Field Work

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FIELD WORK

He shows me where to enter the field, which direction to mow first—

then he gives me forty days of silence, benign quiet, apart from the tractor, a pasture where I can recall

all there was, aboard the wide mothership winter, my first Quaker meeting, all of us gathered, nothing said, aloud.

Later, in the same hayfield, **Believe** tracked out in boot-prints: whomever leapt into the letter, doubled back
to make one part touch another.
--both instrument and ink, their whole self, written in snow,

not disappearing ink-- disappearing paper.