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A Sky of Dark Furrows

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A SKY OF DARK FURROWS

A sky of dark furrows. The fields flatten themselves,
prepared for anything: the wind's blade, its

neglect. On this hill I have learned so well
to wait that now I must unlearn it: nothing waits,

nothing is so empty that it does not fill
by chance or purpose and so filling become

itself; that is called choice.
And the hand, with its fixed signature,

must continue the task. Old harrow,
worrying its groove. It takes this much force

to move it through the patient field. This much
force to lift the restless hand.