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Abandoned Farmyard, November

Dixie Partridge

Today I saw near a barn the bed and crossbar of an old hayrack, sunk into earth like the hull of a boat, a dying thistle bloom grown out from the soft mulch of wood,

and I thought of winter already deep into Wyoming, my father dreading and welcoming it, ample reason to refuse all tasks, his ragged pasture fences submerging into snow.

I opened for a cold wash of pain, but my shoulders relaxed in the late autumn sun; light deepened into that startling place where no one comes to visit.