

Set-Aside

Ian Anderson

Hard black crows bobbing where once ran deep furrows.
Frazzled oak silhouetted in her ivy dress.
Winter sun catches dog fox through thin hedges:
throws his long shadow north to the emptiness.

Farmhouse in tatters; shuttered and battered.
Even lovers don't go there these last few years.
Spider-web windows on set-aside heroes
standing lost in a landscape of tears.