

Homestead

Let the fox go back to its sandy den
Let the wind die down. Let the shed go black inside.
Let evening come.

Jane Kenyon, *Let Evening Come*

Alders, subtle but insistent, crowd the lane
Barbed-wire guards raspberry and wild rose
Waist-high grass hinders humans
and hides the fox
creeping like a landlord
among his butchery of bones
Let the fox go back to its sandy den.

Big snows, rain and scorching summers
have worn away traces of the man who
played the organ, cut wood
a woman who baked bread
Wind blusters in the trees
shushing echoes of children's voices
Let the wind die down.

Only a shed remains that once held stern talks
embraced calendars of bogus blonds
displayed expired license plates
a clutter of broken furniture
nails, rake and a hoe
now empty
Let the shed go black inside.

Darkness may be a comfort
please
Let evening come

ELIZABET STEVENS