SOLDIER'S FARM

This ploughland vapoured with the dust of dreams, these delicate gatherings of dancing trees, answered the question of his searching eyes as his wife's body answered to his arms.

He let the whole gold day pass in a stare, walking the turning furrow. The horses drew his line straight where the shakesword corn should grow. He, lurching mooncalf, let his eyes stride far.

They stooped across the swell and sink of hill; made record of the leaves that played with light. The mist was early and the moon was late, and in between he stared his whole day full.

He asked for nothing but the luck to live, so now his willing blood moves in these trees that hold his heart up sunwards with their arms. The mists dissolve at morning like his dreams and the creek answers light as once his eyes; and yet he left here nothing but his love.