

I Often Walk to the End of the Road

I often walk to the end of the road
to look at the abandoned farm.

I like to look at the field
as it goes back to wilderness again.

I like to look at the grass grow
higher and thicker around the barn,

embrace it with its hairy arms
as though welcoming back the wood.

I like to look at the barn turn more
and more gray. It sags in the middle.

It reminds me of the last old horse
that years ago stood as still as a barn.

I like to watch the earth at work.
So slowly, so patiently, so deliberately

the earth works. I like to watch
the earth turn the blue farm machines

to brown rust, turn the red farm
machines to brown rust, turn

the green farm machines to brown rust.
I like to look at her work with metal,

which is mortal like us. “No hurry,”
the earth smiles at me as I watch

her work. How gentle she is
with them, with the hay wain,

with the tractor, with the plow.
“No hurry,” she smiles. “No hurry.”

—J. R. Solonche



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