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First Frost

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KEL SASSI

First Frost

October evening brings early sunset.
She watches the fields, as the yellow globe
pours liquid gold across staid rows of ripe corn.
A brown plume--dust kicked up by harvesters—
Hangs in the air, like his words hang in her heart.

He'll be returning late tonight,
not watching the sunset with her,
as they have, every evening, since
their midsummer wedding,
when their love flowed like
the lustrous hues of sunset spread
across the horizon, across their bed.

She walks back to the farmhouse,
remembering first angry words hurled—
The season has changed,
yet green still spreads in the hollows
between dusty road and field,
signaling summer's late presence.
The solstice lingers in her soul;
But he's moved on to harvest.

Is he watching this sunset? More gold
than orange, languorously enveloping
row after row of crops until it meets the dew

rising from the slough,
and stops.

“First frost tonight,” he’ll say.
She’ll nod; she feels it.

AUTHOR’S COMMENT: The poem was inspired by seeing the dust from a harvester float into the sky on one of my drives to the Turtle Mountain reservation. I began imagining a farming couple and how harvest might separate them for the first time if they were newlyweds.



FROST PATTERNS by Kylene Kubas