

# Combining

*by Victoria Huntington*

Corn lights up  
as combine approaches.  
Yellow corn,  
red beast, rolling tongue.

Corn has arms  
mummy wrappings from the earth,  
yellow and brittle they wave.

Combine still, eyes are open.  
Flutter moths come to worship.  
Monster rests.

Truck to dryer.  
Air is warm, smells of popcorn.  
Dryer tumbles corn.

Bins of silver spools circle.  
Noise riots on flecked air.

Across the greying fields,  
arms of corn wave.

## Haikus

*by Linda LeRoy*

I packed my fall trunk  
The elephant carried his  
The tree had no choice

It blew in my face  
And whirled around the trees  
I never saw it