Summer in Ohio

L. Gayle Fallon

Out here in the Wasted Space of the Appalachian Foothills --

We are dust rising in corn fields
We are fodder for cattle
We are the humming noise the truckers hear
As they pass through our slow silence

We are three miles long, from Kroger to Wal-Mart
And our children live among soy beans.
They draw symbols on their shoes with Sharpies.
They don’t realize the drawings are soy beans and corn fields and the soundwaves of humming, truckers humming to our humming.

And when the Fall creeps in and hoarfrost like a beautiful cancer spreads from Kroger to Wal-Mart, The soy beans and corn dust will freeze in the air. And the truckers will hear
only ice cracking
and fires cracking
and dried seed pods cracking
between silent teeth
And then we will know
We are dust rising
in corn fields
We are fodder for
cattle
But we were made
for the Infinite,
and we are no strangers
to Her empty, limitless
House.