Harvesting

Sarah Gorham
HARVESTING

We begin by loving excessively no plan in mind, no elegance.

There are parts we must tear away lush and ambiguous

like the piles of abandoned hay scattered around the fenceposts.

What is left, works. The rakes touch and whirl and we follow feeling out the steps of a stately and beautiful dance.

We are not saddened by a cow nudging against the fence, or a tree straining at the edge of pavement. In their naivete in their impetuousness they too ask for definition.

See how the grass grows stronger after it is cut, how the heart rallies under the bone. We celebrate and turn together in our usefulness.

Inside the chest is the sound of a waltz warming up.

The caterpillar or the seed crouched in eagerness to become something brighter.