

# The Farm, The Sky

BY THE TIME WE BOUGHT THE FARM, BUCKTHORN AND THISTLE HAD TAKEN THE PASTURE AND THE BARN WAS FULL OF BONES. THE TRACTOR, IN ITS BLOOM OF RUST, WAS MOORED IN FALLEN, ROTTING PLUMS AT THE ORCHARDS FERAL MARGIN—MONARCH OF THE FIREFLIES, LYING ON OUR BACKS OVER VAST AND QUIET CEDAR BEAMS, WE WATCH EACH DAY'S SKY PASSING CLOSE, IMMEDIATE, THROUGH A HOLE IN THE HAYLOFT ROOF. INKWELL EYES OF OWLS CONFUSE THE CORNERS OF EVENING LIGHT, AND CENTIPEDES, SHINING, WANDER OUR JEANS, AS IF WE TOO WERE OF THE OLD WOOD. THE ROUGH TEMPLE, TOMORROW'S SKY WILL BE ANOTHER, BUT TONIGHT IT LIES IN ITS OWN ARMS ON THE CREEKBANK, TANGLED IN NEW WET WINGS.

**Sarah Coury**