

# The Ballad of the Summer Grains

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It is a day of swallows and grasshoppers, of white clouds and  
suntanned arms. In the yellow field wheat ears burn, lit by fantasies.  
One of wheat, one of rye. Summer love, holiday love is in the air.  
Under the thickness of the harvest, their roots search, call each  
other. But the space between them doesn't shrink. It remains still.  
Sometimes a breeze, frivolous and light, in love with ballads, sings  
and brings the two lovers together. A brief current through their  
stems, an exchange of ripe grains, two emboldened love oaths which  
the breeze carries away in its breath.

