

Goodbye, Grandma
by George Vukelich

Old woman: we will sit a spell
and listen to the farmer wind
speaking slow and haltingly
of buried things
of wedding rings
we lean to catch the murmurings:
Scuttlings in the silent barn.
Some are rats and some are bats
and some are nameless in the boards.

*When we began we had two teams: four horses
and just the two of us: together we worked
from the seeds of our loins
the harvest of lands.
The years like leaves: all blown away.
The farmer buried beyond his house.*

*Now: a rustling in the window ferns.
Old Grandma listening and far away.*

His rocking chair: empty always and deathly still.
The wind is rising and the rocking chair stirs.