

METAGEITNION
August-September

How heavily the fruit hangs
on the branch, the grapes
bee-stung and bursting,

the figs about to fall
and scatter their seeds
on the stones below;

at night, one can hear
the full-grown barley breathing
as each root curls itself

deeper into its pocket of soil.
While the earth turns cold,
the farmers ready themselves,

sharpening the sickle
and watering the herd
that will pull them across

the fields of barley and wheat,
the stalks pregnant and proud,
golden in the evening

and silver in the wind.
Spreading their arms they will
catch the fruit tumbling

from the sky and cut the crop
that had so recently
raised itself from the dirt.

Susan M. Whitmore