

Bits and Pieces

I hear our John Deere tractor,
feel sister Berdie's hand wash my back,

hear echoes of the northbound train,
smell Dad's bib overalls,

hear Tippie bark at the egg man,
see Grandpa walk the cows,

hear pigeons coo in the cupola,
feel the bite of winter's wind,

hear Mom sing a Dutch psalm,
taste dust on my lips.

Corn crib, tool shed, chicken coop,
hog house, apple orchard, rose garden,

water pump, willow tree, windmill-
gone.

I walk the old farm,
a barren black-earth story and find

a ceramic chip from a plate;
a rusted iron gear; and a broken cup

askance in dirt, lost souls waiting.

by Arlin Buyert

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