

GOING TO SEED* by Ginny Hoyle

Asters and mint go brazenly to seed
under another opaque white sky.
The day is like a cup. I turn it over in my hands.

It is smooth and round, full of nothing at all.
From the window, I see my childhood playing
under the broad reach of a maple, lining up dolls for tea.

My adolescent self watches, shrugs, leaves for the beach.
The young woman I was walks into the yard,
baby on her hip. She sits down with the tea and the dolls

and her child becomes a woman, too.
They look at me and wait
but I have little to say. I remember a rough draft

of a bold plan, the arc of possibility I threw carelessly
across my shoulders on cool nights, the taste
of ambition like buttered toast, but that is all.

Across a gulf of unwritten years, the women watch
and wait. The day is like a cup.
I run a fingertip around its rim and lean
into silence. The air is full of seeds.

****originally “Leaning Into Silence”**