1985

Suite for Jean Follain

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1.
In September there come to Ohio clouds out of old Dutch paintings above weeds in gold confusion in overlooked orchards apples drop in the wild grass a baby in a station wagon stares at the checked jackets of hunters stooping to gather groceries spilled on the sidewalk.

2.
Never came back to visit says the old woman out loud lugging a bucket of feed across the empty farmyard beyond her a shed is collapsing terrifically slowly a cow is chewing without expression white stars pass from a burst milkweed.

3.
The evening has turned the blue of a milk of magnesia bottle and the big American flag is snapping against itself in front of the courthouse looking up at the window where she undressed he thinks of wrens and tent revivals and statues from ancient Egypt.
4.
A wet stone beehive
stands in the middle of the garden
beyond the wall delivery trucks
occasionally pass
a smell of burning leaves
reminds the mailman of childhood
a fish jumps in the reservoir
in the graveyard clumps of honey mushrooms
blacken slowly in rain.