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Family Farm

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Family Farm

Howard Schaap

My father's voice
was deep
like the echo and howl
of an empty silo,
grainy
like the hum and the shush
of oats unloading,
old
like the scratch
of fall grasses.

And when he prayed
it went deeper,
to thunder;
grainier,
to corn leaves
shuck-shucking
against each other in July;
ancient as a deer,
head raised,
brown sides shivering,
tail shaking,
outside a barbwire fence.