

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.