



HELEN JONES. '86.

CASTLING STREET.

**John Griffin**

**DRY COUNTRY: NEAR HAM-  
MOND**

Nobody here, where the miles gape far.  
The still gulf of unhunted air  
is empty of hawk. Blue pine stands  
distant on a long blue slope.

The scree at the foot of the cliff  
is the scrap of shale, a frozen moment  
of rock between the sky and the creek.

I would welcome the call of a crow.  
I would welcome the crack of a limb  
overborne by the heat of the day.

Ants have once lived here: evidence  
in the small gravel they've packed around  
the mound of their hole. Nothing moves;  
even this gravel untenanted lies white  
in the glare of the hard still sky.