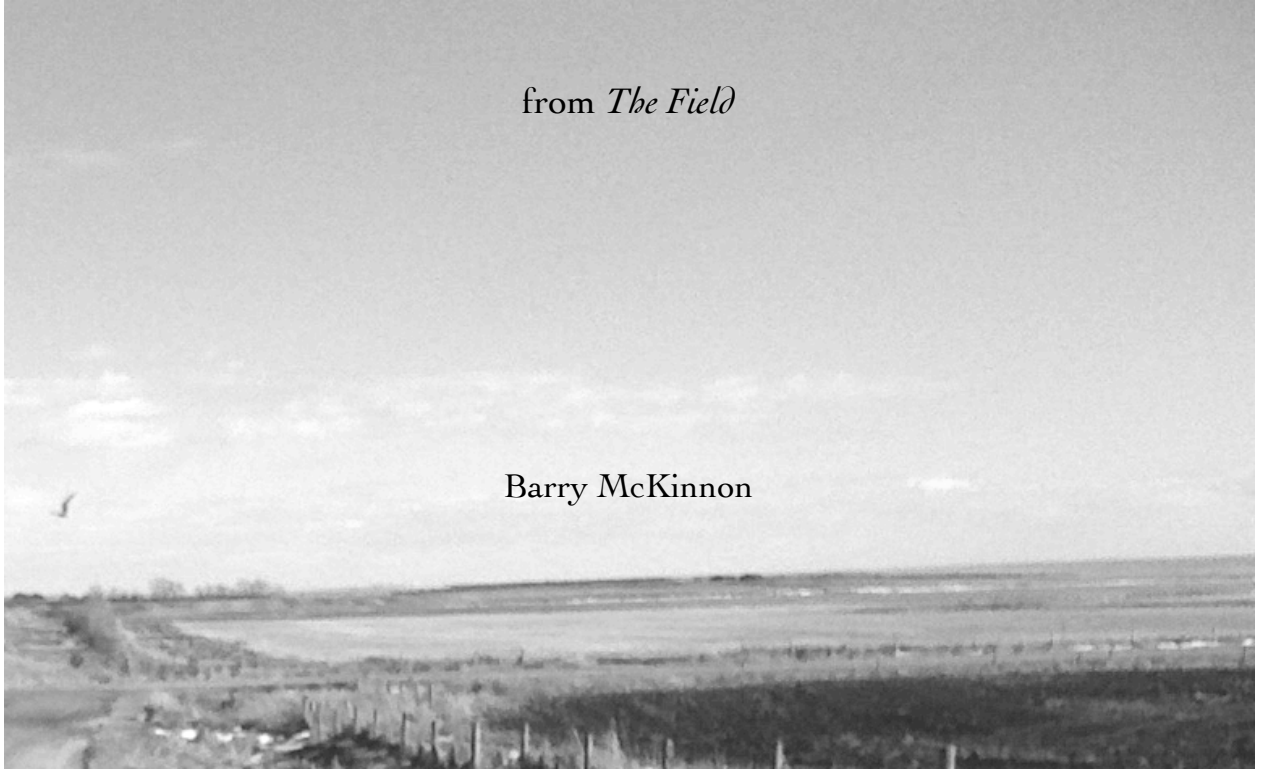


from *The Field*

Barry McKinnon



kept thinking of *the field* - as a boy barely being/ yet *not* separate from what seen: puffs
/dust in wind - gnarled willows /no more than what is seen and known:

the ten acres, infinite stars. the south farm window, - sun rise slide of light crossing the south east field

do you remember?

late 40's. the cars slower - a Chevy panel van on back roads to Carsland full of dust. in mud
we'd slide. in spring the ditches fill, *e* on the flooded road we saw the field *flooded*.

•

sucked ice, 15th street, late forties/ transitory that world -

defined by what no longer exists - old self older in the
fields coagulation and dispersal - & anatomical selves/ the final word.

•

in a dream dreamt - paradise a city, the motel - we left in a camper van – grandmother, my
mother, my brother, my father, my wife, my daughter, my grandson, my son - first a drought,
then a chute of water. it was *as* the field, an *aspect* of the field, *another* field wet with happiness
and wonder to be in it myself with them.

•

what is time but its
curse / blessing / ending, yet leaves its empty space to exist

refracted light on tree and stone - word to word

the world –

went
away

•

I out waited detentions
declensions / unearthly law

then saw

- pungent buds / the earth
e³ what it cld be called to become in its moving form

lifes

vast space. a flick of light
on water.

I fell thru the *slush* / e³ a hole
in ice

•

in that naked field / in its briefness

displacement revealed –

I was ditched & separate, diffident

a whisk broom for a drum brush held to make

that rhythm happiness & meaning

•

when the radio-clock woke me to a paper route
endless streets - e³ winter

what I cld *not* get over, made worse by my attempt – *ob!*

no thing equal to itself, or all: a bike in snow / frozen

in this dichotomy I describe
bow tied e³ tap dancing (a recital on the oiled stage *forgetting...*

relief was dirt / sage e³ meadow lark –

the radio

•

what is remembering
clarity for what purpose?

the bedroom floor was plywood

bunk beds, bedpan at Bambi
e's Grammas

you *can*
live

too long

I learned to wait

in such luck of
the sorrowful world measured

by its shadows

such that no one could say it -

loneliness, e's curdled despair

the farmyard yard light at night
a beacon for the drunks aiming home

who crawl to the back porch door busted
like Indians

*the sun, the fields wild grass, stubble, furrows, folded earth
to a layered redolence in the air that holds infinite parts of its creation.*

- the field an aimless path - sky-like - that foreign birds fly honed

e's humans in silent rage / scraping dirt - you, enemy - *self*

born
baffled/

– a cry
in the birth of that light *is now* in this *vast field*

old we ever know
those who suffer their deceit and loss?

the meadowlark pierced worry, the open/closing
fence gate a test for its needed force -

a barbed gauge of known/not known –

*wheat gum, crocus, a 22 gun, - pussy willow, cat tail, in the east slough mud wading for ducks in bright
wind and light had meaning in a multiple compilation is complex of*

beauty

no word we had

when sensed in weakness that all was gone my mother said this happens to the strong -

*had carriers, paper boys selling Xmas cards in July – the family ledger of all
we did defined us in the backroads we had to take thru the impending field*

