

Bits and Pieces

I hear our John Deere tractor,
feel sister Berdie's hand wash my back,

hear echoes of the northbound train,
smell Dad's bib overalls,

hear Tippie bark at the egg man,
see Grandpa walk the cows,

hear pigeons coo in the cupola,
feel bite of winter's wind,

hear Mom sing Dutch psalms,
taste dust on my lips.

Corn crib, tool shed, chicken coop,
hog house, red barn, apple orchard,

willow tree, windmill, farm house,
gone.

I walk the old farm,
a barren black-earth story and find

ceramic chips from a plate;
a rusted iron gear, and askance in dirt,
a broken cup.