

ABANDONED FARM

Man walks his minute and then no more.

The farm couple saw this kind of morn  
in another year, a dead lost month.

The house so new it smelled of wood.

His bride a warm and wondrous thing.

Did they love this land,

did they love this life,

the strong young farmer

and his warm young wife?

Was his a windburned kindly face?

Was this a quiet, happy place?

Did they have children and were some boys?

Did they keep Christmas with homemade toys?

No one knows, no one can say

except the one hard truth as plain as day

No one owns his land at all.

This is the lesson of the Fall.

The land owns us, not the other way round.

We are walking on eternal ground.

The squirrel stores nuts in the rotting floor.

Man walks his minute

and then

no more.