

# Subterranean

*by* Gary Hardaway

Some days, the sides of the pit  
slope away and you can climb  
high enough to see a glimpse  
of the land around it,  
the oaks and elms, the ivy  
circling the trunks, the path,  
half in shade and half in sun,  
before fatigue of the climb  
sends you sliding down again.

Today, the sides of the pit  
slope toward you  
and there is no climbing up  
to any height, and the sun  
is cloaked by cloud,  
and memory of glimpses  
of the land beyond the stony rim  
seems less memory than taunting  
recollection of a dream.

