

**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

