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Waiting

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And yet
in the green pasture, grass belly deep,
in an August evening's orange-red glow,
my daughter gallops her horse east
along the shining filaments of electric fence,
fluid lunging toward the darkening sky.
A moth lands on my still knee, brings
a ciphered greeting on brown wings.
A barn cat perched on my shoulder
massages my scalp with his claws, licks it
with his raspy, bone-cleaning tongue.
And behind the empty corn crib, high-piled manure
patiently rots, waiting for seed.

Waiting

John Van Rys

Plaster and lath, pipes and eaves—an ancient ark,
this house contains those unborn children waiting still.

Upstairs, the bed remains unmade, comforter cast aside;
pillows and sheets, askew, hold waiting the bodies' print.

Outside, dense clouds oppress the sunless soil;
two pills wait, white against M&M's in a black bowl.

After the storm, laneway puddles mirror wind-fallen ash branches,
waiting, leaves' edges already curled, fire fringed.