

## Summer in Ohio

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*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.