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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.