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## Two Worlds

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# Two Worlds

by Carol Hamilton

Now I see us circled  
by strong fences, oblivious  
to the good adults laughing

at their own jokes as we  
nibbled the grasses, lollicked,  
not thinking, not needing to think.

Those protective walls that circled  
like Stonehenge or prairie wagons  
have turned diaphanous, ghosts,

and soon we see the huge landscape,  
sky, wonder that they were there,  
wonder where they've gone.

We did not know (or did we?)  
they watched while seeming  
full of grown up things.

I did not know they were good.  
I did not want the watching.  
I did not say that now would come.

Open-ended coffee cans protect  
the young peppers, tomatoes,  
but they are stored for winter now

and the plants survived or did not.  
Now days shorten, the garden attenuates,  
and evening sings its knowing song.

