

NANCY TAKACS

Guthries' Farm

It is an Indian summer.
Hope says you can hear their calls
Much like far away
Peacocks. Careful for Indian
Pipe where she steps, we see
Only ironweed tall as us.
And these hills are

Her burial mounds. This one
A bear, this an eagle,
That one she doesn't know what.
'We know she's crazy: gathers
Bucketsful of rocks which always

Have carved heads, wings or teeth.
Or finds a strange strain of corn
That must have been theirs. We walk
Through her fields to pick the last
Mint through the little that has fallen.

We remove our sweaters, wish the trees
Could always hold their leaves as she
Digs for arrowheads, telling us
Again there are drums in her
Creek. And we listen. But
Hear nothing.