Rural Scene

Clifton Schelhas

*Western Michigan University*

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Rural Scene

Sitting in the neat farmyard,
There was no warmth for me
In Autumn's last warm sun,
Till she came walking, from the road,
Across the brown oat-stubble.

Where she walked the stubble turned
To soft green sprouts of winter wheat,
And sun was warm across my back.

Still, soft, rain began to fall,
A small rainbow horseshoed her,
Gold-potting at her sides, pastel,
Four-coloring the ground.

Rain stopped as she reached the yard,
But rainbow colors stayed with her,
She looked across the unworked land
And smiled a sunrise smile to me.
Together we hitched the unused team,
Together we tilled and seeded the soil,
Long lain fallow and turned sour.

The earth responded to the care
With weeds of guilt, instead of grain,
Perhaps because the land had been
Unyielding to my husband's plow.

Fields of flowers grew and choked the weeds
With rainbow beauty and fragrance.
I did not care from what seed they came.

She was as sweet and as clean
As earth rolled from a moldboard,
And I knew for the first time
The good feel of a deep furrow.

I know this land must return to grass,
To graze a stud, thick in jowl and sheath,
Not sniffing of the air, neck arched,
Nor snorting at the smooth-worn post.
And I must live on this barren farm.

CLIFTON SCHELHAS