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Dakotah Time

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DAKOTAH TIME

The clocks have gathered in my face,
planted long sounds in my head.
I hear women walk in low fields,
break their hands, spread
them dark and plain in level grass.
They speak softly of their men
who ride out summer on cold plows,
open the ground, mount the sky,
thick arms reaping the sun.

I hear their breasts calling
in dull cotton dresses, low tones
sowing rain, discontent, an early dusk
to bring the men striding to the porch
and finally to bed. Their solid bodies
roll in the low fields, heavy
with the smell of horses, new mown hay
marking time, marking time
between the long legs of their wives.