

three silos

done big on the hill
as I looked down
a small patch between the hills
silos three, leaned
into the wind
wooden fences akimbo
rutted, grooved wheel tracks
on the wet, muddied earth
grass crushed underneath
the furrows of mud history
filled now with a clear water-mirrored sea

small, small snapshot
a brief peek into a hidden valley

now riding away
my soul refreshed
joyous at having seen the things themselves
exposed
the things beautiful

my soul connects with
the furrowed
earth-filled
water world mirrors