

MARILYN GRAVETT

Two Fields Back

So exposed, to lie in a field
threshed first of wheat,
then of straw,

to lie in a smother of sky
so exposed, feel alfalfa hay
struggle from the stubble

and the sky bears down
in a relentless arc of glare.
The farmer tells me soybeans

are two fields back,
these flat lands parceled
in his conviction of mastery,

so I look, an untrained eye,
at an endless roam, oblivious
but for the color of crop

to a difference in field,
so exposed, how can anyone
possess the faith to possess it?

Moving Back to Ohio

The land flattens
like a body settling into a grave.
In winter, frost fattens the vetch in the ditches,
and the trees, luminous, hover
over their roots like breath:
this is the landscape we were born to.

The day is gray and grown long
as an old woman's hair,
in the south the sky steadily darkens.
Close relatives await us.

A hawk on a roadpost stiffly watches,
unruffled by exhaust.

A child comes from the backseat to tap us,
and we realize all along we've been sleeping,
and that this is the scenery we have missed.