

1944

## Woman on Summer Fallow Hill

Carol Ely Harper

Follow this and additional works at: <https://digitalrepository.unm.edu/nmq>

---

### Recommended Citation

Harper, Carol Ely. "Woman on Summer Fallow Hill." *New Mexico Quarterly* 14, 4 (1944). <https://digitalrepository.unm.edu/nmq/vol14/iss4/19>

This Contents is brought to you for free and open access by the University of New Mexico Press at UNM Digital Repository. It has been accepted for inclusion in New Mexico Quarterly by an authorized editor of UNM Digital Repository. For more information, please contact [disc@unm.edu](mailto:disc@unm.edu).

SELF REPROACH

*My weariness!*

*I call without rest!*

*I crunch on crumbling leaves  
dead these many dry winters in my brain!  
Snowfall, disintegrate me!*

I am faint memory  
distractedly closing  
I am word without might—

*Illusion,  
rise, rise again!*

WOMAN ON SUMMER FALLOW HILL

Walla Walla summer fallow  
barren high brown billowing  
spotted with green morning glory  
patches where wheat seed lies choked  
Walla Walla wheat hill  
ploughed harrowed streaming tall  
against pale blue evening

planting hand  
into the bucket  
into the soil

thrusting bitter grey powder  
into morning glory weed now  
in two years rain  
will soak the salt  
down and new wheat seed will grow

planting hand  
into the bucket  
into the soil

light slight half way up the  
woman  
legs arms naked  
haunches elbows  
knees spraddling  
pail flashing  
twisted dress flapping  
woman  
a shimmering spider grappling  
with the brown ground

planting hand  
into the bucket  
into the soil

squats burrowing  
rises swiftly strides off  
head swinging  
looking  
keenly for the next  
morning glory patch  
squats digs down salt

planting hand  
into the bucket  
into the soil

shifting glitter blue eyes  
thin shining scrubbed skin  
silken thin blonde hair unkempt  
in small knob on neck  
sharp small nose pointed chin  
high angry angular tenacious  
the woman  
presses between clods  
clutches strains grips  
the woman  
strangles the weeds of the mountain

CAROL ELY HARPER