

Not Guilty

After Dad died,
I explained to Mom
I didn't want to continue the family farm.

Yet, blowing through the cottonwoods,
dreams aplenty sift my nights:
planting beets in the garden,
harvesting corn in the fall,
milking cows early morning,
undressing a rolling field of wheat,

all with Dad at my side,
all as warm as the bosom
of our Rock River, but still,
sorrow in the prairie wind.

To ease my knots, I phone
the Sunday evening radio psychiatrist
who hears my dreams and asks:
"Sir, do you have children?"
"Yes, son and daughter."
"Do you want them to follow your career path?"
"No, certainly not."

Neither did Dad.

by Arlin Buyert