

**Where the row of old apple trees**

Where the row of old apple trees  
Meets the edge of the pines  
Moving from bright sunlight into shadow  
My father swings his scythe  
Into the dew drenched grass  
Scattered with daisies and devil's paint brushes.  
The grass is dry in the sun filled center of the field,  
But where light has just spilled from tops of the pines,  
Where the grass is sparse, next to the shade,  
Dew drops glint and quiver in the spider's web.  
The blade is black with age and grime  
But flashes silver on the honed edge  
As it swishes the long grass down  
In ordered arcs.

I stand in the doorway, shading my hand against the sun;  
His old straw hat rhythmically dips.  
Morning July shimmers across the acre between us.  
But there is more than an acre;  
Age and youth.  
And yet, I feel his blood pulse in my veins;  
I know the smooth wood of the handles  
Swinging in my grasp.

My father is dead, and partakes with the sods.  
I am middle aged, and in another country.  
And the field where he mowed  
Is deep shaded.  
Where his eye laid the grass  
Black roots of pine  
With white streaks of pitch  
Are firm in the rust-needed floor.

— *Theodore Colson*