A Passage

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A Passage

by

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English 3

I saw them repeat their young love
On that old weather-beaten farm.
Stuck away from children—should love them
And the deaths of their friends,
They gave up saving for trips and economizing on meat cuts,
Began to fall out of forty years of habit.

I envied them their gardening together
And walking apart.
Once, she stood barefoot in the spring rain
While he checked calves in the south pasture.
But mostly they followed each other through overgrown fields
In a discovery of field mice and quiet laughter.

I loved them as they sat on the porch
In their respective rockers.
They held hands and let the supper hour pass away
In favor of the sky closing against the sun.
And as I pass the old place now
The new paint and plowed fields offend my biased eye.

Art: Douglas Lawrence