Mine

Carolyn Carlson

Abstract

111is is my life, Mine Carolyn Carlson Given to me to live in my own way With all of my strength...
Sketch

ing hip-deep in the loose hay you stumble and fall headlong into the sea of stems and leaves. Up again—and pull again—pull 'til your lungs burst—pull 'til your arms leave the sockets from which they come—shove back the hay—far into the corner—tear apart the mountain before you—tear it to shreds and spread it out—
pull—pull—pull!!

The next load is coming—just two more forklifts now—just a little more and then you'll be safe. If only the dust were not so dry—if only that fork would wait a bit—but the rope is slapping—the rope is creaking—the rope is bringing another load—and more dust—and more hay—and more pulling—

Mine

Carolyn Carlson

This is my life,
Given to me to live in my own way—
With all of my strength.

The sunset after evening rain—
Breakers careening against the cliff,
Sun-scented oats lying in shocks ready for the hay rack,
Carillon bell tones from a cloud-puffed sky,
Steel cold in winter.
Morning mists hiding in the valleys.
Hot, thick sand underfoot.
A dog wriggling into my arms, a rough tongue glancing across my face.
Cold sheets and rough scratching blankets,
Rain beating into my eyes, wet clothes clinging.
Stinging hail, wind cutting through.
Returning home the first time—the spire of the courthouse above the cornfields—
Pump handles banging, screen doors slamming on summer afternoons.

All these are mine and the world's to share.