

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



It ran beside me
But I knew our paths would cross
Its bridge was so near

A drop of water
Which fell in my eye today
Covered the ground white