

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.