

The Cabin

by Max Sparks

It's higher, cooler than town
Ancient limestone quiet
Leaf shadowplay afternoon
breeze
The mantis is still on the
bug screen
He sways once in a while
Leaf-like
Does he see his reflection?
Black pinpoints and
Large green globes
The neighbors are patient
And long-lived as rocks
They grow gardens
And live together
Down the road
He has taken in the tobacco
And hung it in the barn
I walk the ridge
Down, between the trees
The green river sparkles
The land yields and sways
The old stone has risen
and fallen
With the stars for so long
They are higher, brighter than town
Soon will come the deer
The last one I took
Was a youngish doe
She did not suffer
The iron tang of her
In the torchlight

And the purring cat
Around the gut pile
On a frosty morning
I wasted nothing
Bless this land
Bless this land