

Anne Hall Levine

The Last Day

When all is done,
I will be here alone,
Waiting in the Timothy,
Down by the road.

Aching from dawn
The sun hangs heavy
In the dry vertigo sky
Casting no shadow.

Motes suspended
In blurry shafts.
Earth rising to the heat.
No breath stirs the grasses.

Eyes dry of tears
The map is obscured.
It lets go my hand
Without a whisper.

Facing South.
No breeze to soothe my fever.
No hand will clasp mine.
Still, still, I stand.

Dusk.
Eve, at last,
Arches up and around me.
Takes me.

It is the very last day.

Anne Hall Levine was born and raised in New York, NY. She studied poetry at Sarah Lawrence College. Her work is forthcoming in *Voices Israel*. Anne lives on Cape Cod where she hosts The Anne Levine Show, a weekly radio talk show on WOMR-FM Provincetown.