

The Abandoned Farm

The roof is anything you want
A mere description
Of maples beating against stone walls
Or perhaps doors that once cheated the sun
Where morning now settles in its sleep

Things cry out to be recorded
The face of chickweed in the rough
Or the graveyard that was once a barn

Maybe someone will say this is me —
That I lost dominion over order
And the fields ripened into ambiguity

But for now
The sun creeps over paper
Like a blank idea
The brick house where sunflowers grow
Turns its face towards the sky

BRUCE MEYER