Running Through a Field on a Saturday Morning

Peter Van Zante*
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Out here
the ground is tarnished gold.
The sky reaches down,
pulls like wind on water,
and stretches the corn farther than the eye can imagine.

And I imagine falling down
between those harvest lines endless as hunger
and finding rest from
the dry October air.
It crackles with northern wind.

I'm running out here,
training myself to believe
in only balance and footfall.
I try to forget all the ways
a body can stumble in the morning.

This is something cattle understand.
To the left they follow me,
galloping bovinely, bellowing consent.
I tell them No, this is not what it seems.
They falter and fall behind.

To my right a fencepost still stands
in a creekbank washed away by rain.
It tilts as if its eyes are closed,
rooted in nothing,
held by the barbed wire that stretches for miles.

Out here breath pulls at itself,
trying to find oxygen in this gravel and spit.
My left foot rises
while my right falls.
Faith is the only thing that ties them together.