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Farm Wife

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& the best poet in town packs a gun
Because there's no way
back or out just a tighter & tighter squeeze
with junk to drown your sadness
& junk to wire your madness
Because you feel imminent death all the time
though I'm not afraid no I'm not afraid
Because it's throwing a bright idea straight to hell
& becoming the slow & patient destruction
of all you ever wanted to do.

Anne Waldman

FARM WIFE

Dark as the spring river, the earth
opens each damp row as the farmer
swings the far side of the field.
The blackbirds flash their red
wing patches and wheel in his wake,
down to the black dirt; the windmill
grinds in its chain rig and tower.

In the kitchen, his wife is baking.
She stands in the door in her long white
gloves of flour. She cocks her head and
tries to remember, turns like the moon
toward the sea-black field. Her belly
is rising, her apron fills like a sail.
She is gliding now, the windmill churns
beneath her, she passes the farmer,
the fine map of the furrows.
The neighbors point to the bone-white
spot in the sky.

Let her float
like a fat gull that swoops and circles,
before her husband comes in for supper,
before her children grow up and leave her,
before the pulley cranks her down
the dark shaft, and the church blesses
her stone bed, and the earth seals
its black mouth like a scar.