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Six Poems · James Galvin

AGRICULTURE

for Richard Borgmann

Tonight the rain can't stand up straight, but once,
Watching over my shoulder, the ten wheeling suns
Of the double siderake rolling new mown hay
Over and over and over and over
Into the windrow like a thick green rope,
I was nothing
But a window sailing through the night,
And once when twenty horses wild together
All winter, galloped towards me down the road
With Harrison whooping behind them and
The little stock dog barking at their heels,
And me there to turn them into the corral
From the middle of the road, their eighty
Hooves a roll of thunder in the earth,
Me with a stupid piece of rope in my hand,
I was nothing
But a window sailing through the night.

RESURRECTION UPDATE

And then it happened.
Amidst cosmic busting and booming
Gravity snapped,
That galactic rack and pinion.

Trees took off like rockets.
Cemeteries exploded.
The living and the dead
Flew straight up together.