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## The Deer's Song

Kenneth Fields

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KENNETH FIELDS

*THE DEER'S SONG*

Brown-shirt's eye  
I saw  
Along his arrow.  
Into the brush, whistling,  
It goes, behind me.

KENNETH FIELDS

*A ROADSIDE FARM*

Nothing is dry for miles around;  
The season sinks into the ground.  
The land, long dried by summer's heat,  
Now gathers moisture to the roots  
Of willow and oak, while tiny shoots  
Stiffen in cold. Through grayish light  
And scarcely visible, a train  
Enters the distance and the rain.  
The chimney of the weathered farm  
Exhales exhausted native oak  
In blue, almost immobile smoke.  
The house, the broken fence, the barn—  
The anciently assaulted farm  
Settles beneath the coming storm.