

Missing

Driving through the hills, you see them,
empty farms surrendered to erosion.
Over the next rise, a gaunt statement
headlines the horizon.

At a slope's end, beyond a thistle-claimed
field alive with finches,
a longhouse sags in briar.

And where are they?

The lone man on the hill's contour,
that woman at the farm door
pitching scraps to a skulking dog,
children in the rain, switching
cattle paused at a ford's turbulence.
No trailers rattle produce to valley towns.

Has the power of the multi-bladed
agro-God reached even into these hills,
to cut away the nuisance
of their poor offerings?