

ROBIN BOYD

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Depth of Field

Two hummingbirds at dawn rise like small balloons caught in an updraft.  
I'm not even sure I saw them, so quick and faint against  
the foliage and so far away.

Goldfinches, still bright in August, claim the foreground,  
hungry and fidgety, they push each other  
away from the seed.

At noon clouds move slowly far and above, cumulus and cirrus share  
one field, two fabrics, burlap and silk, pass one  
in front of the other and never merge.

An airplane groans in the distance. It recalls the sound of Sundays long ago  
when the world was shades of gray and the rise and fall  
of my father snoring as he slept to the drone of the TV.

Hours pass and the sound of crickets is a hay field grown up around me  
and trees are silhouettes against a universe made visible by night.  
Far from here an airplane yawns the sky.



## ABOUT ROBIN BOYD

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Robin Boyd is the author of *Among the Slow Roots* (Gap Mountain Press 2007). Her poems have appeared in *Whole Terrain*, *Yankee*, *Crab Creek Review*, *Redheaded Stepchild*, and *CALYX Journal*. She earned an MS in environmental education from the Audubon Expedition Institute and Lesley College. She lives in New Hampshire, where she serves as the director of a foundation that works to improve the quality of life of people with disabilities.

