What Is Hers

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WHAT IS HERS

The sun casts late red shadows
on the white space behind her
head, on the sharp corners
inside her house, and
rests on her hair and circles,
red hued, red toned, red, red, red;
and there are no sounds but music,
her girls gathering what she wants
from her garden that always grows
flower, weed, worm, insect, fruit;
and it all sings her song; and
there is enough land; her trees are
enough green; her green crops wave
the wind across the
green blades, green laughter; and
the husband, soft like brown skin, holds
something useful in his brown eyes and
brown hair and is her man.