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Tying Bean Strings

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Tying Bean Strings / Robert Morgan

Hoyt Mountain rose cool over its abutments
as we worked away from the creek,
hanging not clothes but threads every
foot on the half-mile line. The clods
seemed sharp as broken glass.
One hand noosed the rough jute
to the wire like filaments the beans
would run and light with leaves, while
the other tied the lower end to twine
we'd later nail at the ground.
Our weft would trap the vines and
lead them straight at the noon
sun. Sweat bees dug and stung.
The lint of hemp and barky lumps
stuck to our sweat, rashed sunburned
shoulders. Wind took the finished rows like
hoisted sails and the field cruised
under its cloth far from harvest. I cooled
my feet in the sand near the creek.
By evening rabbits would cut loose a few panels
as they came out to feed on the young sprouts
and the spans would blow free as gossamer
in the night breeze, evade the grasping runners.
Next morning we'd find the strings tangled
on splintery poles and unravelling like yarn
in the dew, ends swollen
like brushes from wiping the clods.

Take Yourself Back / Diane Wald

Please keep these comments in sequence. I have to move
by the end of next week: the fact that time grows shorter
is just another imperative I can resent. Take yourself back
to whatever you were doing this date in 1953. My brother
hadn't been born long. I was starting school. His face