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## Farm on the Wapsipinicon

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## FARM ON THE WAPSIPINICON

The ducks are gone,  
the hay baled and  
stacked in the barn

where the stray cat  
sleeps. A thin sheet of  
ice slips over the pond.

The wind rises  
and the cornstalks  
rattle in the field.

The field waits.  
The field waits  
to be burried in snow.

The sun goes down  
behind the house.  
The doors are latched,

the cracks stuffed  
with strips of flannel  
and old newspapers.

The storm windows  
are on, the screens  
in the cellar

resting against the  
shelves, the shelves  
full of Mason jars

lined up like the  
days ahead: tomatoes,  
pickled peaches, pears.