

Dartmouth Green
8:00pm

The Bells
over the library
chime,
and I wonder,
on whose ears
 their upright ring
fell before?

I am a stranger
 in this town,
but, I stake my claim
as a summer local.

I come here to escape
nature's toll.

Once a week
 I make my way
 from the lakeside
and the tent that is my
"home".

The music of the streets
feels like a rebirth,
though it is not
the civilized world I
long to be part of.

The mountains at dawn,
in their silent haze,
do not capture me
 the way they do
 when I am here
surrounded by
"intellectuals"

too busy to notice
the world
they claim
to study.

And as this day closes around me
and the bars begin to fill
I hear a jazzier crooning,
"Our Love is Here to Stay".

I know this day
has served its purpose
because all I want to do
is swim in the rain
and sleep to the night music
of the mountains.

Yet
I know tomorrow
I will long for the bell tower's
stately chime.

-Jessica Hatfield

