

By Maria Hummel

This is the sound of the bell. It rings,  
full of brass and the end it brings:  
once for the children, once for the child  
who sits alone. His eyes hurt and mild,  
he waits, holding his things.

Time should hold no meaning  
for him yet. You don't learn  
how to play; you forget. But he knows a while  
well, and longs for the clang of the bell.

A bell is a room of nothing.  
No, a dome with a hidden swing —  
a will, a sway, a tone, a peal,  
the beginning of song. The wild  
crowd nears, passes, laughing.  
Here is the sound of the bell.