

Homestead

The wind tugs the sweet gale; the pepperbush bobs in the thicket.

Ice thaws in the brook out back—
mud-fossil footprints where the child ran,
learnt the ways of serpent and bee.

These were my fields.

March-bog where I nursed the lack
of barn swallows nested in rafters, away—

Why does winter return me?
To old, gray snow; white paint, ill and peeling—

They have remodeled the front barn and the silo, clean gone.

Sentimentality— my small enchanter's
nightshade, you cliff seep my bones; leave me—
these were My fields.

The jolt-April breeze disturbs; there should be no fear in this plot.

I am no longer that wild button bush.