ROBIN BOYD

Depth of Field

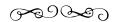
Two hummingbirds at dawn rise like small balloons caught in an updraft. I'm not even sure I saw them, so quick and faint against the foliage and so far away.

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

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.

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