

JEFF HARDIN

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She Said

I break, am broken, keep hoping  
that the house will empty  
just an hour, the sun move lower,  
while magnolia scent surrounds.  
I miss what's most essential:  
wind and rain against a window;  
who I've been; some time alone;  
a ripple on a pond gone back  
to still; a hill to walk beyond.  
I welcome overcast days; the smell  
of hay; replies the mockingbird steals  
to make the tree its own; a stone  
lucked upon that fits inside  
my pocket; the click-clack of heels  
down hallways; all that waits in time  
to take me back: a look, a book, rhyme.



## ABOUT JEFF HARDIN

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Jeff Hardin teaches at Columbia State Community College in Columbia, Tennessee. His poems appear in recent and forthcoming issues of *Poem*, *Southern Review*, *Hudson Review*, *North American Review*, *Hotel Amerika*, *Poetry Northwest*, *Sugar House Review*, *Southwest Review*, and *Tar River Review*. He is the author of two chapbooks, *Deep in the Shallows* (GreenTower Press) and *The Slow Hill Out* (Pudding House). His first collection, *Fall Sanctuary*, received the 2004 Nicholas Roerich Prize from Story Line Press. His second, *Notes for a Praise Book*, is available from Jacar Press. His website is [jeffhardin.weebly.com/](http://jeffhardin.weebly.com/).

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