

Stones

By: Diane Passero

It's not lady-like to walk
barefoot in the field where no corn grows

play with brunette Barbie or those plastic twins with cracked heads
maybe more rocks in pants pockets - obsidian - metamorphic toys

a black eyeless cow rots away near a patch
of daylilies in the field

where no corn grows
crows circle above bugs crawl beneath

I watch a boy flying
his kite high above the forgotten

he trips and falls slightly left of the head
drops the string the kite runs away

I watch a boy sitting in the field
where no corn grows he grows fond of a dead cow

boy child plays around the corpse for days
stretching the tongue, flipping the tail, licking the hooves

digging bugs and worms from under the head
such a friend he never had

until the kite returns for the child
and I approach

in my bare feet I stand near the cow
such a friend I never had

in the field where no corn grows
ring around the bones, pockets full of stones . . .