In a Time of Fall Plowing

Reading words about pasture
and stones  I am back
at the farmhouse with my mother
who’s saying she wishes to see my father
in dreams and I have dreamed him jovial
those nights since his death in October
the month of his birth  the cattle
are still bunching where the poplar
used to be  and winter again
starts down from the mountaintops

—Dixie Partridge