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Farm

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FARM

The sun hovers there
any afternoon.
A mean dry place
the farm I was born in,
acres of flat blown
land, silver granaries
plumb to the land, grey
sheds, shops, an
aluminum barn.

You are leaving after
the seeding
taking your anger
in the cups and bowls
your new wife finds.
No matter: the land
survives the hard round
stones, worms in the roots
of things, winds that turn
its wealth to dust, our
ancient quarrel.