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-needled floor.

— Theodore Colson