

Quarry Hollow: Rules and intimations

by [Jeff Gundy](#) in the [December 18, 2019](#) issue

Three days without news of the campaign is as good as a stiff martini before dinner,  
as a long walk in the sunshine, as a long morning in bed with your  
sweetie.

Remember the steep volcanic paths to the black sand beaches of the Azores, the  
white cliffs at Duino, the treacherous limestone scraps and spalls that  
lead to  
the quarry floor.

And heavy dew and many crows crying somewhere off toward the sun.

Consider why the rotted hammock causes thoughts of beauty, and the tree almost  
killed by bagworms, and irrevocable human disasters in mansions and  
fifth-  
floor walkups.

And men who have read Rilke and men who haven't agree to tolerate a certain  
number of shattered buildings, screams, dead and devastated children so  
that  
sunny afternoons on islands may proceed undisturbed.

And the tall maple rattles its massed clusters of seedpods gently and plans, despite  
the sparse results last time, to bomb the whole neighborhood again.