

Pastoral

stark is the wood stove in the night
its bulbous hull a womb
of popping embers

slow boiling corn filling the house
with a thick nutty perfume

what sounds but guzzle
of a pumped well
the gushing water against the metal

stark is slowness
scything of grass
chucking grain toward
chickens
low bark of hounds

gnats backlit by the sun
their flight pattern
scattered in gold

song of exoskeleton
zoom of the jun bug's wings
lifting itself
from the screen door
and off to the damp night

far away roar of tire
bucking junk in the truck bed

slow sputter and buzz
of a mower echoed in the gully

the radio whispering
a piano that vibrated
gospel
when it uttered