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## Last Sun

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teats that it protected.  
I missed the warning signals  
—the going-over-the-wall that  
my brothers saw early.

—Struggling farm—  
no boys but the youngest

If my father would have sworn,  
he'd have said,

“Not worth a damn.”

But instead  
reset the baler  
—smaller, lighter bales—

A bag of sheer pins  
for a bucky baler  
that didn't like the kid  
who rushed,  
dumped the clutch  
and fed too much.

He didn't yell  
when that International  
spit out the pin,  
the flywheel spinning freely,  
the plunger frozen mid stroke  
as it gagged on the hay in its throat  
to prove the boy a rookie.

Thirteen and thirty nine—an old man and a boy  
in fields where bales knit the stubble to the ground

Never pushing, chiding  
he carries bales  
two at a time  
and tosses them up.

He does all the heavy work  
—I think I carry the burden—

Slowly I stack  
and build the loads  
bring in the cows  
and milk  
but fail to notice  
he takes breaks where never before.

Five years later I leave,  
divorced the cows  
married the books.

Dad attempts to dissuade  
reason why

school should not happen  
He sees the barn door open  
and the herd  
heading for greener grass.

We became men  
perhaps  
too much the men.

Business men, police men, fire men, mail men  
So much the men that we  
would  
not  
be  
the man that you were.

Education happens  
in a  
class  
not in a barn/church  
-yard—

Deals  
are settled  
with a lawyer  
not  
a handshake.

We  
We trust in God  
over food  
and  
one day  
in seven  
believing our insurance  
and  
our loans  
will cover  
in case

God doesn't.

I wonder  
heart failure  
or  
loss of heart?

In us  
who missed  
the development

of man.