

IN OHIO, SOMEWHERE SOUTH OF TOLEDO / *Brooke
Horvath*

I

He walks across his fields
careful of meanings
impressed by thunder
silent in the rain

through tedious tractor afternoons
dreams of bumper harvests
and of drought
of corn-green rows well tended

picking up a clod of dirt
he worries it to soil
listening to the land
speak its leafy language

then cuts a melon tapped for days
before it answered, Ready
waiting, eating, which was better
he couldn't say

II

Dusk, and crickets come alive
cornflowers glow
with fireflies aflirt above them
as fields grow dim

then fog, and nothing
save fog
and through it, crickets
crying for love

closing his eyes
he sees the still corn growing
half-asleep, thinks
I love this as the fish the pond

through the night, crickets
waking, he hears them
until the fog lifts
from morning's fields