

## Untitled

Squatting squared and cross-legged  
on a backyard down home picnic  
table of blue sunshine, sweat fresh and  
warm face brown and leather hands  
of callous and hard farming acres of  
hope and heartache heavy and solid  
and mean  
stare back with heavy lids and bleak  
as the sun fades slowly weighted and, too,  
tired.

-Denise Dreyer