

## **The Last Day**

Let's say it begins at six o'clock  
on April's first morning when the sun has risen  
to vibrate three inches above the mountain  
and light shimmies along three wires looped  
from the tall trunk of the pine to the house  
where you are not awake yet,  
though a few birds sail the lower air  
near the just-thawed ground. Boughs still  
heavy with cones lie scattered, and beyond the stolid  
granite church with its black windows,  
one bird sings the sweetest notes into being.  
Stalks are rising—exploding in yellow  
in last year's garden and one ladybug climbs  
the screen—as if it had all the time in the world.

- Patricia Fargnoli