

Wisps

Jim Walker

Yellow long before frost,
The leaves begin their dance
To the whistle of dry chinook through caraganas.

Thistlespine nestles amid strawberries,
Hiding beneath the mockery of chilly blooms.

Dust climbs high in the westward sky
As combines and tractors
Rut their way through yesterday's promises.

Long evening clouds slide along the horizon
Shadowing faces grim as gorgons
For a single sign of rain.

The thwack of beet knives
Echoes cross a field of doubled backs
In the blood-red rays of sunset,
Tolling early harvest.