

## 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.