

Harvest of Sorrows*for Kelly Miller*

When swift brown swallows
 return to their burrows
 and diamond willows
 leaf in the hollows,
 when barrows wallow
 and brood sows farrow,
 we sow the black furrows
 behind our green harrows.

When willows yellow
 in the windy hollows,
 we butcher the barrows
 and fallow the prairies.
 The silo swallows
 a harvest of sorrows;
 the ploughshare buries
 a farmer's worries.

Now harried sparrows
 forage in furrows.
 Lashing the willows,
 the north wind bellows
 while farmers borrow
 on unborn barrows.
 Tomorrow, tomorrow
 the sows will farrow.

Note: a barrow is a castrated pig

Deconstruction

Rummaging in rubble
 critics are scribbling
 like fieldmice nibbling
 in a farmer's stubble.