

# The Land Man

by Sister M. Doucette

— shoes dusty with crushed  
clay from centuries of pulverizing extremes

— heavy step crackling the  
dead grass, baked and brittle from  
scorching summer and clutching cold

— chilled ear from blowing  
wind twanging across stripped  
strips of stubble

— shadow cast parallel  
and oblique to alternating gold and brown

He stalks his land thinking  
of futures past  
in green blades  
piercing the dry fertile dust.

