

Landscape with Grandmother

She is stooped like a peasant
in a van Gogh sketch,
coaxing wild berries
from a vagrant bush.
Our shadows lengthen
across the field.
She stands,
and the dress that hangs on her
like a worn-out wing
is struck through
by stray beams
of day's-end light.
She motions, says—what?
I don't remember.
Or does she smile?
I don't remember:
I am watching the sun
set at her hem.

Rusty C. Moe