

A Widower Farmer on the Great Plains in 1933

I lie awake most nights in this top barn loft.

Propped upon splintered planks,
drinking in starry solace
and moonshine.

Night erases
day's arid boil
when scorched soil-turned-dust
spins upon lawns
floats in and out of
innocent yawns—
irrigates decay and settles on
once-rich-now-rotted crop.

But midnight charms wilting fields—
wraps them in tranquil blankets,
starry and silent, save
the windmill's rhythmic whooshing that
spins my prayers through velvet night;
seals and sends them with soft swishing panels;
fosters up
from our deep, hard, stark well
just enough of that living
water.