

KASEY JUEDS

The Field

Here is only the obvious
edge where the downed

fence rusts and trees
quicken and signal

in wind harder to divine
how even inside this border

the field divides one shade
of gold succumbing

to the next Apostle
the summer unspools

beneath your crossing
over grasses the deer

have furrowed like thoughts
in the mind you follow

where bent or broken
stalks allow where hooves

have tamped and darkened
the stems down though only

from some great height
might you see

the field split
again and again

by animal passage
and now your own