

A Winter Review

The farm wraps itself for winter and drowns off, a two-faced wind shouts in the treetops and snoops under barn doors. Snow leaps and heaps over fences, a pheasant stalks the cornfields, a crow coughs from a bare branch. Around the house plastic curtains shroud windows, straw guards the foundation, cattle and hogs line feed troughs, sparrows scramble for spilled grain. Even the farmer moves in a trance along paths of accustomed chores. The farm draws in to its center, leaves roots to bear their burden of faith, waits in the serenity of cold for the sun to rise from its lowest arch and level the drifts to water.

-- James Hearst

Cedar Falls, IA

omar
a bush
a loaf
of bread
a tiger
growling
steals
away

a horse
a hundred
times
march
through
the rain
bronze
horses
stepping

wind
nightcap
corner
by
day's
flat light
pink yarrow
grows
the
mailbox
rattles

meeting
brown fog
news-
paper
a jumping
prince
as we
in yellow