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In the Barn of My Father

Schuyler Swartout

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IN THE BARN OF MY FATHER
Schuyler Swartout

Rainwater falls from its patched roof
throwing some little light to the far corners,
during a summer sun shower. Through this light, bats stir
troubled in the mid-afternoon, and make quick bays like little
pigs.

And the pigs! Surely all the vibration could shake
the crumbly wooden roof down onto the hogs below,
with the air vibrating its dust,
and shaking droplets from roof to floor
and cobwebs pumping like subwoofers
and fifty thousand million bats waking
and chirping to sleep.

And the pigs rumbling in bloodstained pens.
And my heartbeats, pegging as they do in still night.

