Combining

by Victoria Huntington

Corn lights up as combine approaches. Yellow corn, red beast, rolling tongue.

Corn has arms mummy wrappings from the earth, yellow and brittle they wave.

Combine still, eyes are open. Flutter moths come to worship. Monster rests.

Truck to dryer.

Air is warm, smells of popcorn.

Dryer tumbles corn.

Bins of silver spools circle. Noise riots on flecked air.

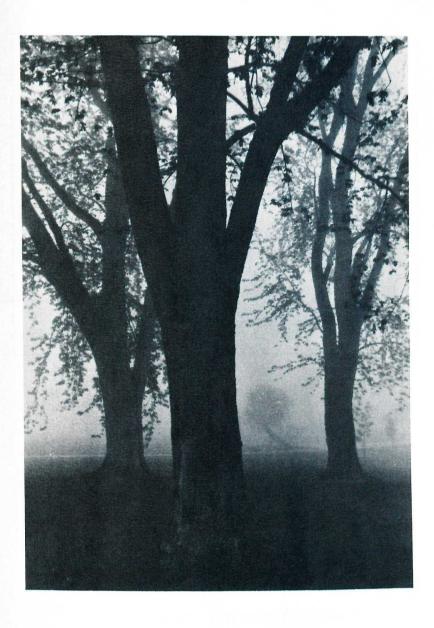
Across the greying fields, arms of corn wave.

Haikus

by Linda LeRoy

I packed my fall trunk The elephant carried his The tree had no choice

It blew in my face And whirled around the trees I never saw it



It ran beside me But I knew our paths would cross Its bridge was so near A drop of water Which fell in my eye today Covered the ground white