointing

Or taking down. At noon, all is glare,  
The clean and calcified air of an ossuary.

-Eric Pankey