

H. K. HUMMEL

That August

bats poured out of the attic
and cycloned up in dusk's half-light.

We knew nothing. We believed
we were still young. Night birds spoke
beautiful nonsense.

Shadows soothed as if made
of water. Knowing nothing, we slept,
foot cupped by foot.

The almanac had failed us,
that much we knew. But
we didn't want to know everything,

we couldn't. For a hundred years
the lightning rod on our house
taunted the sky to try its worst.

Everything held together:
each piece of timber in its place.
One needs such facts as a kind of faith.

For decades, I've dreamed of wading
into a river of water hyacinths,
easing into pale pink on blue.

Listen: this is an aubade. At dawn,
the bats returned. How quietly
they tucked back under our eaves.



ABOUT H.K. HUMMEL

H.K. Hummel is the author of *Boytreebird* (Finishing Line Press 2013) and *Handmade Boats* (Whale Sound 2010). Her work has also appeared in *Flyway: Journal of Writing & Environment*, *Poemeleon*, *Meridian*, and *The Antigoniish Review*. She received an MFA from the University of Southern Maine Stonecoast program and is currently a visiting assistant professor of creative writing at the University of Arkansas at Little Rock. She co-founded *Blood Orange Review* and now serves as advisory editor. She lives in Little Rock, Arkansas, and can be found online at hkhummel.com.

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