

Here, Now, Kentucky Farm

by D. E. Laczi

The first year
 we had our farm
 I spent the summer
 taking down
 a derelict wire fence
 Grandpa had put up
 years earlier
 along the dusty drive.

I never knew
 my grandfather,
 but I had a sense of him by August
 as I foolishly sat in the tall
 chiggery grass and sage,
 insects whining and fretting
 in the heat and humidity,
 mockingbirds yelling across the fields.
 Wire cutters working away,
 I meditated on the very type of wire,
 and the still-good
 black locust fence posts
 that had collapsed in places
 over time.

Jimmy Kirk told me then
 that Grandpa
 hadn't been much
 of a farmer,
 but he was a good man,
 so I thought about that, too.

Now
 when I walk
 these fields
 I am cognizant
 of times since
 when I could not
 focus on any one thing,
 my thoughts darting
 like hummingbirds,
 my life reduced
 to excitement and color
 that was
 for all the wrong reasons.

I hope I die
while I am walking
these fields
but it is enough now
to hear birds of birds
my grandpa would have heard
as he set fence posts,
same reassuring beck and call
lasting late into the night,
awash in deep summer
and all time.