

## **THE ABANDONED FARM**

The high grass that brushed against our pants  
whisked the road dust from our shoes--  
among that dust the heavy pollen  
of almond blossoms, our pockets  
full of the fruit of those head-high trees.  
The land gave little evidence of being owned.  
The rain had smoothed the ruts of the greening road.  
The stucco buildings flaked to beige.  
Only the young trees,  
planted evenly along the road,  
showed a possibly recent hand.  
The grass, unscythed, hissed underfoot  
as we climbed to the low mouth of a cave.  
Inside lay a pool of stillest water,  
clear as a sheet of glass, and on the bottom,  
arranged on velvety silt,  
a full perfect set of rabbit bones.  
We hardly spoke, and mostly only breathed,  
regarding the little porcelain parts  
laid out in a supine pose of dead rest,  
or a sidelong frieze of frozen motion.  
Here was finality beyond the endurance  
of head-high trees left to themselves.  
The water-buried bones, the held pool,  
the simple cave, remained insoluble,  
refused to blend in a causal mesh.  
We left carrying in our minds  
the calm voracity of basic death.  
Those bones, cleaned by microscopic mouths,  
suggested flesh melting into water--  
a gentle expiration, or smooth dash  
into a world of eternal fields:  
and so, moved, we brashly entered  
the weathering buildings, one by one,  
prepared alike to grasp the hands  
that set those trees, or find their bones  
sunk in a bed of rot-softened grain.