

Beautiful Buckle

by Roger W. Trammell

In early autumn the Pentecostal plains of southern Kentucky shine
like a newly polished buckle on the Bible Belt.

The smoky summer haze has lifted
and cool dry air now gives rise
to a sky unbearably blue.

Yesterday's second cutting has left the hayfields a bright green—
smooth, manicured, rolling to the edge of the deeper-green woodland
already tinged with the first yellows and reds of the new season.

Golden fields of ripened soybeans shimmer
in a vividness that catches my breath
and awakens a vague longing for something I cannot yet name.